December 19, 1931

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A new novel by the author of **Gunsight Trail** - **Alan Le May**

# *The finest . . .* MOST USEFUL *Gift* . . .
# FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

**Look again at this Royal Portable Typewriter! Observe its softly glowing Duotones and gleaming nickel! Have you ever seen a more beautiful gift—or one so appropriate for every member of the family? ● Mother's letters will be written delightfully in "Vogue," Royal's new and exclusive type-face for personal correspondence. With this handy, home-sized writing machine, your students do their home school-work gladly, easily—and much more neatly. A Royal Portable provides the way to higher class marks. Father, too, will enjoy the frequent, untiring assistance of this inspiring home secretary. ● The price is moderate—only $60 in the U. S. A., complete with the new Duo-Case and standard 4-bank keyboard. Convenient monthly payments if desired.**

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY

**More than 2000 Royal Portable Typewriter Dealers in the United States**

ROYAL
Merry Christmas
to the Family

# Royal Portable
## TYPEWRITERS

# SIX *out of* SEVEN McDUFFEES

# Wear Friendly Fives!

Prest-O-Lite
Storage Battery
Corporation
Indianapolis
Prest-O-Lite
BATTERIES

Mr. McDuffee's statement is entirely voluntary and, of course, not paid for.

J. H. McDuffee is one of the best known men in the Automotive industry; was America's first automobile distributor, won the first Vanderbilt cup offered for motor car racing. Thoroughly modern, he now travels at 200 miles an hour in his plane, filling important business engagements.

For twenty years the cheapest shoes I have bought cost $12.50. Friendly Fives have completely changed my ideas of shoe prices.

I have always been a stickler for quality regardless of price and I have never bought any article solely because the price was low. Furthermore, in shoes, comfort is my first consideration.

I am sold on Friendly Fives because they look good on my feet and feel good on my feet. The fact that they cost only $5.00 is so much "velvet."

No shoes for me but Friendly Fives and that goes for five of my six sons—the little fellow is only five years old.

J H McDuffee

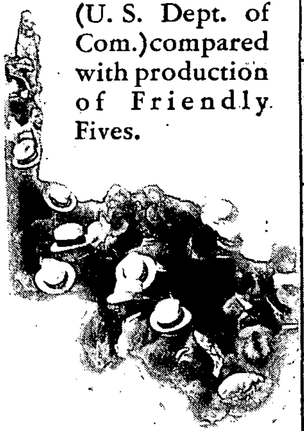
VICE PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER
PREST-O-LITE STORAGE BATTERY CORPORATION

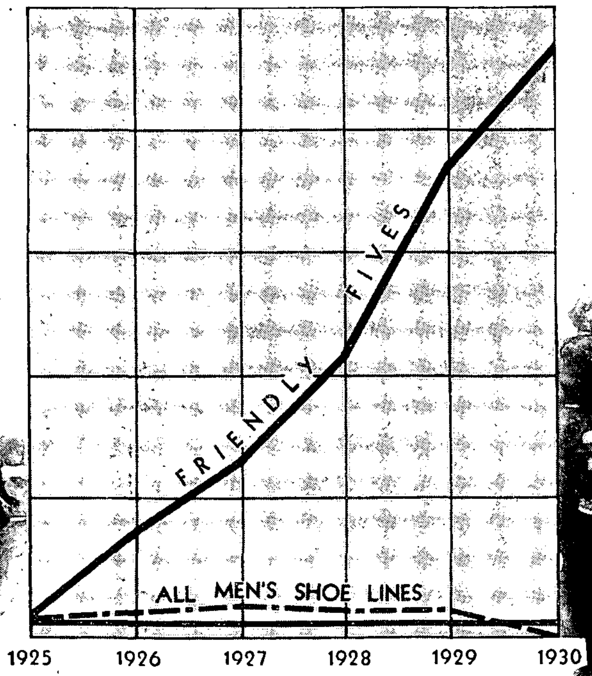
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE FRIENDLY FIVE
$5
IT SHINES

The swing to Friendly Fives is so definite that many have asked us for more information. Perhaps you, too, would like to know more about them. We would be glad to forward you additional information. Simply drop us a line, a post card will do. We will also tell you the name of your nearest dealer.

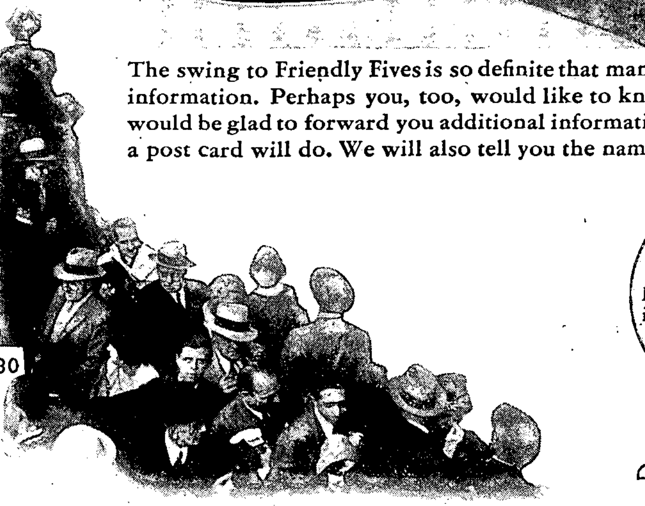
## Two Million Men Are in This Chart!

Per cent increase or decrease in men's shoe production as shown in actual figures (U. S. Dept. of Com.) compared with production of Friendly Fives.





*The trend to Friendly Fives is right before your eyes, uninterrupted and persistent.* Only a shoe that gives outstanding value, wear and comfort in correct stylings and fine leathers could make such a record.



Tune in:
The most modern program on the air: Friendly Five Footnotes, featuring Casey Jones Aviation News Flash, and twenty piece dance orchestra.
C.B.S. System
9:45 E. S. T.

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Sizes 3 to 15 • • Widths AAAA to EEEE

# Friendly Five Shoes $5

ALL STYLES

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

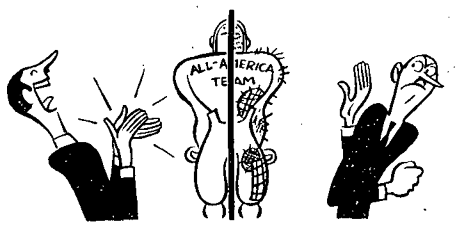
JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, 533 GALLATIN AVENUE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## Next Week

LAST week in this space we intimated that the All-America Football Team would be coming along soon. Now we stop beating about the bush and say boldly that it will appear next week. Your favorite pigskin lacerator may be chosen for the team. If so, you will write us that this year's All-America is the best Collier's has ever printed and that for intelligence, perception and general knowledge Grantland Rice stands head and shoulders above every other football commentator in the country. You will be right, of course, and we shall treasure your letter.

If your man doesn't make the team the letter will be written in a slightly different vein and we won't even try to read it beyond the first expletive. We have to stop *somewhere*.



THE Christmas spirit which pervades the issue also animated Mr. Beall, who drew the cover picture. It is a Christmas dinner picture, but we are concerned with only two of the diners—a happy, chubby youngster in a high chair and his lovely mother beside him. The others at the party are you and your friends and the table is as large as your heart, if you imagine it that way. Merry Christmas.

—

THEN there is a story of the season by Berthe K. Mellett which makes us a little bit wistful. It's a story of Christmas in the forest back of Puget Sound when that country was new. There's deep snow on the ground and the sound of branches crackling in the frosty night, and Father making a hazardous trip to town because he wants us to have bacon for breakfast—we're so tired of venison and grouse. The dear, remembered things in the story will bring back your own childhood and show you once again that the most exquisite joy at Christmas is beholding the complete happiness which only children have.

—

AND for this time when we are planning for Christmas dinner for ourselves and for the less fortunate, we have saved a mouth-watering story of food and love, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Monsieur Chimmefon, chef of the Montparnasse in Hollywood, is the hero with but two interests in life—cookery and the love affairs of others. His truffles *en cocotte* will soften the most obdurate heart and it is no wonder that Mr. Stephen Ludlow, with Chimmefon's help, at last came to happiness. "Love with Truffles" will help your appetite, but we recommend conservative restraint.

—

FRANK BUCK, who brings 'em back alive, tells why a rabbit's foot will do you no good in the Far East; Harris Dickson takes you to "The Island of Lost Men," off the coast of Louisiana; Norman Reilly Raine writes a good sea story in "Windy Bill"; Hugh MacNair Kahler, Alan LeMay, John B. Kennedy and their colleagues shake your hand and rush away to hang up their stockings.

# THIS WEEK

*December 19, 1931*

Cover—Joseph Farrelly

Page 7—Alan LeMay

WINTER RANGE, Part I: A new novel of adventure and romance.

Page 10—Essad Bey

THE RED CZAR, Part II: Lawless exploits in the Caucasus.

Page 12—Lucian Cary

ONLY VULGAR-PEOPLE QUARREL: She really believed that until—

Page 14—Harold Lamb

HOME FROM BETHLEHEM: A Crusader earns his Christmas cheer.

Page 16—Grantland Rice

MIGHTY MOMENTS: This year's contributions to sports history.

Page 17—The Short Short Story

THE TENTH WORD: By Dana Burnet.

Page 18—Hugh MacNair Kahler

THE BIG PINK, Part V: Nevada Sullivan recognizes a Big Shot.

Page 20—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 21—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

MILLS OF WASHINGTON: Unobtrusive and thorough.

Page 22—Helen Durham

A CHIP OFF THE YULE LOG: What to do about Christmas.

Page 25—John B. Kennedy

MASTER OF ARTS: Gutzon Borglum, versatile and forceful.

Page 26—Murney Mintzer

FIRST COMMAND: Drama in a crippled submarine.

Page 43—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: With a minimum of effort.

Page 49—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Don't miss a trick.

Page 50—Editorial

CHARITY ISN'T ENOUGH.

## Any Week

SIDNEY LEVI'S mother is sick. And why shouldn't she be? Sidney left his Indianapolis home in October and hasn't come back. His father asks us to give him the news from home because this is the only publication Sidney reads. Well, there it is, Sid. Now sit down and write to your mother and no back talk.

—

WHEN we printed "What's the Matter with Football?" one of Pop Warner's pieces, Lane Aspinwall of Staten Island had an answer right away. There's too much football, he says, especially in Collier's.

And while Mr. Aspinwall was telling us, Mr. W. Butler, just a few miles away in New York, was writing us a note. "It's too bad," says Mr. Butler, "that Collier's doesn't have a football story every week in the year."

That's the kind of help we get. It's all very confusing.

—

MR. JOHN RIDER of Philadelphia ends a letter of political comment by asking the whereabouts of John B. Kennedy. Mr. Rider, we suspect, is hard of hearing. Or it may be that his radio needs some new tubes.

—

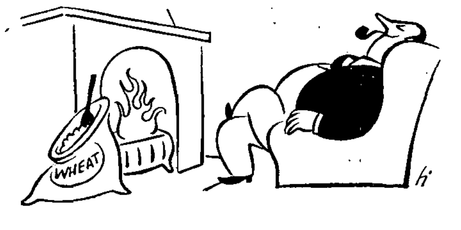
TEXAS isn't for Melvin Traylor at all, says Mr. Grover Foster of Dallas, contradicting The Gentleman at the Keyhole. The Democratic loyalists want a delegation for Ritchie, Smith, Roosevelt or Baker and the Hoovercrats are for McAdoo. Moreover, Texas is wet in sentiment, though unorganized. Mr. Foster himself is for A. Harry Moore of New Jersey.

Political soothsaying is like that. Don't overlook a single bet.

—

"THE way to bring security to industrial management," writes Mr. J. S. Konkel of Minneapolis, "is to avoid business depression. The only thing that could possibly cause a business depression is a fall in price levels. The only thing that can cause a fall in price levels is a rise in the value of the dollar. Stabilize the dollar and business depressions will be a thing of the past. The man who thinks the dollar can be stabilized by using one commodity for the standard is crazy in the head. Very truly yours."

Mr. Konkel, you see, serenely undisturbed by doubts of any kind, has worked it all out.



MR. O. A. HEGGENESS, of Fargo, North Dakota, pleads with us to urge you to buy at least one ton each of wheat and rye and use it as fuel in the furnace. "This would surely reduce the visible supply or carry-over," he tells us, "which we hear so much about. But," he continues, "we haven't much to carry over up here except grasshopper eggs and a few Republicans."

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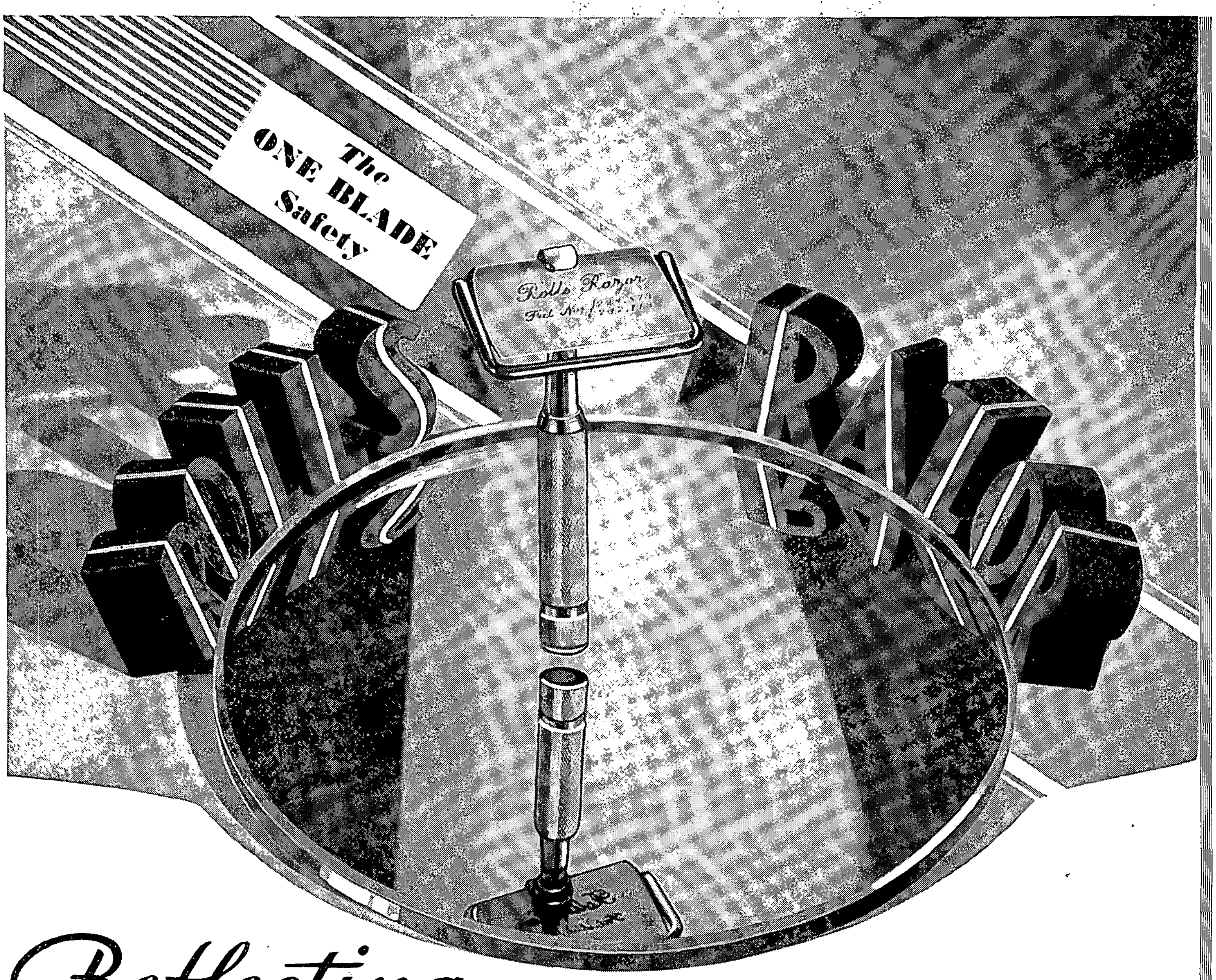
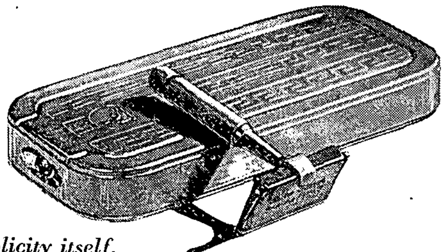
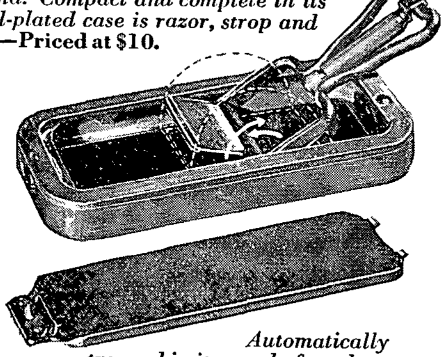


# *Reflecting the Perfect* CHRISTMAS GIFT



*Simplicity itself.*
*Just the One Blade and its handle. This one blade of the finest Sheffield steel is of the old straight razor type and hollow ground. Compact and complete in its nickel-plated case is razor, strop and hone*—**Priced at $10.**



*Automatically stropped in its case before shaving—honed in its case when necessary, the One Hollow Ground Blade of finest Sheffield steel is always ready for a perfect shave.*

This famous imported English Razor is a carefully tested precision instrument. It was designed solely to give as perfect a shave as the most exacting man could desire and continue to give such shaves day after day—year after year. In other words, it is an economical razor.

The One Blade of a Rolls Razor is made from the finest Sheffield steel, perfectly tempered and hollow ground. Properly handled, it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves, which is why the Rolls has proved to be the least costly of all razors in the long run.

Compact and complete in its beautiful metal plated case, a Rolls Razor is a gift that you will take pride in giving.

If you purchase a Rolls Razor for every man on your Christmas list, you will be assured of his grateful appreciation every day for many years to come.

Ask to see the styles — there is a model for every pocketbook.

***Priced from $10.00 up***

For sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or money-order and we will fill your order, postpaid, promptly.

**Lee & Schiffer, Inc.** U. S. Distributors
Dept. E—305 East 45th St., New York City

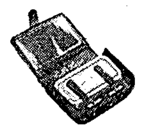
***Descriptive Folder Sent on Request***

## GIFTS THAT MEN ENJOY

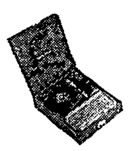
**Imperial No. 1—Rolls Razor, silver-plated, compact, complete in a blue leathered case. $15.**

Imperial No. 3—Of stainless metal, with one extra blade; otherwise similar to No. 1. $20.

Gold-plated deluxe Rolls Razor in a beautiful English pigskin covered case; two extra blades. $30.



Sportsman's deluxe travel kit. Finest polished cowhide, lined with pigskin, mirror in cover. $30.

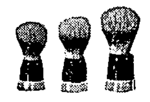


Complete deluxe kit, covered and lined with finest English pigskin. Compartments for every shaving necessity. Silver-plated razor, two extra blades, Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap, Rolls Shaving Brush. $45.

Heavily gold-plated deluxe model in Alligatored case with seven blades. $50.

Imperial Rolls Razor blades, single and in blue leathered, velvet lined cases containing three or six blades. Priced from $2.50 to $15.

Imperial Shaving Soap for those who appreciate soft, creamy lather that doesn't irritate or easily evaporate. In hygienic bowls. $1.50.



Rolls Shaving Brushes. Bristles of the finest silver-tipped badger, set in Rollistic handles. Exceptionally durable. $10., $12.50, $15.

Whitman's
Sampler
& Confections

# *Start your Christmas list with Whitman's* CANDIES

(and place your order *early*)

SAMPLER

A perfect assortment in a quaint cross-stitch design box, with gay Christmas decoration. 17 ounce to five pound boxes, at $1.50 a pound.

Whitman's
Prestige Chocolates

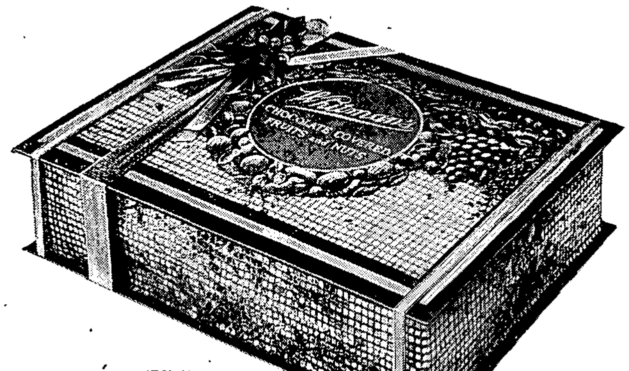
PRESTIGE

Dainty, small chocolates of individuality with unique centers, in a handsome metal box, decorated for the holiday. In one, two and three pounds—$2.00 a pound.

You will be surprised to find how it makes gift buying simpler if you jot down the right package of Whitman's for everyone on your list. Frequently, candy alone exactly suits the need. Among the Whitman packages, if you look around a bit, you will find one to fit every taste and circumstance.

Look over the Christmas display in the nearest Whitman agency. Give the dealer your list for delivery on the date you select.

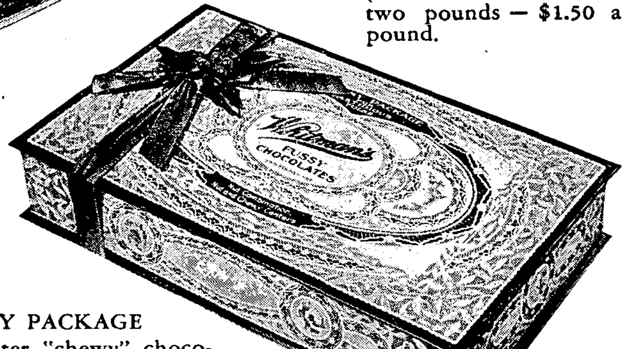
Whitman's
Salmagundi



Whitman's
Bonnybrook
Milk Chocolates

SALMAGUNDI

Chocolates of exceptional flavor and delight in a beautiful metal box (Decorated). One and two pounds — $1.50 a pound.


Whitman's
Fussy Chocolates

FRUITS AND NUTS

Cherries, raisins and pineapple centers — and a great variety of nut centers. One and two pound boxes, decorated, at $1.50 a pound.

BONNYBROOK

The De Luxe package of milk chocolate coatings over nuts, creams, fudge, taffies, nougats and caramels. Half-pound, 80c. One and two pounds, $1.50 a pound.

FOR CHILDREN

Make sure the candy is pure by selecting Whitman's for the tree and stocking. Your Whitman dealer will gladly show you the great variety of Whitman's, in novel and enticing holiday packages.

FUSSY PACKAGE

All firm center "chewy" chocolates in a rich box with new Valenciennes lace design. One to five pounds — $1.50 a pound.

LOVELINESS

The name describes this dainty metal box tied with gold ribbon and packed with a luscious assortment of Whitman's Chocolates. A spray of hemlock gives the Christmas touch. $3.00 a box.

LITTLE LOVELINESS (½ size) — $1.50

Loveliness

Whitman's
Stix
Whitman's Pure Hard Candies

CLOISONNÉ

A "gifty" box, specially decorated for Christmas giving. Three-and-a-half pound size, $5.00.

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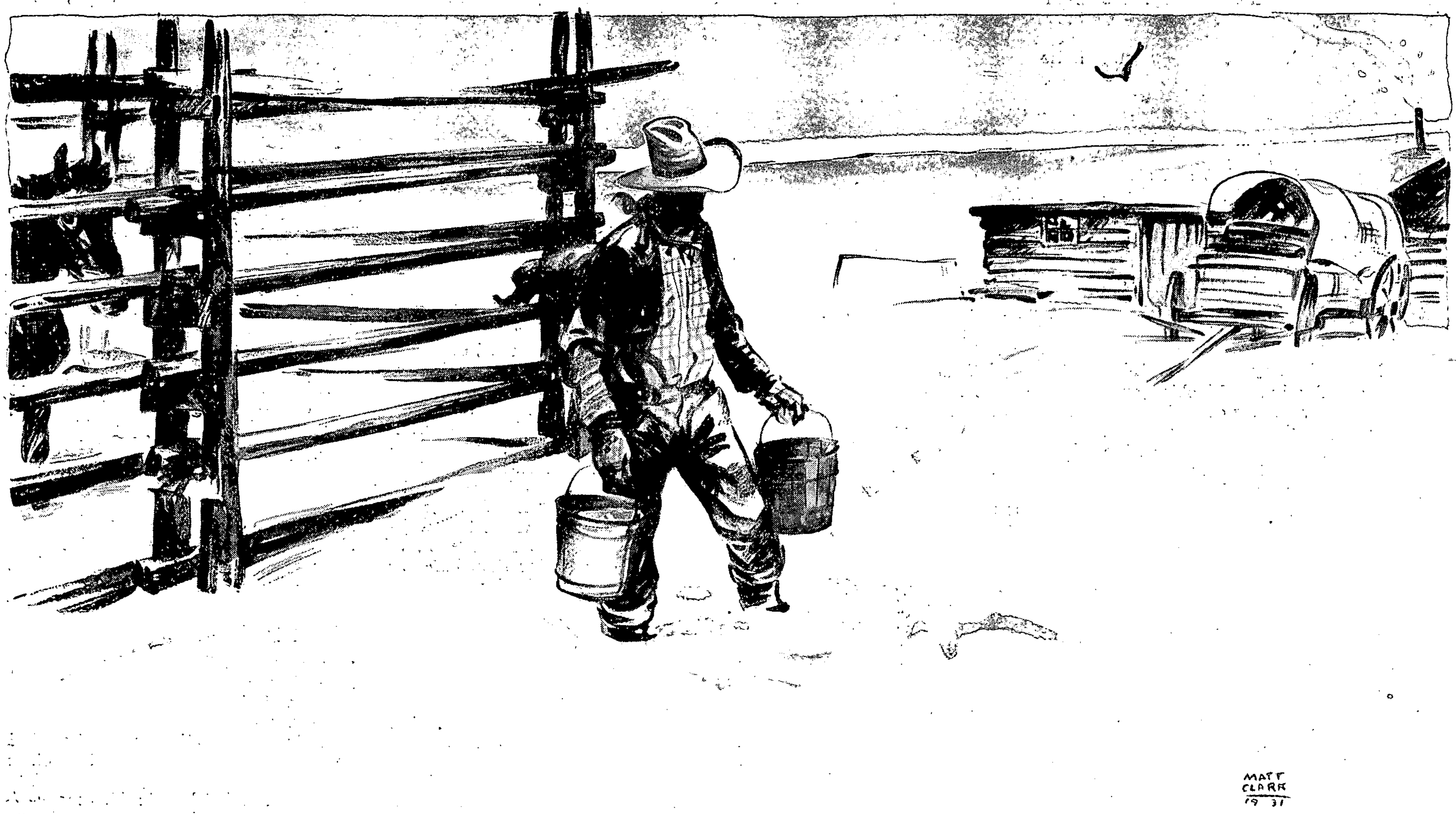
LET YOUR AGENT PARCEL POST YOUR DISTANT SENDINGS, *AND DO IT EARLY*

Collier's The National Weekly for December 19, 1931



He saw the hump in the snow and went over to look

*Beginning a story of mystery and heroism on the—*

# Winter Range

## By Alan Le May

KENTUCKY JONES, independent livestock trader, plunger in cattle, whirled his light roadster into the main street of the little cow town of Waterman. The car skidded in the white ruts; he recovered it and picked himself a parking place between a cowhorse and a flivver. The same wet snow that had fallen intermittently for three days was plastered on his windshield like mashed potatoes; but he jerked his broad black hat over one eye and peered through the clear segment his windshield wiper had made.

Waterman was very full of people, for a Tuesday afternoon. Generally at this time of year the Wolf Bench cowmen were only to be found far scattered among the white-faces that perpetually lost themselves in the overpowering raggednesses of the rimrock, or haying winter-weakened cows in the long-pole corrals. Today, though, either side of the street was lined with cars for three blocks, and between the automobiles stood saddled horses, dejected in the wet down-press of the snow.

Wolf Bench was not home range to Kentucky Jones; but six months in the rimrock had acquainted him with most of its people. And now from where he sat he was able to recognize many a pony that had brought its rider a heavy eighteen, twenty-odd, even thirty miles through the raw smother. He swore under his breath. Those weary, wet-backed horses meant defiance of certain of the back-country roads which the snow had made impassable to cars. To get here he had himself driven all night; but the half-understood circumstance which had brought him took on magnitude, and new dark aspects, at this evidence that the whole rimrock gave it a like importance.

HE TURNED up his sheepskin collar and stepped out into the snow, a tall, leanly lazy figure, his ordinarily humorous face relaxed in an unaccustomed gravity. It was a rocky face, made irregular by the uneven line of a nose that had been broken; but no one in the rimrock had ever seen it so austerely somber as it was now, as he turned into the restaurant known to all cowboys as the Greasy Spoon.

As he entered, however, his face lightened somewhat. He kissed the girl at the counter absent-mindedly, and helped himself to a wedge of pie. "Where's the inquest going to be?" he asked.

"They're having it in the hall over Kerry's store. It started nearly half an hour ago. They—"

"Good Lord!" He hurriedly pushed the pie wedge into the girl's hands. "Save this." He took to the street again at the trot.

Kerry's store itself was appropriately closed, but, by the huddled group which clustered under the wooden awning, he knew that the hall above was already full to overflowing. Here, upstairs, inquest was being held over the body of John Mason.

It was hard to believe that John Mason was dead, his name had so long represented unassailable strength in the Wolf Bench rimrock. That he was head of the Waterman bank had been an index but not the key to his significance. He had been a cowman once; and up to the very end he had thought as a cowman, never losing touch with the farthest corners of the Wolf Bench range. He had been in the saddle on one of his long circuits of the range in the hour that he died. His uncommon understanding of both cows and money had made him more than the king-pin of Wolf Bench finance; almost he was the economic structure itself.

THROUGH the hard times which low beef prices had brought to Wolf Bench, Mason had managed to carry along many a weakened outfit where a nervous banker, or one less a cattleman, would have abandoned all hope. But with Mason dead the bank swayed precariously, teetering on the edge of a smash that might carry down with it half the outfits of the Bench. To many it seemed that only another Mason could avert disaster—and there was no other.

This was the man whose inquest jammed the little hall above Kerry's store until the overflow filled the stairway, and left a milling bunch of the less aggressive in the street.

Some of those at the foot of the stair spoke to Kentucky Jones as he came up.

"Inquest got anyplace?" he asked.

"Been running about twenty minutes," someone told him. "They're pushing it along pretty fast—judging by what word works down the stairs. Campo Ragland's been on already. He didn't know anything new."

"Jean Ragland testified yet?"

"Uh-huh. She just said that her and her father was away."

"Thanks." Kentucky moved upward, exchanging monosyllables here and there as he wormed his way toward the room above. Waterman's hall was not a big one; the air was hot and stuffy here, and alive with that smothered unrest that goes with many people close together, no matter how still they sit. Ordinarily you could ride the rim for days without meeting a dozen men; and now there was a sense of impact, of smothering weight, in the sight of this place so packed, bulging with people.

HE FORCED his way through the thick press and finally stood looking over the heads of row on row of seated men to where a little cleared space afforded slight insulation for the dignity of the law. At a plain table sat Sheriff Floyd Hopper, looking bedeviled; at the end of the table sat the coroner, who was also the sheriff's brother. But equally conspicuous to the eye of Kentucky Jones were the faces of some of those who stood in a packed half-circle around that table and behind it. Here was Clive Pierson, the banker who must step into Mason's shoes; his face was an unwholesome gray, and a muscle in the side of his face kept twitching, for in the last three days he had hardly slept. Near him was Bob Elliot, who had gambled the future of his cow outfit upon the backing which Mason would have given him, but which he could no longer expect.

And here was Ted Baylor of the Running M, and the owners of the Lazy Deuce, and the Circle Five, and the J Z—men who could cut a thousand beef steers from their herds at a week's notice but might easily be set back to their beginnings if Mason's death should cause the bank to close its doors; and many others. Their faces were inexpressive as they listened to this hash-over of the thing that had happened to them; but their vigilant concern conveyed itself to Kentucky Jones, making him listen intently like the rest.

Lee Bishop, the blocky, almost burly foreman of the Bar Hook, was in the witness chair, very red in the face from public speaking and the heat. Bishop was only telling what he knew about a happening which everyone had already accepted as an accident, irremediable, over with; but his nervous phrases fell upon the thick silence of complete attention.

"I was going out to the pump house, carrying a couple of pails of hot water from the kitchen," he was saying. "I aimed to thaw out the pump. Then I seen this hump in the snow—thought maybe a calf had drifted in and fell down. I went over and looked, and it was him."

"It was who?" said the sheriff cantankerously.

"Old Ironsides—I mean, John Mason."

"How long did you think he had been dead?"

"He wasn't lying there around one o'clock, when we left the home ranch. And there wasn't any snow under him. It begun snowing around two o'clock, out there."

"Then you figure Mason had this accident between one and two o'clock?"

"That ain't what I said."

"What did you say?"

"I only said there wasn't no snow under him."

Sheriff Floyd Hopper exhibited annoyance. "Let's not quibble over words! What we want is to get done, here."

"Well," Lee Bishop went on with an unnecessary air of stubbornness, "I turned him over, and I saw that he'd been shot. His gun was in his hand—that long-barreled forty-five he always carried to take a pop at a coyote with, if he should see a coyote."

"IS THIS the gun?" said the sheriff's brother, turning toward a cluttered window ledge at one side. A deputy handed the coroner the required weapon. There was a stir all over the room as people instinctively craned their necks to see the trivial steel mechanism which, by a fluke, had perhaps kicked away the underpinnings of Wolf Bench cattle.

Bishop identified the weapon. "Well," he went on, "I sent up a long yell but nobody answered, and I took out and run for the house. . . ."

Kentucky Jones had been searching all the room for a sight of Jean Ragland, and now he was surprised to discover her so near the focus of interest that he had missed her by searching too far away. She was sitting beside her father, the big stoop-shouldered owner of the Bar Hook. The two sat almost under the window ledge where a deputy kept his eye upon a muddled collection of exhibits; and the many who stood about her had partly hidden her.

Her hands were folded in her lap, and she sat with her eyes down, not looking at the crowd; but he noticed instantly how pale she seemed, so that her hair looked darker than usual against her face. If it had been possible for him to fail to recognize her he would have failed now, she looked so much smaller and more frail than he last remembered her. Had she been a stranger his glance might have passed her unnoticing, so little of her usual vividness was apparent. Then a deputy shifted his position, blocking her profile from Kentucky's view.

The sheriff was bombarding Lee Bishop with questions of little point. "Is that cut-off trail between the 88 and the Bar Hook often used?"

"ALMIGHTY little!" It was the first emphasis Bishop had used.

"Hooray!" said a thick voice in the back of the room; and there was a momentary scuffling sound as some of the cowboys subdued a drunken companion.

Disregarding this disturbance, Kentucky's eyes sought Jean Ragland again. Suddenly he perceived that she had leaned back so that she could peer between the standing deputies and was looking directly at him. Her eyes, which he knew were blue, now appeared startlingly dark to him in the pale oval of her face, and he found the unmistakable selectivity of her gaze mildly surprising, so that he shifted upon his feet. He smiled at her; but her face did not change.

Then suddenly he was aware that she had signaled to him, secretly beckoned him to draw nearer. It had been the faintest narrowing of an eye, the slightest inclination of her head; yet he knew absolutely, as she again averted her face, that a signal had been conveyed.

Deeply puzzled, he began to work his way along the side of the hall. The sheriff, he noticed, was perspiringly pushing ahead with his questions, evidently very conscious of his far-gathered audience. The sheriff's brother, the coroner, was nudging him, but he was still barging ahead as Kentucky Jones presently reached a point not more than three yards from Jean Ragland. He was still separated from her by the thicker press of men which had been forced back from around the coroner's table; but here he stuck.

He was still trying to catch Jean Ragland's eye as the sound of scuffling and contention broke forth again in the back of the room. The sheriff glared, faltered and stopped. A tall deputy left Jean Ragland's side to go pushing back through the crowd.

Watching the disturbance at the back, Kentucky Jones did not see that Jean Ragland had left her chair until she stumbled almost against him. Her handkerchief was at her mouth, and she seemed even paler than before, as if turned suddenly faint by the stifle of the close air. Campo Ragland, her father, sprang up and was beside her in a stride, supporting her in his arms. For a moment the press of the crowd was too much and they could not get through. Her shoulder pressed hard against Kentucky, but although he spoke to her by name she did not appear to hear.

Then unexpectedly, in the smother of the crowd, her fingers closed upon his in a quick, hard grip. She had pressed a small heavy object into his hand.

Turning it over in the pocket of his coat, Kentucky Jones discovered, with a queer slow stir of the blood, that the thing she had left in his hand could be nothing else but a used bullet. He knew at once that this was the slug which had killed a man.

Campo Ragland said through his teeth, "Will you let us out, or not?" and the standing cattlemen flattened against the wall to let Campo and his daughter by. Kentucky Jones lost sight of Jean as the crowd closed behind them.

BUT for Kentucky Jones the atmosphere of that packed room had changed. He was no longer simply a cattleman interested in a death which threatened to shift the economics of a range. The thing that had pulled him over four hundred miles of snow-clogged ruts in the last eighteen hours suddenly took on a new aspect, as acutely personal and definitely sinister as if he had himself been accused of murdering the man who was dead.

And now the inevitable sequel broke. A deputy who had stood by the cluttered ledge where the exhibits were, sung out sharply, interrupting the sheriff.

"Wait a minute! Hold everything! There's something missing here!"

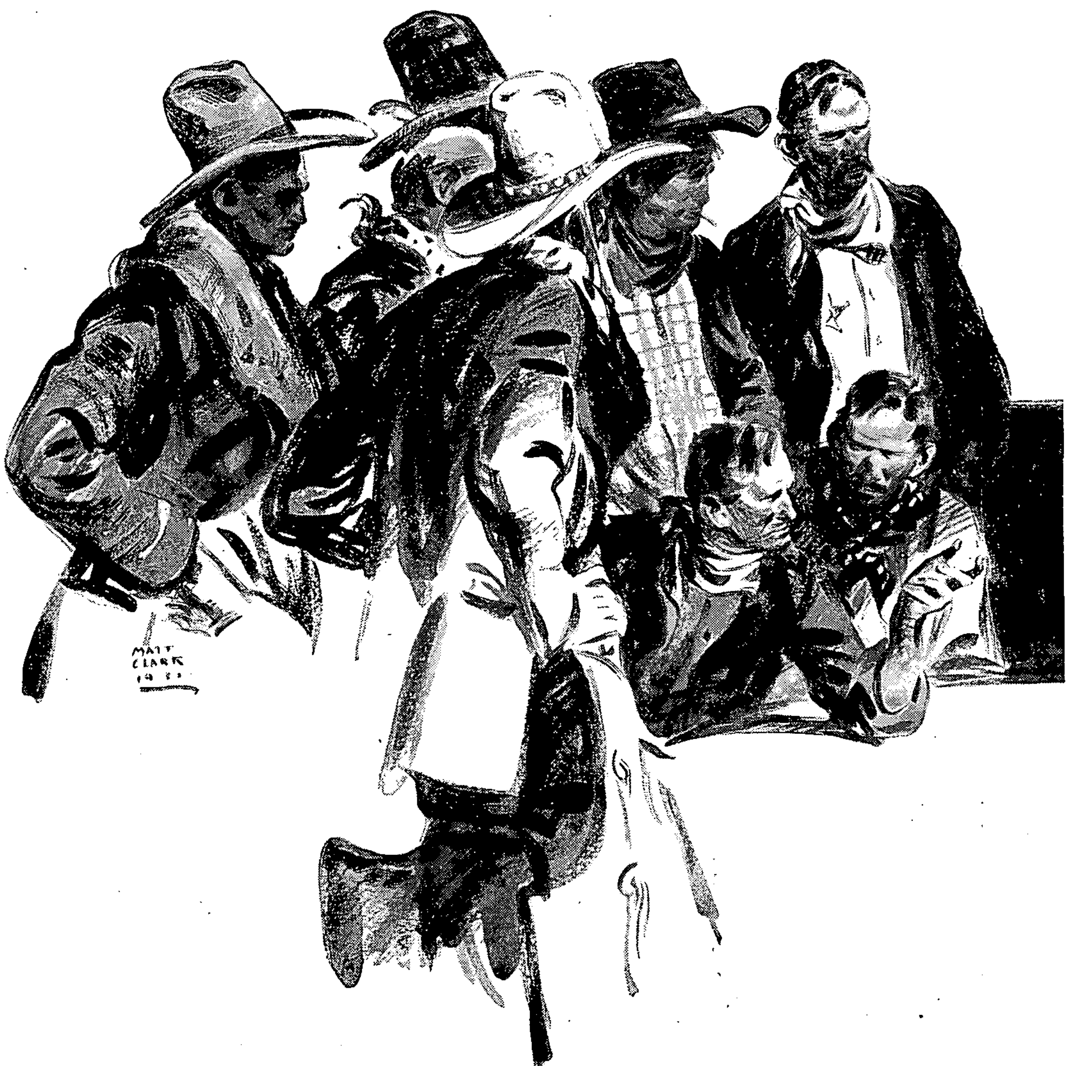
In the momentary silence a lower voice said, "Maybe it's fell on the floor." There was a shifting of feet and chairs as a couple of the deputies stooped to hunt about among boots and chair legs.

"What is it?" the coroner demanded. "What's gone?"

"This here bullet's gone, that we had on the window sill with the other things!"

"Bullet? What bullet? You mean—"

"The slug that killed Mason!"



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There was a sudden moment of stricken silence all over the crowded room. This was followed immediately by a rising buzz, as almost every man of all the great number in that room turned to speak, low-toned, to his neighbor. The sound swelled stronger and stronger, becoming a drone like that of swarming bees—the irrepressible and somehow menacing sound of a crowd which has instantly comprehended the significance of what has passed.

Watching the stir about the coroner's table, Kentucky saw that Bob Elliot, owner of the 88, was looking at him curiously. Kentucky grinned faintly at Elliot as he worked a hole in the seam of his pocket with a thumbnail, and pressed the bullet through, so that it fell deep into the lining of his coat.

Over the buzz of confusion he heard the coroner almost shouting, "You sure it was there?"

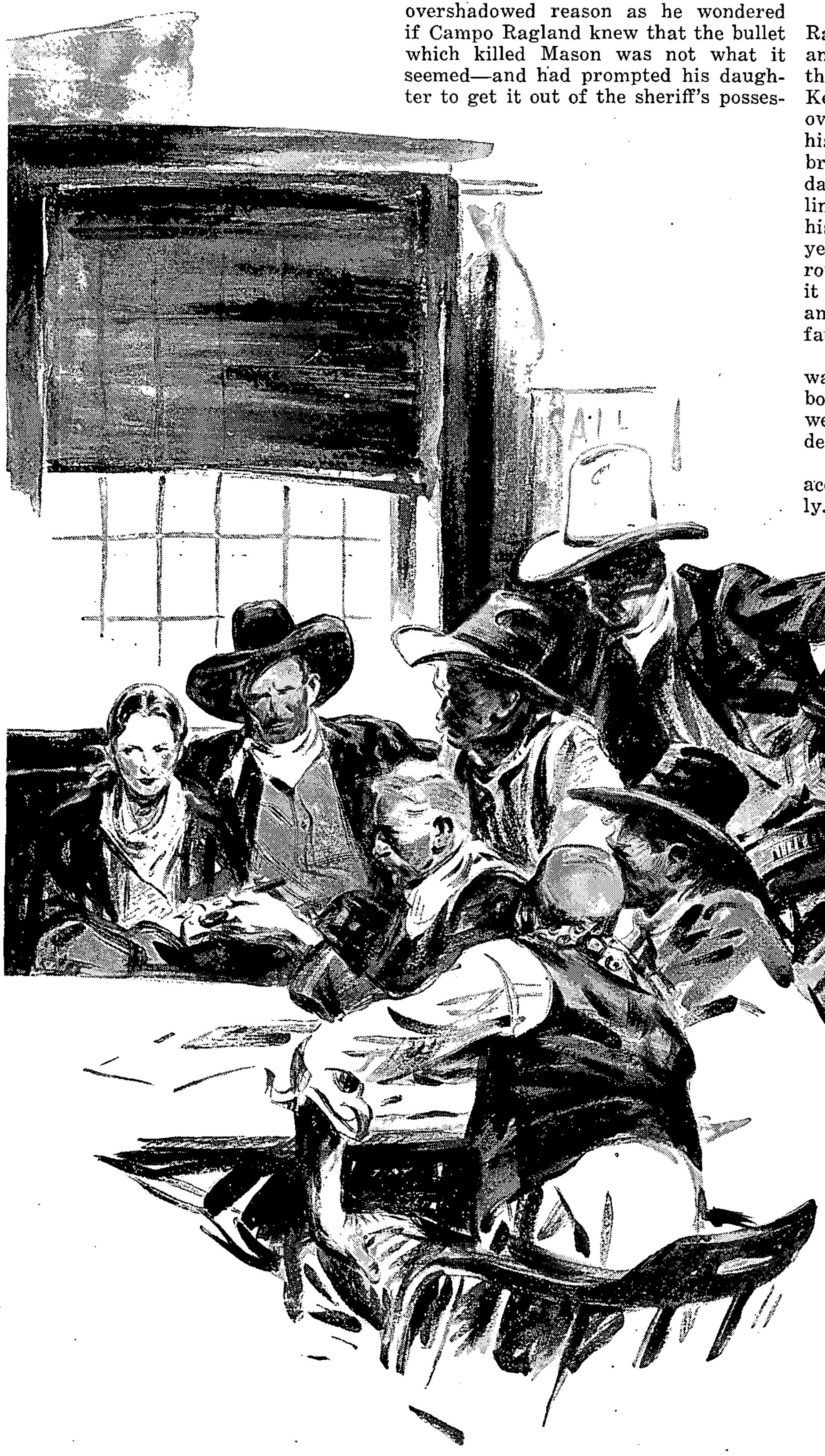
"It's been here all the time, but just now I reached back, and—"

The sheriff jumped to his feet, and his chair clattered over backward. His voice rose in an angry bellow. "Lock that door," he ordered. "By God, I'm not going to have it!" An abrupt silence fell at the impact of his voice. "Some of you fellows are no better than children. I suppose you'd steal the shirt off your own back if you figured it was a souvenir! I—"

"Wait a minute, Floyd." The coroner caught the sheriff's arm, and pulled him down to whisper in his ear; and there followed an inaudible but apparently heated discussion. It seemed to take effect upon the sheriff's plans, for he sat down abruptly, his square face flushed with exasperation. "All right, let it go, for now. But somebody hasn't heard the last of this! . . . Go ahead and give 'em cause of death."

KENTUCKY JONES drew a deep breath. He had come up into this crowded room to attend a routine hearing, calculated to confirm the death of a man who, however important to these people, had only died foolishly, accidentally, by his own gun. But now the inquest as such had lost all meaning, turning into a sham, an apparently unconscious fraud.

A sudden incomprehensible anger overshadowed reason as he wondered if Campo Ragland knew that the bullet which killed Mason was not what it seemed—and had prompted his daughter to get it out of the sheriff's possession. If her theft of this scrap of evidence was not in behalf of her father, then of whom? If Jean Ragland was being used by her father or anyone else as a cat's-paw in a dangerous situation, he meant to find it out. Once more he worked his way sidewise through the crowd along the side of the room, this time toward the exit.



She was sitting beside her father, the big, stoop-shouldered owner of the Bar Hook

*Illustrated by Matt Clark*

Campo Ragland had taken his daughter to Waterman's rambling one-story hotel, and had returned to the street again by the time Kentucky Jones, after a fifteen-minute search through Waterman, located the boss of the Bar Hook.

Kentucky strolled up, greeting Ragland with the slow, singularly infectious grin that served him as a passport through hard times and slack, wherever he went. That grin had made friends from the Pecos to the Madres. Campo Ragland, grim as was his mood, half smiled in return as they shook hands.

"Seems like people didn't hardly realize how important Mason was around here, until now he's dead," Kentucky began. "Of course, he naturally had enemies."

"You can't run a bank right," said Ragland lifelessly, "without raising up an enemy here and there." The boss of the Bar Hook was not quite as tall as Kentucky Jones, perhaps because of the over-accentuated bow of his legs; but his lean, stooped shoulders were very broad. His eyes were blue, like his daughter's, but deep-set in sun-squinted lines. And though the general aspect of his face was benign, as if forty-odd years of wind-driven dust and snow had rounded its harsh corners and edges, it was a face which could set grimly and stubbornly, turning into a fighting face.

"Curious," said Kentucky Jones, watching Ragland closely, "that everybody was so ready to accept that he went to work and shot himself—accidentally."

"What else could it have been but accidentally?" Ragland said impatiently.

"Nothing, I guess," said Kentucky; "but on pretty near any other range somebody would most likely have tried to prove there was a shenanigan."

For a moment Campo Ragland's eyes turned upon Kentucky. Watching him intently, Kentucky Jones could not, however, see that the man's face changed. "I suppose so," said Ragland, without expression; and he half turned, as if he would walk on.

Kentucky Jones wavered an instant. His cautious prodding had failed; but its failure was more challenging than a revealing answer. He plunged.

"Mr. Ragland," he said, "can you use a man?"

RAGLAND'S eyes quickened. "I don't want no more of these flivver tourists we get for cow hands today. But if you got in mind some good, steady—"

"I was speaking for myself," said Kentucky Jones.

"Come off! You're a cattle trader."

"Times are bad, Mr. Ragland; the more so with Mason dead. I was a brush popper before I was a trader, and I'm a good one yet. And I'd sure like to fill in at it for a while."

The owner of the Bar Hook rubbed the red stubble on his chin with a gloved knuckle and stared at Kentucky, obviously puzzled. "Of course you realize," he said, "what I want is just a plain cow hand—not no advisory board."

"Plain cow walloping is all I want," Kentucky assured him.

"Well," said Ragland doubtfully, "if you want a plain riding job for the rest of the winter, at fifty-five and found, I sure can't refuse you; though I must say, it comes as a kind of surprise."

"I'm on then," said Kentucky.

"You'll have to take a horse, the way the roads is. I'll leave an order at the livery barn you're to have a Bar Hook horse."

The inquest was over as Kentucky Jones returned to Kerry's store. Some who had made the journey by horse were already mounting ponies which moved out reluctantly, head down against the plod which many would not finish until long after dark. Kentucky Jones joined one of the big groups which talked it over on the sidewalk.

"Verdict come out same as expected?"

"Oh, sure; 'Accidental discharge of his own weapon.' The jury didn't hold off more than a minute and a half. Say! The sheriff wants to see you."

"Where is he?"

"He went along about ten minutes ago."

"All right."

KENTUCKY JONES moved off down the street in unhurried long strides. As he reached the sheriff's little frame office Floyd Hopper was in the act of leaving, having just ejected, with diplomacy, more worried cattlemen than the little structure could comfortably hold. For Kentucky Jones, however, he reopened his door.

"That you, Kentucky? I thought you headed south to see about some feed contracts, or something."

"I did, but I headed back, when I heard."

"Come in here, Jones." Hopper jerked a ragged window blind downward over the door's glass pane and flung himself into a chair. He produced bottle and glasses. "We run this all the way from below the border," he said without embarrassment.

"See you got your inquest over."

The sheriff puffed out his cheeks and blew an exhausted blast. "Damnation! Can you beat this? In the whole Wolf Bench country, here was just one man that couldn't be done without—one man that as good as held the rimrock cattle in the hollow of his hand—and a rabbit jumps, and blooey! He's gone. Great

(Continued on page 36)

# The Red Czar

*Lenin christened him—Stalin, man of steel. It was Lenin, too, who called him the "Caucasian Robber." Here is that chapter in the amazing story of his life which shows how he earned those names. These are the lawless acts the Caucasian Robber executed with incredible effrontery and skill; these are the strange fires in which Russia's man of steel was forged*

## By Essad Bey

**Lenin, the man who guided the Bolshevik Party through the perilous pre-revolution era, addressing his followers at the 1918 May Day demonstration**

THE years 1907 and 1908 mark the height of post-revolutionary reaction in Russia, and during this period all revolutionary parties had their powers of endurance put to severe tests. The Bolsheviks suffered most. Their greatest leaders were either banished or in prison. The main difficulty, however, with which the party had to contend at this time was lack of funds. There was no money either for propaganda purposes or the private needs of the members. Lenin was living in Paris, and he and Trotsky had only one pair of boots between them, which they took turns wearing on high days and holidays. But more serious than the personal destitution of its leaders was the paralysis of the party work.

Lenin tried to discover fresh means of replenishing the party coffers. The first suggestion for the achievement of this end came from Krassin, who put forward the bright idea of marrying good-looking young Communists to rich widows. It was through his instrumentality that the Communist Ignatyev married the rich heiress of Schmidt, the Moscow manufacturer, and in due course handed the whole of the dowry over to his party. But when the Communist Viktor, after having made a successful marriage, refused to give his wife's money to the party and consented to do so only after a party court had been held and he had been threatened with death, Lenin dropped all further experiments along these lines.

Lenin decided to have recourse to the famous revolutionary principle of the "Exes." "Ex" stood for "Expropriation of Private Property," for the accomplishment of which armed revolutionaries would break into the business houses, banks and post offices, take the money they found and hand it over to their party.

Even for Lenin the order to carry out Exes constituted a daring venture. Not every member of the Bolshevik Party was ready to acquiesce in deeds of plunder, and many threatened to leave the "party of brigandage." To calm down his followers, Lenin was obliged to write some pamphlets in which the Exes were theoretically justified. But he was then faced with the problem of finding suitable agents to carry out his policy. This was by no means easy.

The only other absolutely reliable man in the party who seemed to have all the necessary qualifications was Stalin, with his band of Caucasian Bolsheviks, or, as they soon became known, the "Transcaucasian Activists." Stalin immediately agreed. The task from which the cultivated members of the Central Committee shrank back in horror he regarded as being all in the day's work for the furtherance of the Cause. All he asked was to be allowed to choose his own men, to which Lenin naturally gave his consent. And thus a heroic period in Stalin's life was inaugurated —the period of the Exes.

At the head of his Transcaucasian Activists, Stalin succeeded in carrying out a series of the most daring escapades, the maddest raids.

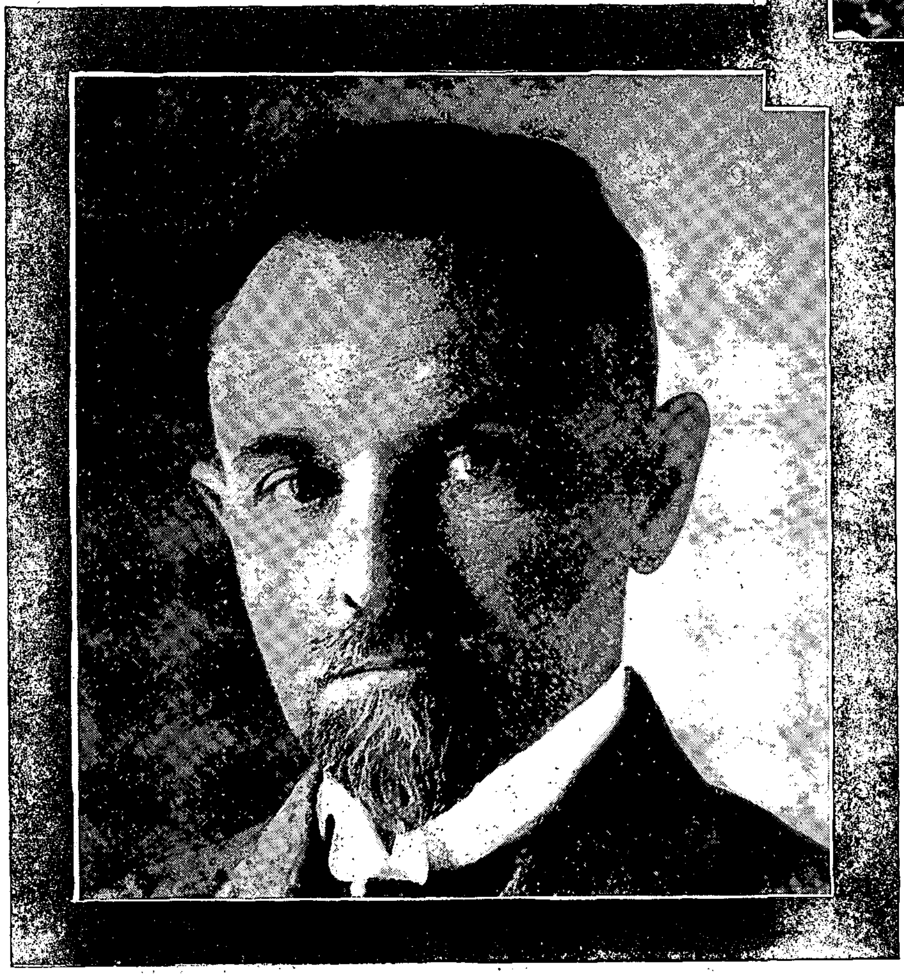
One of his greatest Exes was the attack on the Tiflis branch of the Russian State Bank. This exploit was prepared down to the smallest detail with mathematical accuracy by the best heads in the party—Lenin, Krassin and Stalin.

### A Desperate Bid for Funds

In June 1907, Krassin heard that a huge sum of government money was to be sent from St. Petersburg to Tiflis. He immediately informed Stalin of the fact. The money must at all costs be secured for the party. Stalin took steps accordingly. His best and perhaps only friend, the illiterate Bolshevik whose name has become famous in almost every quarter of the globe, faithful as a dog and brave as a lion, the Armenian Kamo, was sent disguised as an officer to Finland, where Lenin happened to be living at the time. Lenin made the bombs for the exploit with his own hands and, armed with weapons and bombs, Kamo returned to Tiflis.

Comrade Stalin could get possession of the money only by an open fight, and from the moment it left St. Petersburg it was not once allowed out of sight of his Activists, who punctually reported its safe arrival in Tiflis.

At eight o'clock on the morning of June 13, 1907, Stalin and Kamo met in the Tilipuchuri Tavern in Palace Street, near the old Theological Seminary. Before long the two friends were joined by other gaunt and haggard specters. At about half past nine two quietly dressed women appeared at the door of the tavern, Patia Goldava and Anna Zulamlidze, Stalin's wife. They signaled with a handkerchief; this meant: "The Post Office Inspector Leon has just handed the packet to Kurdynkov, the cashier, and Golovnya, the accountant." The band immediately broke up, and Stalin paid the bill.



*Wide World*

**Leonid Krassin supported Stalin and Lenin in the 1907 "expropriation" raids and later became a powerful Bolshevik leader**

A carriage was driving slowly through the streets of Tiflis. In it sat the cashier and the accountant with the packet of banknotes in front of them. Everything was peaceful again and, as far as was humanly possible, all precautions had been taken for the safety of the money. The cashier's carriage was followed by another full of well-armed military officials, both vehicles escorted by a detachment of mounted Cossacks.

### A Thorough Job of "Ex"-ing

As the carriage drove past Prince Zumbatov's house, a bomb was flung at the first carriage. So terrific was the explosion that all the windows in that quarter of the town were broken. At the same moment some men on foot opened a bombardment upon the Cossacks with bombs and revolvers. There was a terrible panic. Men, women and children scattered in all directions.

The bodies of the cashier and the accountant were flung out of the first carriage by the force of the explosion, and lay mangled and bleeding in the street. The mounted Cossacks tried in vain to offer resistance. Meanwhile, the horses of the first carriage, which contained the money, having miraculously escaped injury, were bolting up the street. A man ran in front of them and threw another bomb at their feet. A deafening explosion was heard and the horses fell to the ground. From the opposite corner of the street a man on horseback wearing an officer's uniform rode up to the carriage, which was in flames, seized the money and vanished like a flash, firing with his revolver at the passers-by and the Cossacks as he fled.

The affair had lasted only a few minutes. The man who had flung the first bomb and had snatched the money from the burning carriage was Stalin. The man who had flung the second bomb at the carriage was his friend Kamo.

When the fumes from the dynamite had cleared, fifty dead and wounded were found scattered about Zololak Street. The booty amounted to 341,000 rubles, in 500-ruble notes, unheard-of wealth for the impoverished party!

The sensation caused by the affair was unparalleled. The whole of the Russian police were mobilized but, as usual, no trace of the criminals could be found. The concealment and subsequent transportation of the money constituted one of the masterpieces of Stalin's career.

In all Tiflis there was perhaps only one man who had not heard of the Communist raid and he was a harmless professor of astronomy, wholly detached from the world, who was the head of the Tiflis Observatory. The worthy professor spent night after night at his telescope, and during the day he slept. Naturally he hardly ever met a soul, and as far as the police and politics were concerned, was an absolutely innocent creature.

Stalin resolved to turn the reputation of this learned man to account for his own ends, and one night, when the astronomer was, as usual, at his telescope, Kamo stole into his little bedroom and, ripping open the scholar's hard, narrow mattress, placed the packet inside it. He then carefully sewed the mattress up again. The astronomer noticed nothing, unless possibly it was that his poor scholar's bed seemed a little bit harder than usual.

Not one of the heroes of this raid was caught. Stalin apparently spent quite a long time unmolested in Tiflis, and then went back to his ordinary work in Batum and patiently waited for the excitement to subside. Then he took the money to St. Petersburg where the great engineer, Leonid Krassin, was waiting for him. The serial numbers of the stolen banknotes had been published by the government in all the Russian newspapers and communicated to all the banks abroad. But, for Krassin, the "financier" of the party, the overcoming of such difficulties was child's play.

A certain lady who went by the name of "The White Woman" among the members of the party and was by profession an artist and by conviction a Marxist, was asked to collaborate. With the help of a microscope and a few instruments, specially invented for the purpose by Krassin, she altered the numbers of the banknotes, and only two were destroyed in the process.

### The Bolshevik Robin Hood

So most of the notes could now be changed in Russia without difficulty. Only a small number found their way to Paris where a Communist, nicknamed "Little Father," was entrusted with the task of changing them. Little Father, however, was unlucky. Somehow or other the Paris police unearthed the history of these 500-ruble notes, and Little Father was obliged to serve a term of imprisonment under his proper name, which was Wallach. Incidentally he has never been able to forgive the Paris police for their smartness on this occasion and today the latter would take care if ever Little Father were to visit Paris again not to remind him of this episode in his career. For Little Father is now Comrade Litvinov, Foreign Minister of the Union.

Stalin hurried home to the Caucasus, where there was more work to be done, for Lenin was constantly making fresh demands.

Of course it was quite impossible to check the sums stolen and there was nothing to prevent some of the bandits who called themselves Communists from feathering their own nests. It was only behind Stalin's brow that such ideas never took shape. He was then, and is still, the most honest man in the party as far as money is concerned. He never touched a cent of the hundreds of thousands, if not millions, that he stole for his party, although frequently he suffered great privations. The whole of the booty, to the last ruble, found its way to Lenin.

It is said that he and his men carried out a systematic campaign of extortion whereby the merchants of Tiflis—already bled by the Russian police, minor officials and government taxes—were each compelled to contribute one day's income per week to the Bolshevik chest. One of his brief sojourns in Siberia was probably a result of these activities.

But the exploits that endeared him most to the romantic Georgians were his Exes, with Kamo, or with his other boon comrade, Lashkarishvili.

All those who knew him say that Lashkarishvili was the embodiment of all the Georgian virtues. Lean as a vulture, with broad shoulders and the strength of a giant, he resembled some hero of ancient saga. Unlike illiterate Kamo, he was endowed with intellectual gifts of a high order.

Once when Tiflis became too hot for him Stalin went with Lashkarishvili and another Bolshevik called Ivanov to a quiet little Cossack town in the north. On reaching the place the three men took a wretchedly cold room in the house of a family which was revolutionary in its sympathies.

It did not take Stalin long to discover where the municipal bank was situated, in which safes the loose cash was kept, at what times the Cossacks took their money out, when the cashier closed the till to take hardening baths in the peaceful waters of the Don, and when the fat sergeant-major who was the bank watchman repaired to the Armenian tavern close by where he usually remained for a long time.

### An Unexpected Climax

Toward evening one day the three comrades tested their revolvers and went to the bank. There was only one customer in the bank, and he tactfully broke off his conversation with the cashier and took his departure so as not to detain the newcomers who were just approaching the counter. Stalin went up to the paying-out counter and leaned across it. "Cashier," he said darkly, "we have come to clear the till!" Utterly bewildered, the cashier looked up at this extraordinary customer, and saw two revolvers pointed at his nose. Meanwhile Ivanov, quick as lightning, had closed the door of the bank and put up in the window a notice they had brought with them to say that the bank would be closed for half an hour.

At the same moment Lashkarishvili jumped over the counter, and the sight of his belt, bulging with bombs, deprived both the outer two bank clerks of any desire to offer resistance. Stalin then made a dive for the till and stuffed the banknotes into his pockets. "Now the bank can be opened again," he observed.

Outside the three disappeared in different directions. How much money this Ex brought in, however, even Stalin never knew. For in spite of its brilliant success it had an unexpected ending. On reaching home Stalin stuffed the bundle of banknotes into the stove of the room. Lashkarishvili and Ivanov had not yet returned. He waited some time in vain, and then, leaving the money behind him for safety's sake, set out to look for them. In case the police managed to get on their tracks, they had arranged to meet close to the ruins of the old palace of the Khans, for it would have been easy to hide in its maze of corridors. The night was cold and frosty. Stalin walked round the walls impatiently. At last Ivanov turned up. He, too, was frozen to the marrow. He did not know what had happened to Lashkarishvili. Perhaps he had gone home by a roundabout way.

When it was dark the couple decided to go back to the town. They walked very carefully past their lodgings and

(Continued on page 41)

Stalin—Russia's man of the hour—walking unaccompanied across Sverdlov Square to a meeting at the Kremlin

*Press Cliche, Moscow*

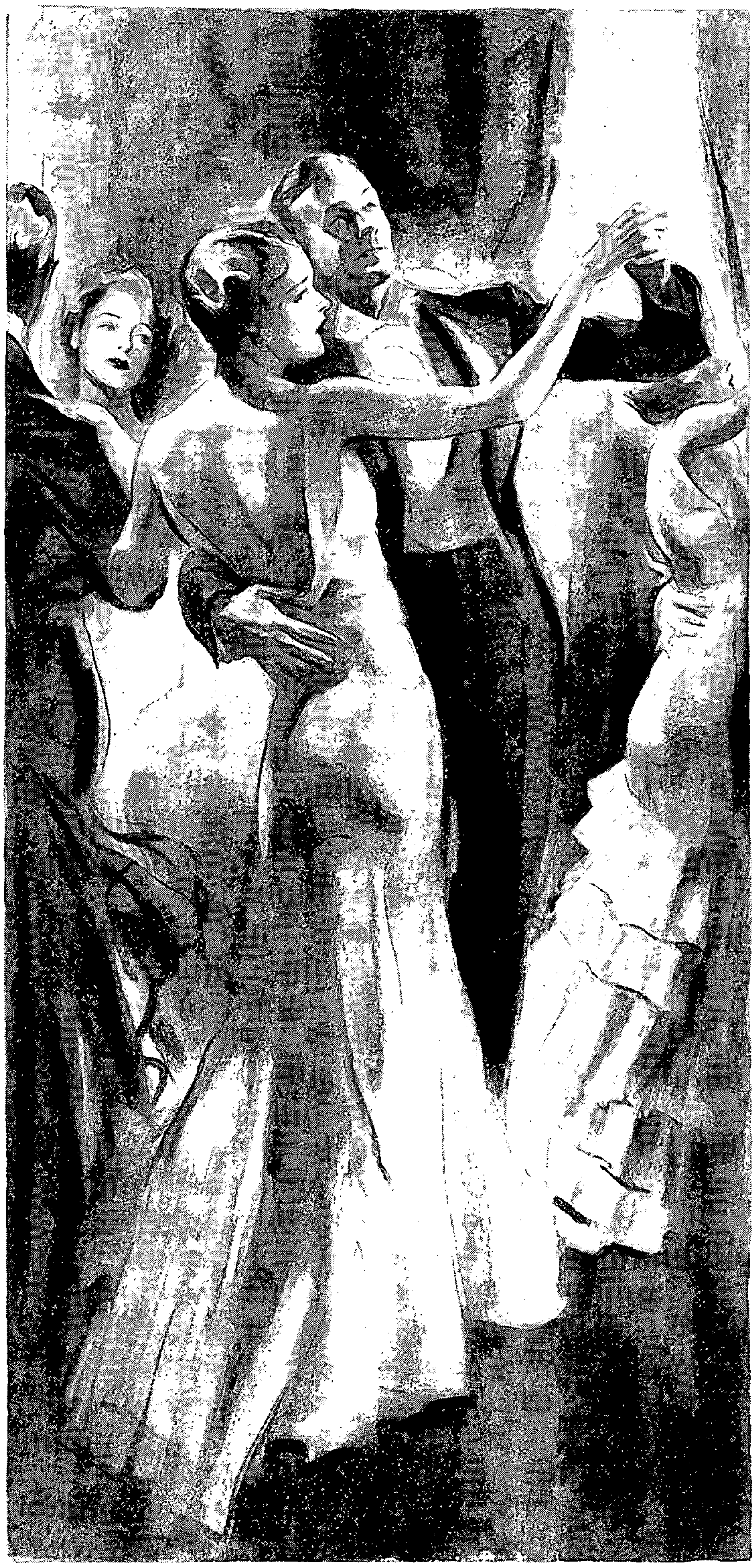
Maxim Litvinov, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs in the Soviet Republic

# Only Vulgar People Quarrel

*This is a love story cunningly devised to prove that a good policeman shouldn't trust appearances too far —and neither should a perfect lady*

## By Lucian Cary

*Illustrated by John H. Crosman*



As Mary danced with him she watched Joe Lawrence

MARY BURLEIGH was in that state of ecstasy and terror that is called being in love.

She was in love with Joe Lawrence and she hadn't known him a week and she hadn't seen him for two days and she was aboard the Berkshire Express on her way up the Housatonic valley to a week-end party to which his aunt had invited her and—would everything be the same?

She was astonished at herself. She didn't know Joe Lawrence's aunt; she didn't know any of the people who would be at the party; she didn't know whether Joe Lawrence was seriously in love with her or not. And yet she had accepted the invitation. It was almost as if she were pursuing Joe Lawrence. And it was inconceivable that a Burleigh should pursue anybody. The Burleighs had never had to.

Mary Burleigh turned again to the book she had been reading. The book was John Harkaway's Good-by to Love. She found it reassuring. She had no doubts about love while she read. And she admired the delicacy of John Harkaway's understanding and appreciation of women. She wondered what Joe Lawrence would think of the book. Joe wasn't a bookish person. He had probably never heard of John Harkaway.

She put the book away carefully in one of her bags before the train stopped at Cornwall Bridge. She didn't want anyone to see that she had it with her. Joe Lawrence was waiting for her. But he wasn't alone. He had seven or eight gay young people with him in a big touring car. They all seemed to know him intimately. They called him Larry. Mary hadn't known anybody called him that. She sat beside him through the long cool drive to his aunt's place in the Litchfield hills, with a big red moon coming up. But there was another girl in the front seat with them—a handsome, horrid girl who calmly reached over and took Joe Lawrence's cigarette out of his mouth and smoked it herself. Mary had no chance for a private word with him.

She had no chance at his aunt's either. There was a big dance on, and people were already arriving. Mary had to dress. While she dressed she heard all the sounds of a party in the making—the laughter and the excited voices and the rushing up and down stairs through the immense house—and wished that she could see Joe alone.

SHE could not guess how he felt. And it was unbearable not to know. Because she was quite mad about him. And she knew he was the sort of man most women wanted—so tall and lean and sure of himself—without any swank or pose. He looked like the kind of man who could lead a lost cause. Indeed, he had led one. He had brought the Detwiler expedition out of Thibet after they had got into a war with the natives and lost five men and most of their supplies. He must know that he could treat any woman as he had treated her; he must have taken dozens of them in his arms and told them they were lovely and kissed them and forgotten them.

Mary Burleigh took a last look at herself in the mirror. She found that last look reassuring. She was quite as handsome as the girl in the car who had taken Joe Lawrence's cigarette and she wasn't a hussy.

Joe Lawrence was waiting for her downstairs. He came forward from a group that included the hussy of the cigarette and greeted her with a grave smile and took her arm. The dance was in some other building a hundred yards away. They walked toward the soft, sweet beat of the music. Halfway, Joe Lawrence turned aside and took her down a path that branched off.

Mary Burleigh saw the gleam of water in the moonlight and heard the sound of water going over a dam. She knew that Joe Lawrence was going to kiss her again. And this time she would know whether he really cared or not. She had been so completely his that first time that she hadn't noticed anything. She had only felt.

As they approached the lake they heard the sound of angry voices. The girl cried out, "I hate you—I hate you." The man said, "Darling, you know I love you." His tone was so charged with feeling that Mary Burleigh thought it was utterly convincing.

Joe Lawrence turned back. Mary couldn't hear the words in which the girl replied but only the intense bitterness of her voice.

"Oh," Mary said to Joe Lawrence, "how I hate quarreling."

"THEY probably think they hate it too," Joe Lawrence said.

"Only vulgar people quarrel," Mary said.

"I don't think that's fair," Joe Lawrence said. "I think we're all liable—no matter how much above it we think we are."

Mary had no chance to argue it. They ran into another group just then. She had to stand and go through introductions and make small talk.

"Come," Joe said at last, "let's dance."

Mary waited, as they danced, for him to speak of their last meeting. But he did not. Obviously he felt sure of her. When the orchestra paused a young man, a college boy evidently, came hurrying up.

"Mary," Joe Lawrence said, "this is my cousin, Eddie Tolliver. I'm afraid he wants to dance with you."

Young Mr. Tolliver did want to dance with her. As Mary danced with him she watched Joe Lawrence. He wasn't dancing. He was standing at one side of the room talking to the hussy of the cigarette. A big, heavy man with a crooked nose and thick lips, who wore a white bartender's jacket, joined them. He put his arm familiarly through Joe Lawrence's arm. Obviously the big man was a guest and not a servant. The hussy took Joe's other arm. The three of them walked off together.

"I suppose," young Eddie Tolliver said to Mary, "I suppose you know that Joe Lawrence was one of the greatest quarterbacks Princeton ever had."

"No," Mary said, "I didn't know that."

"He was," Eddie Tolliver said. "He was captain and quarterback and he made the All-America. And when he graduated he wasn't through. I don't mean he wasn't through with football. Of course he was. I mean he wasn't finished. So many good football players go in for selling bonds and are never heard of again."

"But Joe Lawrence went right on being a hero," Mary said wickedly. "A sort of Richard Harding Davis hero—like Clay in Soldiers of Fortune."

"Exactly," Eddie Tolliver said. "You heard about how he flew from Darjeeling to Thibet and got that crowd out through the mountains, with the natives sniping at them every step of the way and rolling rocks down on them."

"I don't believe Clay ever did anything so grand," Mary said.

"No," Eddie Tolliver said. "Clay wasn't the man Joe Lawrence is. And Joe'll go right on. He's just turned down a chance to lead an expedition into Mongolia."

"Why did he do that?" Mary asked. He hadn't mentioned it to her.

"We don't know," Eddie Tolliver said. "But we've all been kidding him about it. We've all guessed that you're the reason."

"ME?" MARY said. She smiled at Eddie Tolliver.

Eddie Tolliver grinned back. "Yes," he said, "and I hope you won't think I'm fresh if I say you're the only one I ever saw him with that I thought was in his class."

"I do think you're fresh," Mary Burleigh said. "But I'm so flattered I don't mind."

"I knew you were all right," Eddie Tolliver said.

Mary felt better when Joe Lawrence came to claim her. She felt so much better she almost forgave him. She didn't want to be mean. And she had to be mean.

"How do you like the party?" he asked as they danced.

"It's a grand party and if there's any better orchestra in New York I've never heard it and your cousin Eddie Tolliver is the nicest boy I've met in a long time."

"But!" Joe Lawrence said.

"I don't like your friends," Mary Burleigh said. She almost gasped when she realized what she had said. She had never said anything like that in her life. She was too well brought up.

"As for instance?" Joe Lawrence asked.

She couldn't very well say she didn't like the hussy. Joe Lawrence would think she was jealous.

"The big coarse man in the bartender's jacket."

"Don't you know who he is?" Joe Lawrence asked.

"I don't care who he is," Mary Burleigh said. "I think he's ugly."

"He isn't handsome," Joe Lawrence said. "But he's an awfully nice fellow. I like him immensely."

"I can't imagine liking such a man," Mary Burleigh said. "I think he's rather horrible."

Joe Lawrence swung her around and out of a doorway to the veranda. He led the way down the path toward the lake.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he asked gently.

"Nothing's the matter," she said, trying to speak gravely and quietly, as if she weren't angry. She didn't wish to be angry. And yet she was. She was furious. And she was bound to make him angry.

"But something is," he said. "Something's awfully wrong."

"Nothing is wrong," Mary said, "except that we aren't agreed about your friend in the bartender's jacket."

"BUT you don't know him," Joe Lawrence said. "You've never met him."

"I don't ever wish to meet him," Mary said. "I can see by his face that he's a coarse, brutal, vulgar man without any of the finer sensibilities. He may be a good bartender but he's not a man I wish to know."

"Really, Mary," Joe Lawrence said, "you don't imagine that you can tell what a man is like by one look at him across a room."

"Naturally I think I can," Mary said. "His character is written all over him."

"My dear," Joe Lawrence said, "you're mistaken. He may look coarse and vulgar to you but that's only because you don't know him. As a matter of fact he's an uncommonly sympathetic and understanding and gifted person."

"Understanding!" Mary cried. She was astounded at the animus in her voice. She knew she was deliberately picking a quarrel with the man she loved. And she couldn't stop. "Gifted!"

"But he is," Joe Lawrence said. "He's not awfully sociable and he's not the kind of man who'd ever be the life of the party. But he's extremely understanding and gifted. I've never met a man I'd rather talk to if I were troubled."

"After all," Mary said, "I've seen him. If I hadn't you might convince me."

"But, Mary," Joe Lawrence said, "surely you know you can't judge people by their looks—you never can tell."

The more reasonable he was the more determined Mary was to make him angry.

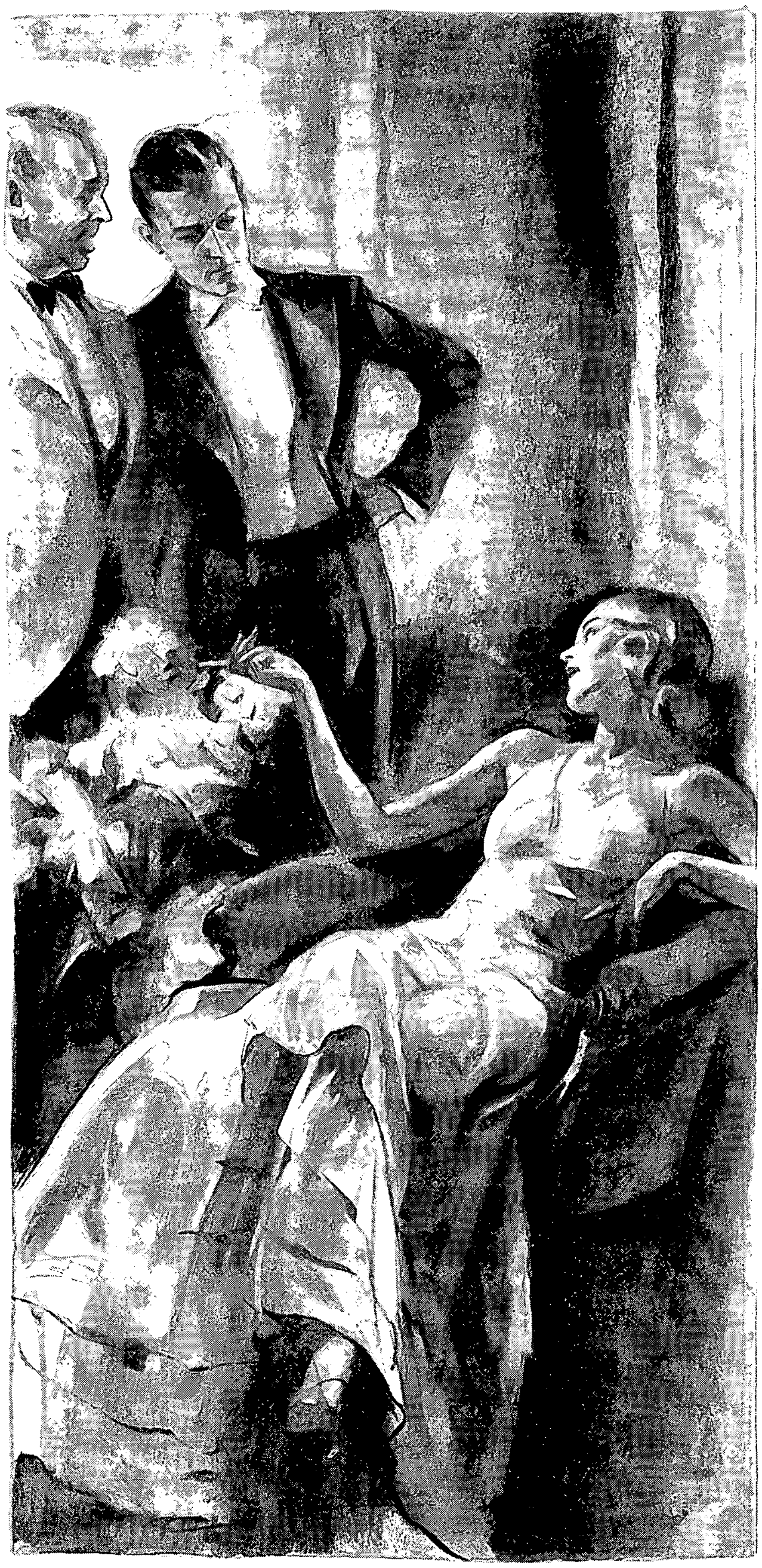
"Of course you can," Mary said. "Anybody can tell by looking at you that you're a professional hero. You couldn't exist if you couldn't hear the cheering section. You're a born matinée idol."

"I'm awfully sorry if that's what you think of me," Joe Lawrence said.

"IT IS," Mary cried. "You're the perfect book for boys. You're Frank Merriwell in person."

Joe Lawrence took both her hands in his. "Mary," he said, "what's the matter? Something has happened that you aren't telling me. Won't you come across?"

"Yes," she said, "I will. I don't like you. I can't say I hate you because that's too strong a word. I'm merely bored. Completely, terribly bored."



A heavy man who wore a bartender's jacket joined them

"Mary," he said, "don't you remember the other night?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "of course I remember it. You kissed me."

"I told you I loved you," Joe Lawrence said.

"I didn't take you too seriously," Mary said. "If I had I shouldn't have accepted your aunt's invitation. But I thought you flirted very well and I was amused and a little interested." She shrugged her shoulders. "Now I'm through. I really don't care for flirtation. I think I do and then when I try it I don't."

"Mary," Joe Lawrence said, and his voice had a throb in it, "you know I love you. You know I was utterly serious."

"I'm awfully, awfully sorry," Mary said. "Because I wasn't serious. And now I really must be going on."

She turned and walked back toward the house. He didn't follow her. He stood there looking after her. She couldn't stop. She had to walk right on. She was appalled at what she had done and bitterly determined to go on doing it.

She found Eddie Tolliver in the living-room. She beckoned to him. Eddie Tolliver dashed over.

"I know I can trust you," she said. "I've got to leave without anybody's knowing it."

"I'll go and get Joe," Eddie Tolliver said.

"No," she said. "Joe mustn't know—either."

Eddie looked at her gravely. He swallowed hard. "J-j-just as you say," he said. "You can take my car—it's a Rinaldo roadster and it's standing way out in the drive."

"DO YOU suppose you could get my things into it without anybody's noticing?"

Eddie Tolliver shook his head. "Everybody's noticing you tonight," he said. "I'm afraid I couldn't. I'll drop them out of the window if you say so but I'm afraid I might get caught."

"Never mind," Mary said. "I can send for my things. But I need a coat."

"There's a topcoat in the car," Eddie Tolliver said.

Mary nodded. They walked out of the house and down the drive. Eddie put her in the car and showed her where the switches were.

Mary pushed the starter. Eddie Tolliver leaned in. "Listen," he said, "isn't there anything I can do?"

"No," she said. "You've done the perfect thing."

"But what'll I say to Joe?"

"Anything you like except the truth," Mary said.

"I—I—I'm afraid I can't lie to Joe," Eddie Tolliver said.

Mary put the car in gear. "Then," she said, "tell him I've gone home." She waved her hand and put her foot down on the accelerator. The car shot down the drive.

Out on the open road she almost changed her mind. But she didn't. She pressed the pedal down against the floor boards instead and nearly turned over on a curve.

It took two hours to drive as far as Westport. She took the shore road for home. She knew she had been a fool. And she couldn't stop being a fool. She had lost Joe Lawrence and her heart was broken and she was glad. She went roaring down the shore road, traveling faster than she had ever traveled in a car before.

She stopped short in Fairport. She was going home, of course. And how would she explain? What could she tell them?

She sat there thinking and while she sat a flivver went by her at top speed. She looked up. The flivver slowed down

(Continued on page 40)

# Home from Bethlehem

*The Story of a Crusader's Christmas*

## By Harold Lamb

IN THE early hours of that morning Rob made his way into the forest. The bitter cold of the night left the snow hard underfoot, and over his head the wind rattled the bare branches. Rob kept to the paths, ever watching out for men and listening for dogs. He was seven years old and he had no fear of anything except the Boar's men. And the forest belonged to the Boar.

When he came to a clump of firs the boy gathered sticks, breaking them into even lengths and laying them in a pile. When he saw bare patches of ground he searched for acorns and black chestnut burs, putting what he found into the sack that swung from his belt. He shivered as he ran on, because his leather jacket was too big for him and did not keep out the bite of the wind. He wanted to hurry out of the forest with his firewood and nuts. For tonight would be Christmas Eve.

His blue eyes gleamed in his chilled face as he thought over what he would do that evening. First Ellen would finish the cake, after she had ground up the acorn piths and chestnuts; then she would roast the half of the goose the bowman had promised to bring in. At the sunset hour they would carry two candles, Ellen and he, to the stone church where they would light the candles, and Father Jehan would hold Christ's Mass with singing and music. . . . Perhaps he would see mummers at the inn yard, or even a dancing bear.

Excited by the thought, the boy tossed his tousled head, trying to whistle the way the bowman did. And then he turned swiftly, crouching in his tracks. Within bowshot of him three men were walking swiftly along another path. They wore steel caps and leather jacks—the one in the rear, looking straight into Rob's eyes, carried a bow ready strung.

THE boy knew they were three of the Boar's men, so he scurried to a pile of brush and flung himself down behind it. As he did so he heard the arrow crash through the branches above him, and he peered out to see what they were doing, before starting to run.

To his surprise they hastened on, past him. They were going toward the highway that ran through the forest, and the boy's heart throbbed painfully. He was afraid of them—even the bowman gave them a wide berth—and he wanted to run. More than once he had watched them halt a wayfaring merchant and strip wallet and gear from the man.

When they had vanished, Rob followed beside the trail, running from thicket to thicket. When he saw the clear lane of the road, no wider than a spear, he climbed to the top of a ridge where he could lie and watch unseen.

Below him the three Boar's men had their heads together, standing in the middle of the road which ran through a gully at this place. They were looking toward the turn of the road, and Rob knew that they had seen something coming up, from their watch post in the upper branches of a lone tree. After a moment one of them drew his short sword and laid it on the trodden snow, then stretched himself out upon it, as if sore hurt. The second fellow, who had only a stout cudgel, knelt beside him, while the third leaned on a long pole-ax. So they covered the narrow road.

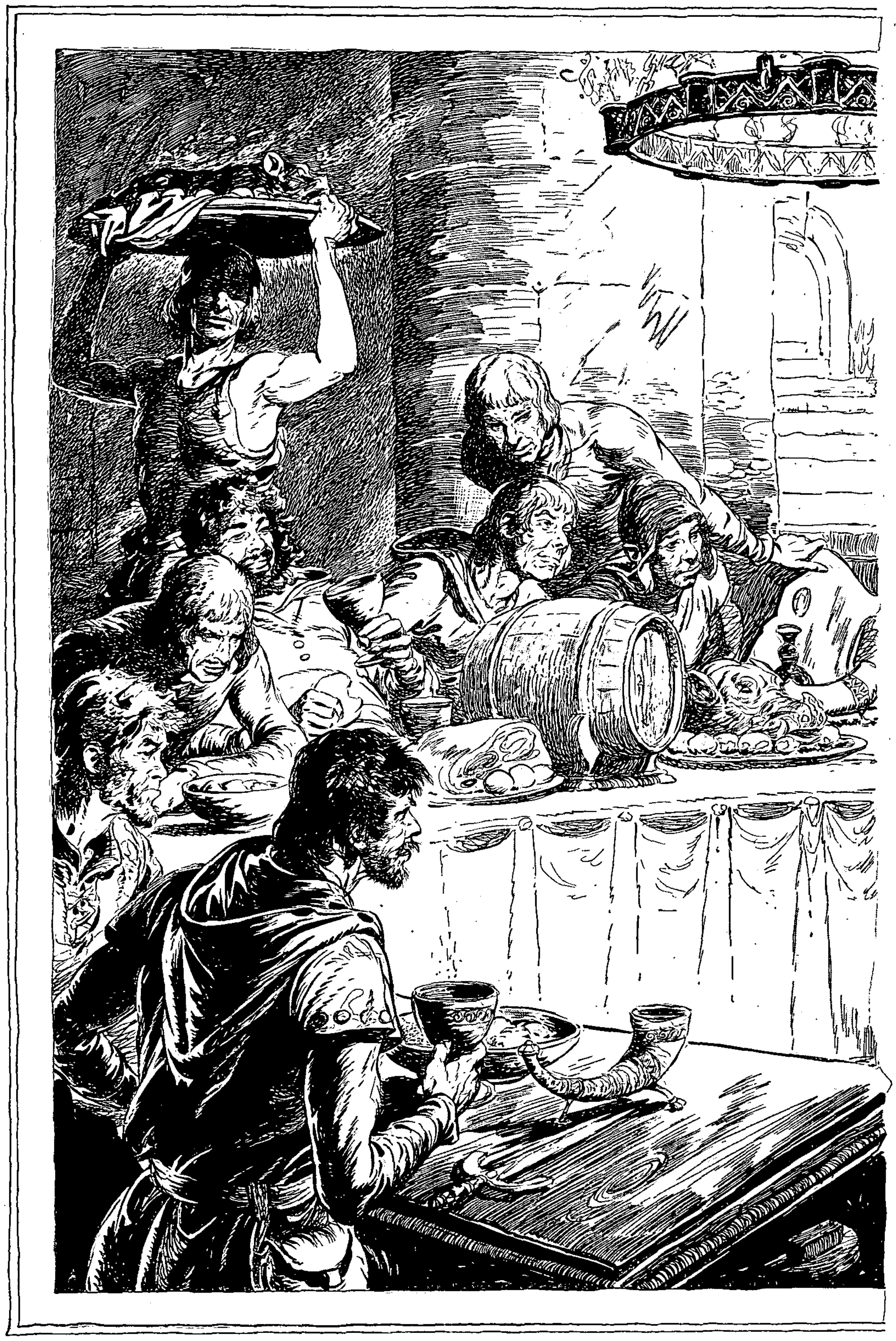
As they did so, around the turn came a rider. A stranger, Rob thought—a solitary man in a faded gray mantle and a squirrel-skin hunting cap. Behind his fine, long-limbed charger plodded a loaded packhorse. The three rogues in the road looked up as if seeing him for the first time, and the one with the cudgel rose to his feet.

"Look 'ee, my lord," he begged, "here is a poor wight wi' a broken knee."

Coming to the prostrate man, the stranger reined in. He glanced idly about the gully, and bent forward to scrutinize the fellow in the snow. The fellow with the cudgel edged forward, and raised his stick slowly behind the stranger.

Rob's blood burned in his veins and he could not keep silent. "'Ware ye, sir!" he cried shrilly.

But as he cried out two things happened. Dropping the rein, the stranger thrust out his left arm, catching the rogue with the cudgel under the chin—sending him staggering back. And the stranger's right arm plunged beneath his loose mantle, coming forth with a long sword bared. The sword whirled and struck to the right, and it splintered the shaft of the pole-ax that—unnoticed by the boy—had been swinging down upon him.



"For this I give you thanks, Sir Michael,"

Catching up his rein, the stranger wheeled his horse to the right, striking with the flat of his blade the iron cap of the wight, who stood amazed, the broken shaft in his hand. Then the stranger looked to the left, but the chap with the cudgel was showing his heels down the road, and the one who had shammed injury was leaping for safety like a rabbit. And in a moment the third got up, holding his head and stumbling into the forest, leaving his bow where it had fallen.

The stranger was fairly under Rob, his gray eyes questing into the thicket. "Come out, whelp," he said grimly. "Show thyself."

Rob had lain hidden from fear of the fleeing Boar's henchmen, but now a great excitement seized him, and he slipped down the bank to the horseman's stirrup.

"Art thou the cub of the pack?" the man laughed. "Well, I give thee thanks for thy warning—though late it came."

THE boy lifted his head angrily. "Can you not see, my lord, that I am no cutpurse churl? Nay, *they* hunt me with arrows when I am i' the forest." He laid his hand eagerly on the worn saddle. "What a good blow it was you gave them! Are you not—my lord father?"

The stranger had a scar down one cheek, so that when he smiled, as he did now, his lips twisted curiously. "Now that is not easy to say," he responded, "unless you will even tell me your mother's name."

"My lady mother," said Rob gravely, "lieth i' her grave these three years. But my lord father is Errart of Dion."

To Rob, afire with excitement, it seemed that he never would speak. "What manner of cub art thou," he muttered, "not to know thy own sire?"

"I know him not, for good reason," the boy maintained stoutly. "Five years ago my father went with the crusade beyond the sea, to set free the tomb of Seigneur Jesus from the infidels. Yea, he went with the host of our good King, and we have had no word of him. Are you not—my father?"

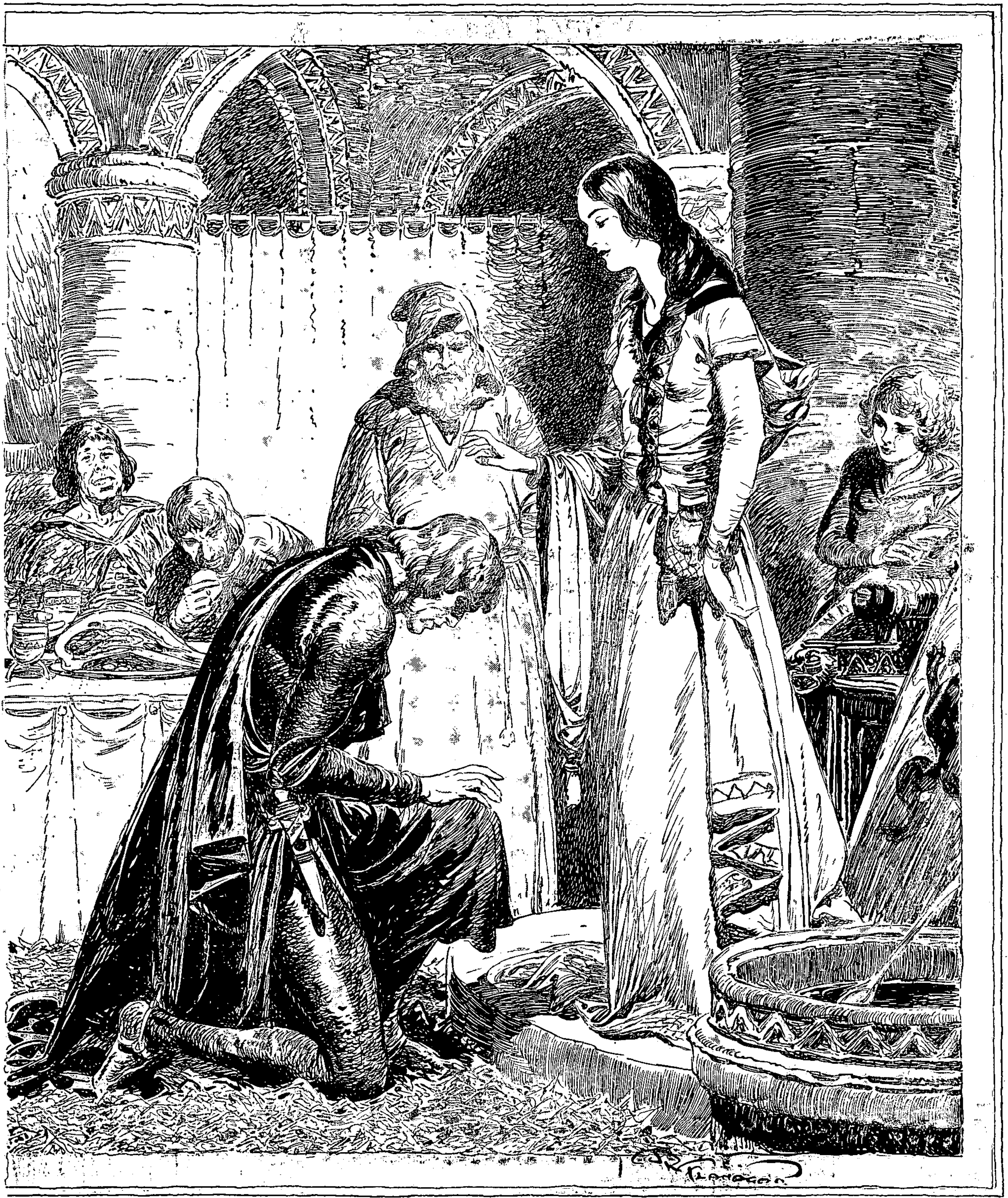
The gray eyes of the stranger dwelt upon the lad, noting his erect bearing and his misfit jacket.

"Speak!" cried Rob, stamping his foot. "This is the road to Dion—are you not lord of Dion?"

"I know not."

Rob drew back, staring. "Know you not your name—is it mocking me you are?"

Bending down, the stranger lifted him bodily to the saddle horn; then, taking off his fur cap, he raised the boy's hand to his head, and bade him feel the scarred bone above his temple. "A sword dealt me that beyond the sea," he said, "and now a mist of magic lieth upon my thoughts. I have no home, and I know not what road to take. Sure it is that I fought in the war at Jerusa-



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

**Ellen said slowly. "You have honored me by asking"**

lem, where so many good men lost life. Sure it is that we have come home like sparrows scattered in a storm, one by one, stripped and bare. Now," he smiled his twisted smile, "this is verily a strange meeting, between a son who knoweth not his sire, and a man who knoweth not his mind."

Avoiding the intent eyes of the boy, he pondered. "What is thy name, cub? Robert—of Dion? Show me the way to Dion, and we may there find the truth."

"Nay," said Rob promptly, "the Boar is now in Dion castle."

"And who might he be, this Boar?"

"He weareth the head of a boar upon his own, yea, with tusks."

Quietly the stranger plied the boy with questions, until he understood that this Boar was the leader of strong bands of henchmen who patrolled the roads, laying tribute upon merchants and pilgrims, and at times seizing people for ransom. No mercy was shown to those who did not pay. The Boar said that the money went to pay for guarding the roads and taverns from robbers. But the countryside evidently went in fear of the Boar for good reason.

Rob took little heed. Clasping his hands proudly on the saddle horn, he peered at the packhorse which carried leather sacks and two covered shields and even a spare sword. For years the boy had watched the road, to see if his father would not ride back to Dion. Now this mindless man had come, and had driven off the Boar's men like rats—and Rob wished that everyone could see him, riding in this glory upon a real war horse. But the road was empty, and the short lane that led to the boy's home—a hut with a thatched roof under the pines.

THE stranger looked about him. "And what is this hovel?"

"Know you not Ellen?"

A girl was standing in the door, a girl in a coarse dress, with heavy tresses gleaming upon her slender shoulders. Too thin her cheeks, the stranger thought, too dark her eyes—and yet she should have been beautiful. She might be sixteen years.

"This girl is your sister?" he asked.

"Aye," cried Rob, his tongue tripping with eagerness. "You *do* remember! Ellen, is—is not this one my lord father?"

Coming out to them, the girl helped Rob down from the saddle, and the stranger dismounted. "Nay, Rob," she said gently. "Not this one."

"But, look how tall he is, and his mind is gone from him, so belike he knoweth us not."

"Surely," a smile touched her lips, "I would know my father, who was older than this lord—much older, and dark like myself." Then to the man she added, "I ask pardon, Seigneur, for this whim of my brother, and I bid you welcome. Rob, take the led horse to the shed."

When he had vanished around the hut, the girl spoke to the stranger, low-voiced. "Two years ago, my lord, Sir Errart of Dion, my father, died in battle before Jerusalem, beyond the sea. But Rob knoweth not. I have kept it from him, for he hath set his heart upon having his father come home again. Nor do they know it for certain in the village, although they have heard tales."

This girl, the stranger thought, was half wasted with hunger, and yet the lad looked sturdy. She had not stinted him food. In her eyes and lips lay the sign of hurt, yet her voice was clear and she had greeted him, a wayfarer, as if a great house stood behind her. Instead, here was a peasant's hutch without serving women, or a man to defend her.

THE stranger could not take his eyes from her face. For years he had not talked with a girl of his own race. He knew the long ache of hunger and the empty hours of prison; he knew the dull bite of wounds and the fever that followed. On his body he bore the scars of defeat. Now he had said farewell to the war, and he sought but one thing . . . everything else was a mist of magic. One thing he knew: the very elves of this forest must have woven an invisible thread that bound him to this solitary girl.

"Why are you so fair?" he whispered. "I had not thought a girl could be so fair."

Her dark eyes met his without flinching. "Well do I know that I am grown a forest girl, with a rough skin."

"Then you have but a poor mirror."

"It is a pond," she laughed, "and when I look into it I see the great clouds passing."

"Why, then, are you not at Dion—you, the maid of Dion?"

She told him what all the countryside knew. How after Sir Errart had gone forth with the men-at-arms upon the crusade, her mother had died and she at thirteen years of age had been left with the steward to care for the lands and cattle. Sir Trigault had come by with a following of jackmen and had stopped as a guest at the castle. At first he had craved hospitality, then, when more of his men came up, he had told her bluntly that he would abide as protector of the place. Yet he had quarreled with the few retainers of Sir Errart and had slain the steward, and Dion had been his. In these troubled times other lords did not bother about the fate of a crusader's castle and children, and the good King was dead beyond the sea.

"SO," the stranger mused, "this Trigault is your Boar, with tusks? I warrant he sought then to wed you, so that Dion should be his in right and law!"

Flushing, the girl tossed her head. "So did he not, for he broke down the door and came in to me at night, and I struck him with a dagger that I had, so that he went away to stanch his bleeding, and Rob and I ran to Father Jehan, who gave us this hut."

"And Sir Boar, did he not follow?"

"Nay, perhaps he fears the curse of Father Jehan, or the arrows of the hunters."

"Seigneur!" Rob came hurrying up to him with a fresh notion. "Even if you are not, belike, my father, will you not abide with us?"

The tall wayfarer looked down at the boy thoughtfully, and Ellen spoke quickly:

"My lord—"

"Black Michael they call me. And I no longer have any man for friend."

Ellen considered him in surprise. This mindless man had riddles about him, for he was light of hair and brown of face, and not at all dark. He spoke harshly, and still his gray eyes seemed not harsh. He did not act as if he had lost his mind. She knew him to be a knight, even if the gold had worn from his spurs, for he had the voice and manner of one accustomed to command. Standing there with the fine war horse,

*(Continued on page 44)*

# Mighty Moments

***Here is a summary of the most exciting bits sport has furnished the fans during the past year. Drama, thrills, chills and suspense packed into a few minutes or seconds of play. Possibly you witnessed one of them. If you have we guarantee you haven't forgotten it***

## By Grantland Rice

ANYONE lucky enough to be on hand when one of the big thrills of sport takes place carries away a picture that often lasts for years. You can hear fight fans today still talking about that first round of the Dempsey-Firpo entanglement, and that three-minute upheaval happened over eight years ago. Yet the picture of big, shaggy Firpo falling and getting up, of Dempsey sailing through the ropes, is almost as vivid today as it was back in 1923 when a great heavyweight champion came near losing his crown in the first round, facing little more than a novice.

With 1931 gliding into history, it is interesting to check back on the high spots of the year. And it might be said that 1931 had its full share of stirring deeds and tense moments.

I believe top honor should go to the final inning of the last world series game in St. Louis between the Cardinals and Athletics. Few who saw that melodramatic high spot will ever lose the picture or forget the thrill. Here was the veteran Burleigh Grimes, in his nineteenth professional season and his thirty-eighth year of life, on the verge of shutting out the hard-hitting Athletics in the decisive game of an exciting series, with $45,000 in the balance.

Grimes had only three more men to retire, but his arm was hanging heavily, his fast ball was fading and his control slipping. But his team was leading 4 to 0 and it seemed safe enough with only half an inning left. He had difficulty getting the ball over but finally one runner was retired. Then with the bases full there came a sharp crack.

One man was nailed at second and apparently the hitter was doubled up at first. Grimes started from the box with a shut-out singing in his soul. But the runner at first was called safe, and deep down in his heart Grimes knew he had fired his last shell. He had made a desperate effort to last out the battle but that lone put-out danced in front of him like a ghost. And so he left the box with two out, two runs over and the bases still full. A hit or an error might mean the ball game and the championship.

When young Bill Hallahan came in to handle that last Athletic batsman, the situation was about as tense as anything sport has known. For Hallahan also began to show signs of wildness and it looked for a moment as if he would force the third run across when finally Bishop lined to left center and Pepper Martin at top speed hauled down the fast-traveling ball.

### Two $25,000 Putts

Certainly no Open golf championship ever had two such dramatic moments as the Battle of Inverness. Billy Burke had posted his final score after seventy-two holes of play. George Von Elm had come to the final green with a 3 to tie, having only a bare, outside chance. His long drive was down the middle. His fine pitch stopped twelve feet to the left of the pin and here was a last putt that would give the blond Westerner another chance.

Here was a putt upon which $25,000 rode. As the ball disappeared into the cup the vocal outburst of the gallery came with a roar.

The next day exactly the same situation existed at the end of the 36-hole play-off. Burke was leading by a stroke as they came to the last green. Both were on in two, with Von Elm only ten or twelve feet away. As Burke ran his approach putt up to within two feet of the cup there was a moment of breathless quiet as Von Elm addressed the ball and started his putting blade in motion. And for the second time in succession the ball rolled up and dropped into the cup. Those two putts by Von Elm must take their place among the leading thrillers of sport.

There was a great moment in the fifth round of the Sharkey-Carnera battle in Brooklyn. For the better part of four rounds the Italian mammoth had kept Sharkey away with a good left hand. This left had no sting but it was accurate and busy and Carnera at the time was leading on points.

Suddenly Sharkey's glove flashed over Carnera's guard to the point of the chin. Carnera hit the floor. At the count of seven or eight he was up again, but as the scowling Sharkey started to rush, the Italian dropped back to one knee.

### Mr. Sharkey's Special Trick

Then the hullabaloo broke loose. Sharkey began running around in circles, screaming that Carnera was out. As the mammoth stood up again and the referee, Gunboat Smith, motioned Sharkey to continue fighting, the Boston heavyweight rushed for his corner of the ring and tried to jump through the ropes.

The ring was more like a madhouse than anything else. Johnny Buckley, Sharkey's manager and chief second, rushed up and interposed his bulky form between Sharkey and the outside spaces.

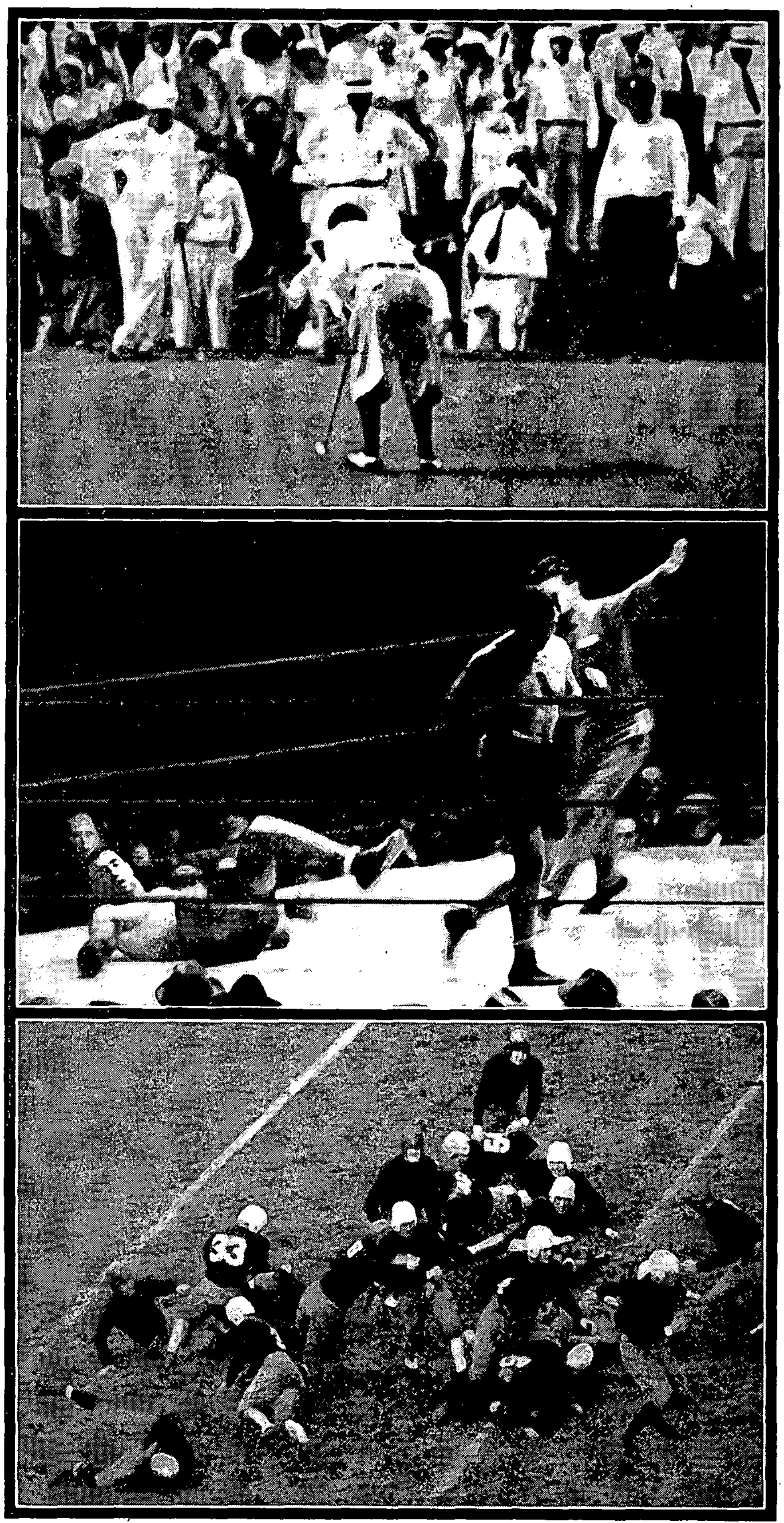
Thirty thousand people were adding to the noise and racket. No one could tell for a moment what would happen but Sharkey suddenly turned upon Carnera and reopened the war. You can put this down as the ring high spot of 1931, for the heavyweights at least.

Football, on the other hand, had one of its most exciting seasons. In the Harvard-Army game at West Point the Crimson was leading 14 to 13 in the last period. Army was trying desperately to shake loose Johnson, the speedy cadet back. Finally they succeeded and Johnson, moving like a deer, broke out into the open with no one near him.

Suddenly a lean, tall, long-legged Crimson attacker came into the picture. His name was Barry Wood, but at the start of the chase he didn't seem to have a chance. Johnson had traveled about forty-five yards before Wood began to close up the gap between them. Johnson was only twelve yards from the Harvard goal line when Wood finally caught him and the Army back hit the dirt just eight yards from victory.

But even this achievement fades before the record-breaking thrills of the Yale-Dartmouth contest. These two teams split sixty-six points for a new high-scoring record in a tie game. After Albie Booth had given his great exhibition of open-field running and slippery elusiveness and Yale was leading 33 to 10 in the third quarter, McCall and Morton set off a series of fireworks such as few football crowds had ever seen. Who ever saw two big teams score thirty-three points apiece with the attack on both sides completely dominating the defense, and with two kick-offs run into touchdowns?

As the last twelve months pass in review no one can say that 1931 was a colorless year. For hundreds of thousands can look back on nerve-racking episodes that help to make the real fan.

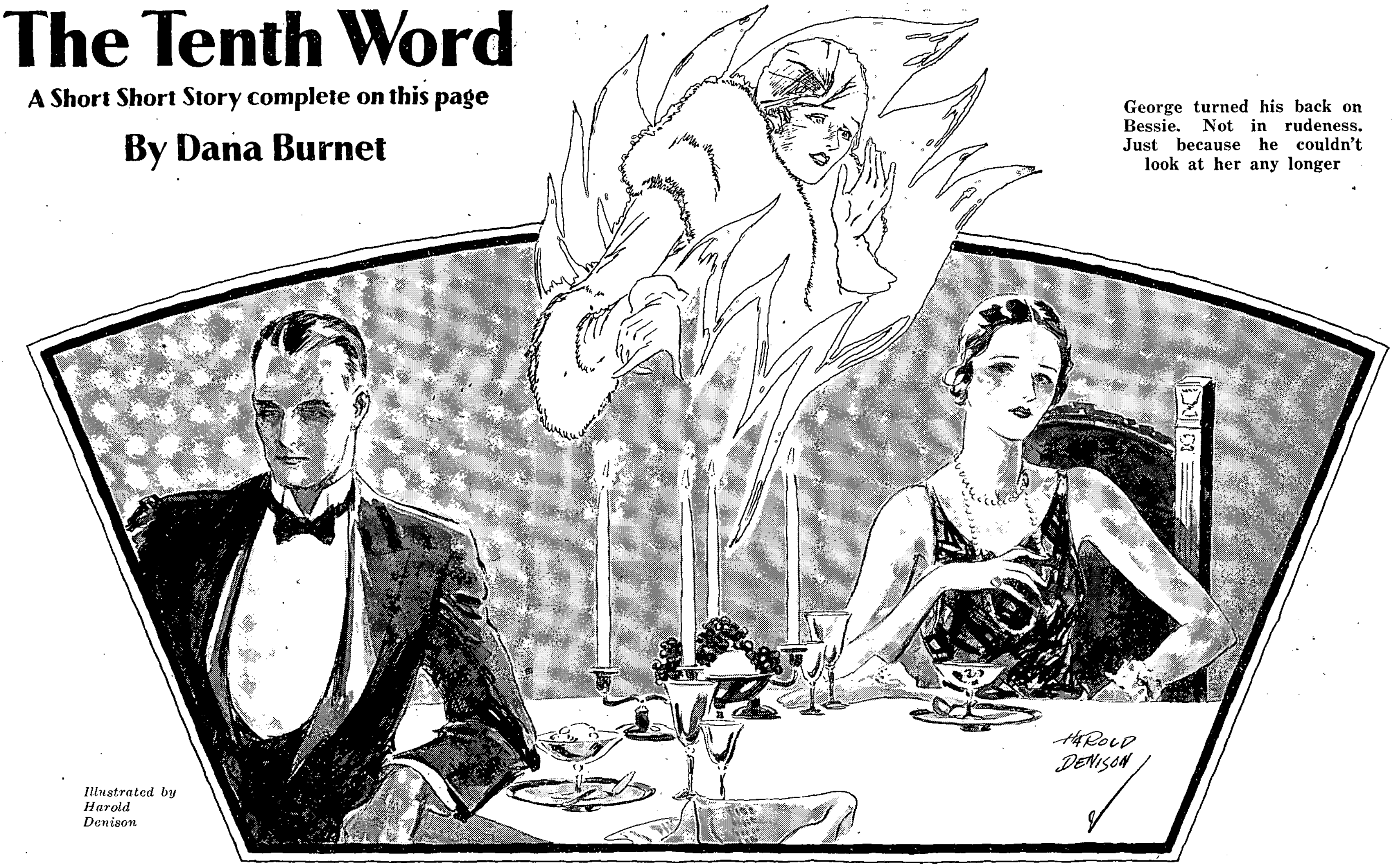


**The year's premier sports thrills: Bill Burke winning the Open championship at Inverness; Sharkey putting Carnera down for the first time in his career, and Albie Booth attempting to break the record high-score tie between Yale and Dartmouth**

# The Tenth Word

## A Short Short Story complete on this page

## By Dana Burnet



George turned his back on Bessie. Not in rudeness. Just because he couldn't look at her any longer

*Illustrated by Harold Denison*

IT WAS that darned telegram that had caused all the trouble. He, George Bentley, was completely innocent. He hadn't meant to leave out the word "love" at the end of his wire to his wife. He had just forgotten it. He had written the message in a hurry, before rushing to catch the train that was to carry him back to his loved ones. It was silly of Bessie to have made such a fuss about it.

It was sillier of her to have shown the telegram to her bosom friend, Mary Pitkins. Mary had rushed joyously to spread the news that George Bentley no longer was the model husband of Eldorado, New Jersey.

Eldorado itself was a model community. It would be twenty years old next Fourth of July. The Bentleys were among its early settlers. They had moved there from Newark, shortly after George and Bessie were married. They had grown up with the place and had helped to shape its character. Eldorado had reciprocated by shaping theirs.

George had been rather a dashing youth, in the days when dashing was in its infancy. As a Rutgers undergraduate, he had frequently put his arm around a girl before he'd known her a week. Then, at a certain holiday "Proposal Party" he had met Bessie and had asked her, playfully, to marry him. Bessie had accepted him; and later he had discovered that she wasn't playing.

He had not intended to marry Bessie. He had intended, as most young men intend, to explore the world, to travel, to sail the seas. Particularly, for no good reason, he had wanted to go to Alaska. In this he differed from the average youth, who for no good reason dreams of tropical adventures under a voluptuous tropical moon. George Bentley's moon was small and pure and sharp and icy-bright. It glittered in his imagination like a newly minted dime; a coin a young man could put in his pocket and save for a rainy day.

He had collected many dimes in his twenty years of married life, but only one moon, which, being made of honey, had soon melted. George was a wealthy man. He owned a successful insurance business in Newark. He was several millions in conversation and half a million in fact. He had established individual trust funds for his wife and daughter. Bessie was safe. Bettina, his daughter, was safer. She was going to marry the son of the Presbyterian minister.

THIS was a relief to George. He loved Bettina. Now that she was to marry, he was content. He planned to retire; to devote the rest of his life to golf and Bessie.

He always had been devoted to Bessie. Not once in twenty years had he forgotten their wedding anniversary. That in itself is par for any husband. He had remembered her birthdays, and all the other days that she had set aside for sentimental observance. Bessie was as full of fête days as a medieval calendar. Moreover, he telephoned her daily from the office, he sent her flowers every Saturday, he waited on her in public and in private and—with one yearly exception—never went anywhere without her. The exception was the annual dinner of the Nineteenth Hole Interior Decorating and Debating Society. These dinners, held every fall, were George's only reversions to bachelorhood. Bessie pretended not to notice them.

George had returned from Trenton, where he had gone to wind up his business affairs, in good time to attend the Nineteenth Hole dinner. That joyous occasion was twenty-four hours away, and he looked forward to it with keen anticipation. Perhaps he'd been thinking of it when he sent that unfortunate telegram to his wife. He arrived home to find Bessie in a state of chaos. At dinner-time there were tears.

"The worst of it is," she quavered mournfully, "there were only nine words in your wire. So you weren't saving money by leaving out 'love'."

"I forgot it," said George. "I just forgot."

"You've never forgotten before. That's what upsets me so. There must be something in what Mary Pitkins says."

"Mary Pitkins is a gabby old hen!" growled George. "What does she say?"

"She says—you know Mary has been psychoanalyzed, and she understands these things!—that subconsciously you have stopped caring for me."

"Oh, bunk, Bessie. You know that's bunk."

"Well, even if it is, she's told everyone in Eldorado that you—that we aren't ideally happy any more."

"I'll wring that fool woman's neck!" declared George violently. "Why on earth did you show her my telegram?"

"She saw it lying on my dresser and read it before I could stop her."

"I'll wring her dumb neck!"

"But, George, the harm's been done. People are talking."

"Let 'em talk. What difference does it make?"

"It makes a lot of difference to me," said Bessie.

George had a sudden sense of helplessness. He experienced the bewilderment of a man faced with a new and unexpected abyss of feminine nature.

"I'm sorry, Bessie," was all he said.

"That doesn't help. I can't have them talking, I just can't! You'll have to do something about it."

"What can I do?" asked George with mounting resentment.

"I've been thinking," replied Bessie, with incredible complacency, "that you might go away again."

"Go away?" he asked, astounded.

"Yes. You could go to New York for a short time, couldn't you? Then, three or four days from now, you could send me another telegram."

"Oh!" said George. "Oh, yes, I see. I could send you another telegram with 'love' at the end of it?"

"That's what I mean," said Bessie; and added vehemently: "You can bet I'll show *that* to Mary Pitkins!"

"Yes," George said. "That's a good idea. But if I go to New York now I'll miss the Nineteenth Hole dinner."

"What of it?" demanded his wife. "What's one dinner compared with our happiness? You'll only get drunk, anyway."

Words rushed to George Bentley's lips, strange, searing-hot words that he found impossible to utter. Twenty years—he thought wildly. . . . Twenty years of my life, my whole manhood, given to you without reservation. . . . All my dreams, the bright moons of my youth, the kisses of other women . . . lovely girls . . . the lost laughter of brave companions . . . the adventure, the seeking, the divine drunkenness of life. . . ! All changed by an ugly alchemy into my devotion to you! And you sit there not knowing, not caring, taking it all for granted—!

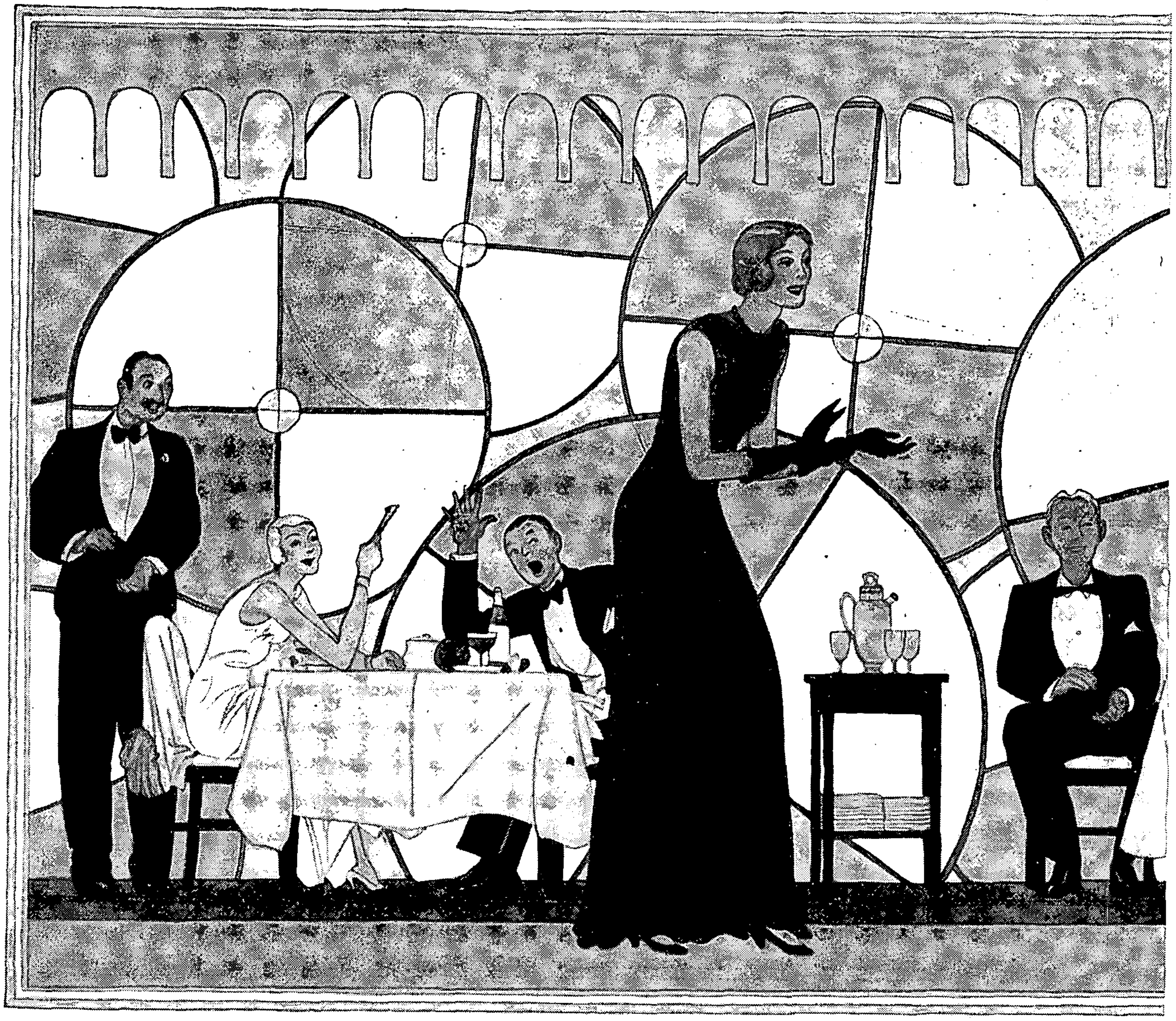
But these are not things a man may say to the woman who has been his wife for a score of years.

George turned his back on Bessie. Not in rudeness. Just because he couldn't look at her any longer.

"All right," he said. "I'll do it."

THAT same night George left for New York. He was gone three days. Then, on the morning of the fourth day, Bessie received her telegram. It read:

DEAREST BESSIE GOODBY FOREVER AM STARTING TODAY FOR ALASKA LOVE
GEORGE



Turning to the applauding guests, he duplicated the mysterious gesture.

# The Big Pink

*The Story Thus Far:*

EDWIN BLEECKER JEWETT III has a tutor—Dr. Beekman Winship. Dr. Winship is a large, but timid, person with a pink beard. Eddie does not care to have a tutor; nor does he admire pink beards. . . . At a road house—where Eddie, Beatrice ("Beechy") Gwynn, a charming girl, and the doctor stop, while en route by motor to Narrow Harbor, a summer resort—three bandits, guns drawn, appear. Winship, to his own surprise, knocks out one of them.

Winship believes (thanks to Eddie) his victim was a cop; that the authorities are hot on his trail. Whereupon, in order to change his appearance, he applies some hair-killer to his beard, which vanishes. After which, garbed in some weird garments obtained from Dan McGurk, a trainer of pugilists, with whom Eddie has a mysterious interview, he is driven by his youthful charge to Narrow Harbor.

Eddie's Aunt Julie—who, with Ronald Bedloe, her husband, occupies a house near Dr. Frisbee's neurological institute—is shocked by the doctor's appearance. Why, devoid of his whiskers, he looks—oh, horrors!—like a prize fighter!

McGurk arrives at Narrow Harbor. He seems to be keeping a furtive eye on Winship. Then Trooper Wilbur Dill, of the New York State Police, puts in an appearance. "The law's on your trail, Doc," says Eddie, "you'd better watch your step!"

Winship, terrified, accompanies Beechy and Eddie to a restaurant. They dine. Presently, Winship, very apprehensive, glances across the room. There, glaring fiercely at him, sits the formidable Dan McGurk. Mr. McGurk rises and advances slowly toward him. And Winship, watching him come, feels a premonition of imminent danger. He shivers!

## V

WITHOUT the formality of asking leave, Mr. McGurk seated himself and leaned his elbows on the table.

"It's a good thing it happened to be me that spotted your bus out front." The nutmeg-grater voice issued from the southwest corner of a mouth otherwise securely buttoned. "If it had of been that state trooper—"

"What trooper?" Eddie stared.

"The one that stopped at my place right after you left and offered to split the reward if I'd tell him where to find a yellow car with you three birds in it."

Beekman Winship was too appalled to notice the interchange of glances between Mr. Jewett and Miss Gwynn. He stood up.

"We must go!"

"Sit down, Doc." Eddie spoke with calm authority and directed a bright, unfriendly eye upon Mr. McGurk. "The good old squeeze play, eh? Well, go on with your gimme. How much?"

"Why, he can't—" Beechy, beginning an indignant interruption, abandoned it in midair.

"Go on," Eddie said. "What's your idea of a fair price for not squealing?"

"Me squeal?" Honest heat was in the rasp of Mr. McGurk's denial. "That's a sweet crack to hand me when I'm in here trying to slip you a friendly tip-off. I tell you this bull means business."

Again an exchange of thoughtful glances took place between Miss Gwynn and Mr. Jewett.

"It's a nice bedtime story," Eddie said cheerfully. "The only trouble with it is that the bulls aren't after us, and if they were it wouldn't mean a thing in our young lives."

"Oh, yeah?" Mr. McGurk's lopsided manner of speaking achieved an extraordinary degree of irony. "I suppose that's why the Big Pink looks so happy."

"But he—" Beechy began.

Once more an ocular caution from Mr. Jewett silenced her.

"Have it your own way." Eddie shrugged his shoulders. "If I got you wrong I apologize. I just thought you might have something on your mind besides a friendly warning."

Mr. McGurk's dished features registered abashed embarrassment.

"Well," he said, "in a way I did kind of figure that there might be a percentage in it for me if I got to you ahead of this bull."

"I kind of had the same idea myself," Eddie said. "How much?"

"But I tell you—" Beechy began indignantly.

"Look." McGurk leaned confidentially forward. "Here's the layout. If you know anything about the fight racket you know me and you know I got a high-grade political backin'. Senator Spinitti's right in my corner, and so's Judge F. X. Riordan, and here's a letter from Commissioner Timothy J. Geoghegen, right on Police Department stationery. And Mannie Epstein and his Albany crowd—they're all in my corner."

"YOU'RE beginning to get interesting," Eddie admitted.

"And with those birds in my corner," McGurk continued, "whatever kind of a jam you're in I got pull enough to square it, and I don't mean maybe."

"But I tell you we aren't in—"

Eddie's brushing gesture silenced Beechy. "Yours received and contents noted," he said. "Go on from there."

Hope blossomed palely in Beekman Winship's soul.

"I assure you, sir," he said, "that if you will employ your influence in my behalf—"

A look of suffering revealed itself in the dished countenance of Mr. McGurk. "Say, look," he said, "try and forget that book you read, cantcha, and lemme finish, or I might change my mind yet."

His gaze, traveling downward from Winship's face, seemed to lose a little of its disfavor. Something like hopefulness was in his voice and look.

"How much scrappin' 've you done?"

"Scrapping?" Winship shook his head. "I fear I fail to understand."

Pain once more complicated the natural distortion of McGurk's features. "I ought to know by this time that none of the big ones ever had a brain. I been kiddin' myself all day that maybe the Big Pink had yuman intelligence and the palooka don't even know what scrappin' means! Can you tie that?"

He made as if to rise. The gesture conveyed to Beekman Winship the meaning which Mr. McGurk's words had failed to carry. It became clear to him that the offer of succor was about to be withdrawn. He snatched at it.

"If anything I have said has offended you, sir, believe me, it has been quite without intention. I am deeply grateful for your kindness and exceedingly anxious to avail myself of the influence which you so generously offer to employ in my behalf. I should be only too delighted to reciprocate by any means at my command."

Mr. McGurk blinked rapidly. His head moved in the style of one endeavoring to clear a slightly punch-drunk brain, and his hands assumed a posture eloquently defensive. From this position, after a moment of puzzled silence on Winship's part, the hands were warily lowered. Mr. McGurk's countenance again revealed symptoms of reviving hope. Under his breath, as one who communes with himself, he spoke:

"He couldn't never of learned all them words without he's got as much brains, anyhow, as a parrot; and that's twicet as much as any of the big ones in the business now!"

His jaw snapped shut decisively. "Listen, Pink. If you got anything to think with here's your chance to prove it. You got twenny seconds to take your choice between leavin' me try and make a fighter out of you or takin' a ride up the river to the big stone house. One—two—three—"

His right hand rose and fell in step with the count. His voice acquired for Winship's appalled ear a curious suggestion of inexorable, relentless doom.

A GLADIATOR or a felon, one or the other; the degradation of the prize ring or else stripes, stone walls, steel bars; perhaps, beyond the sinister green door, even the final ghastliness of the wired chair. Fascinated, his gaze clung to the unpitying concavity of Mr. McGurk's countenance.

"Surely you aren't serious?"

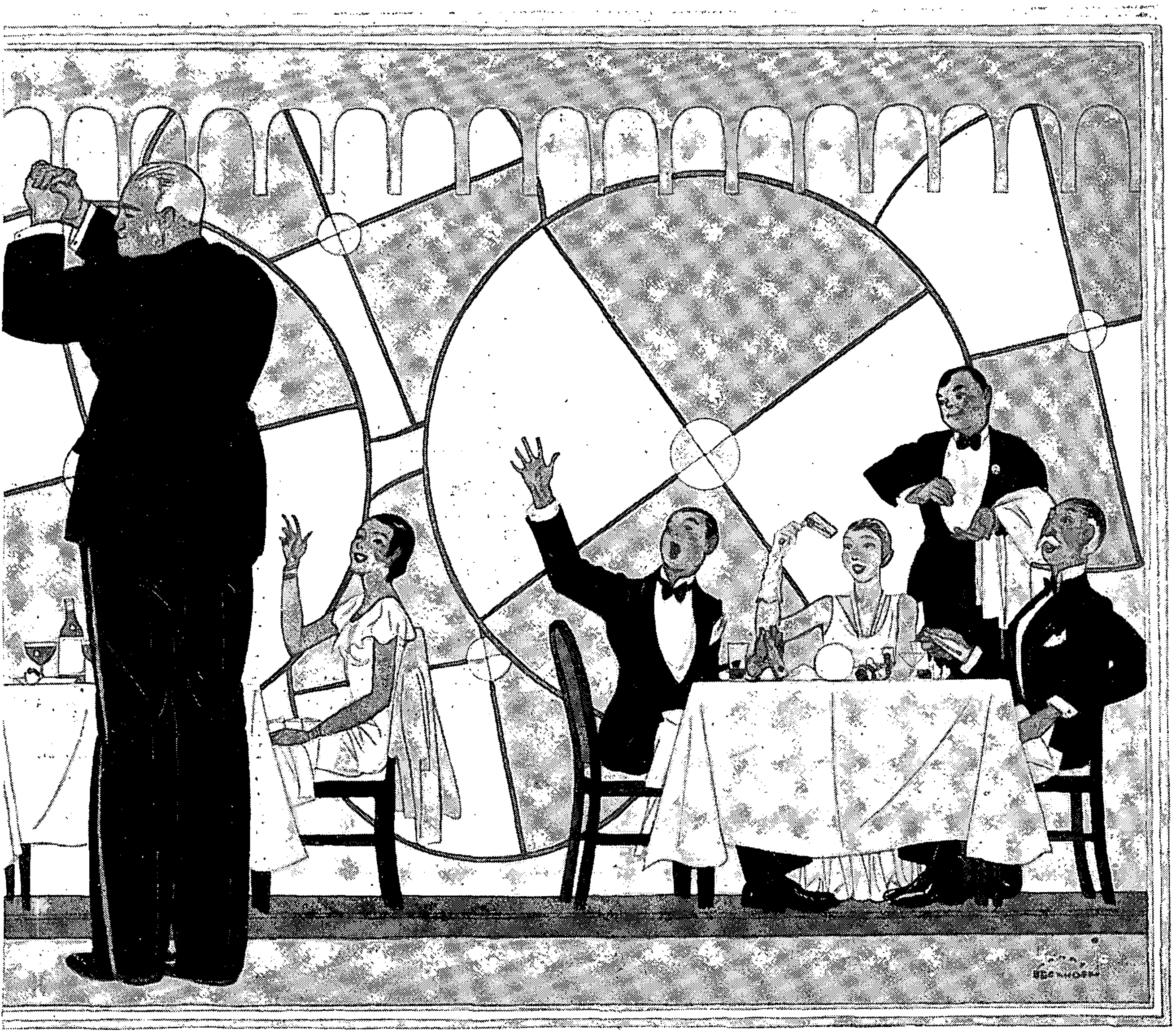
Mr. McGurk ceased to count. "Listen, Pink, if you think I'm kiddin', turn me down and see how long it takes me to do business with the bulls."

Winship's eyes turned desperately to Eddie Jewett, but in that young man's face they found instead of sympathy only a callous, cruel pleasure. Winship turned to Beechy. In her young countenance he saw only the reflection of Eddie Jewett's heartless joy. She spoke with cold-blooded cheerfulness:

"I guess he's got you."

"Sister," Mr. McGurk said lightly, "that's no guess."

Tilting back his chair and inserting



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

**Renewed handclappings appeared to indicate that he had acted rightly**

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, he bent upon Beekman Winship a gaze in which there was an unmistakable suggestion of ownership, such a look as a shrewd slave merchant might turn upon a highly satisfactory purchase.

"But do you honestly think you can teach him to be a good prize fighter?" Beechy's eyes were shining as if they beheld some splendid vision in which as yet she scarcely dared believe.

"It all depenns." Mr. McGurk's manner became slightly oracular. "There's one good thing about this layout. The way I got this baby sewed up, there's pract'c'ly no chance for him to gum the works by tryin' to do his own thinkin'. That's the main trouble with han'lin' these oversized palookas, sister. They all got the notion that beef and brains is the same thing." He addressed himself to Winship. "That's the first thing you got to get through your dome, see? You're big, and that means you're dumb. Them two words means the same thing, see?"

Winship was moved to feeble protest against a doctrine with which, in general, he was miserably agreed.

"Admitting that your contention is in most cases wholly sound, I assure you that in this instance it is incorrect. I am not—"

"Yeah, that's what all you big clucks say, Pink. You're so dumb you don't even know it. Here you are tryin' to claim you know your groc'ries, and only a minute ago I had to tell you what a prize fighter was."

"But I assure you—"

"Listen, I'll try and ease this thing across to you so that even you can get it. You always been big, ain'tcha? Used to be bigger'n the kids you played with—"

"Yes, but—"

"Now let's suppose you started out with the same amount of brains as the kid next door that was half your size. How long would it take you to find out that you can get what you want just by grabbin' it? You got no use for brains, so you don't use none. When you get in a scrap, beef is all you need to get out of it, and that's all you use.

"TRY and get this, Pink, because what I'm givin' you is sci'nce. The reason I got brains and you ain't is because you never had to use yours, and I had to work mine overtime to keep some outsized tramp like you from walkin' over me. Brains don't develop without exercise no more'n muscles will. That's why you never see a big dog that's smart. He don't have to be. That's why any time you see a jane who's got more'n her share of looks you can put a bet down on it that she's got less'n her share of bean. She can get what she wants without thinkin' for it, see? Now you and me are gonna get along all right because you ain't gonna be allowed to do no thinkin'. You wanna get it through your dome right now that any time you swell up with the notion you can think, I'm gonna call up police headquarters and leave the bulls prove to you that you can't, see? I got a big hunch that this racket's gonna pay off big, because the way you're fixed you can't gimme no argument."

Again the rapt, shining look appeared on Beechy's face. "Then you honestly believe you can teach him to—"

"Well, it could happen, sister, I'll say that much. He's got the build, all right, and he's in grand shape this minute."

His arm stretched itself across the table and his thumb and forefinger endeavored to pinch the muscles of Winship's upper arm, muscles that mechanically hardened to resent the trespass.

McGurk's face brightened. "Feel that arm yourself," he said.

Beechy, complying, gasped.

"And I'd say offhand that he hannels himself good, too."

With amazing suddenness and speed his left hand darted out at Winship's chin. Long ago, under just such unprovoked and unheralded attack, Winship's neck muscles had learned to act instantly and of their own accord. Very early in life he had become adept in the art of passive self-defense. To come home bearing facial tokens of forbidden combat had infallibly involved rearward hairbrushings by a devoted aunt who could never be made to understand, any more than her anguished nephew himself could understand, the mystifying antipathy of small, soiled, hardhanded boys toward large, clean, soft ones.

Old habit, in spite of all the intervening years, jerked Winship's head just far enough aside to let the blow slide harmlessly past his cheek.

"See? He's fast. There's a lot of pretty good lightweights couldn't of ducked that punch. He's big and hard and he hannels himself good, and I got him fixed so he dassent try to think."

He rose.

"Le's get started, Pink. You oughta be in the hay right now."

His eye gloated. Despair laid a cold clutch on Winship's heart.

"Wait," Eddie said thoughtfully. "I don't think he'd better move over to your place right away. If he doesn't come back with me tonight it's going to start a lot of talk, and the less advertising we get right now the better. It won't make any talk at all if the Doc lives at the Point and comes over to your place every day. We'll just say he's taking boxing lessons. But it's going to start a lot of talk if he doesn't come back."

McGurk was impressed.

"ALL right, we'll leave it go at that." He rose, directing upon Winship the eye of stern authority.

"But get this, Pink, and get it solid. You be at my place at eight sharp in the mornin', and don't bring no arguments along, see? I do all the talkin' for the two of us, the same as I do all the thinkin', see?"

"But—" Winship began.

"They ain't no such word in your vocabbery, Pink. From this on all the langwitch you got any use for is 'yeah' and 'oke' and 'uhuh'."

"But, my dear sir, really—"

Winship faltered as McGurk's countenance became a saucer brimming with displeasure.

"Yeah or oke or uhuh," McGurk admonished harshly. "Le's hear you speak your piece. You gonna show up at my place at eight bells t'morra?"

Between three equally abhorrent evils Winship made unhappy, random choice.

"Yeah," he said.

McGurk's face relented slightly. "Oke," he said, departing.

Winship's eye pursued him to the door, and then, in quest of sympathy, addressed itself to his young companions in disaster.

Neither of these, however, showed any facial symptom of pity or dismay. Instead, they both wore a look of almost reverent rapture. Beechy's whisper broke the stillness:

"It's just too marvelous to be true!"

"I know." Eddie nodded slowly. "I feel kind of that way myself, but you can't tell. Dan McGurk knows his cauliflowers, and he wouldn't be taking all this trouble unless he felt pretty sure the Doc might amount to something pretty big in the fight racket."

HIS glance transferred itself to Winship.

"Of course, you don't want to get your hopes up too high, Doc. I don't say there's any chance of your being champion, but I honestly do believe you'll never have to waste any more of your time in the professor business."

Winship's mind was too confused to follow the conversation. For some mysterious reason both of his young friends were reconciled to the freak of chance that had put him, handbound and helpless, in the power of McGurk. Even Winship himself was less concerned with this catastrophe, ghastly though it was, than with the graver danger that had been averted.

"You are quite sure that we need give ourselves no concern as to the police?"

"Not as long as we've got Dan McGurk in our corner," Eddie declared. "Come on. Let's be moving."

The heartbroken father lifted his glass, as they departed, in a gallant gesture, and his sorrowful gaze pursued them to the door.

Winship entered a mild protest at the direction in which Eddie drove.

"Surely we should be going home?"

"Oh, it's early yet," Eddie said, "and, besides, this'll be your last chance for a party for quite a while, Doc!" His voice became severe. "You know you'll have to quit stepping out on these wild parties after tonight."

"I'm—I'm willing to quit it now," Winship said truthfully.

"That's the right spirit, Doc! That's

fine!" Eddie spoke warmly. "But one last party won't hurt you, I guess. And it's coming to all of us, anyway. We've been having a kind of dull time, so far."

Winship found no answer to this statement. The car fled smoothly down the long narrow lane of light. After some time it paused.

Incandescently against the night great glowing electric letters wrote a name on Winship's brain:

NEVADA SULLIVAN

The blazing letters had a curious effect on Winship. They woke in him a thought of heat and lawlessness, associated somehow with aggressive pugnacity. Too, as he blinked at them, another premonition of impending calamity came upon him.

He protested faintly as Eddie parked the car. Eddie made no answer except for a peremptory gesture, in obedience to which Winship climbed out and proffered superfluous aid to Beechy's swift descent. At the doorway, however, Winship ventured another feeble expostulation:

"Really, Edwin, I must decline to—"

A fragment of song came to his ear, song uttered in a husky, crooning contralto:

"*Come awn, Big Boy. . . .*"

The words seemed to address themselves specifically to him. There was a pleading quality in the husky voice that gave it a peculiarly poignant appeal:

"*Come awn, Big Boy. . . .*"

Suddenly persuaded, Winship came on.

GREETED by a burst of applause that seemed, for a moment, to be directed at himself, Winship paused in the doorway of a long, raftered room. Small tables were crowded at its sides, leaving open a central space of waxed, gleaming floor. At the far end heavy curtains depended to a low platform, where musicians now resumed feverish activity.

For these matters, however, Winship could spare only the outer fringe of his attention. He was concerned, for the moment, only with the lady who retreated, bowing and smiling, toward the curtain.

This lady, he knew, must be Nevada Sullivan herself. The faintly synthetic quality of the name, the blaze of lighted letters that had spelled it, had prepared him for a person wholly different from Miss Sullivan as he beheld her now.

She was small, he saw, and slender. Her dark dress, high at the throat and long of skirt, gave her a look of old-fashioned fragility and propriety. She smiled. Just as the curtains parted behind her she raised her eyes and gazed straight at Winship.

He felt an electric tension in the infinitesimal pause. Then, suddenly, Miss Sullivan lifted her finger tips to her lips, kissed them, and with a wafting motion tossed that kiss, unmistakably, at Winship. The curtains instantly enveloped her.

In a kind of daze Winship was guided to a table. His eyes remained fastened upon the curtains. Detaching that fixed gaze, he faced Beechy's rebuking frown.

"Well," she said sharply, "I thought you—" she paused. Her annoyance seemed to dissolve into amused and tolerant forgiveness. "I suppose it's not your fault. You just don't know any better."

AGAIN she paused. Her eyes flickered sidewise and spitefully at Eddie, whose countenance held a rapt expression that Winship recognized, intuitively, as the same look he must himself be wearing. He felt a pleasing sense of fellowship with Eddie. They were, he thought, men of the world together, sharing an esoteric appreciation of Nevada Sullivan, sharing, too, the displeasure of Beechy Gwynn.

From between the curtains issued a file of young ladies who, unlike Miss Sullivan, had chosen to array themselves inadequately. Indeed, except for breastplates of some silvery metal, girdles of jingling silvery leaves and high-heeled, silvery slippers, these young persons were not arrayed at all. They flung themselves with apparent frenzy into kaleidoscopic movement, to the accompaniment of a bewildering chatter of heel and toe.

For these, however, Winship had only a boundary of attention. Miss Sullivan had reappeared. She had effected, during her brief absence, a mysterious change of identity, had ceased to be the performer and had become the hostess, moving with gracious welcome to greet her guests.

Reflex muscular action lifted Winship to his feet. Young Mr. Jewett, also rising, withdrew a chair and with an urgent motion invited Miss Sullivan to occupy it. The lady accepted the attention negligently.

"Thanks, Eddie."

Her eyes continued to occupy themselves with Winship.

"I don't know you, do I?"

Winship could only shake his head. Miss Sullivan leaned forward, her chin on her palms, her elbows on the table, to study him more nearly.

"I ought to, though. That's what you mean, isn't it? You're a Big Shot in some racket. I can see that. Wait, don't tell me. I want to dope it out if I can. You aren't Louie Scavoni. Nor Hooks Horvine. Nor Bugs Borowitz. But you're somebody, all right."

To Winship's ear the names meant nothing. He was not a student of the newspapers. Even the most celebrated leaders of the underworld were unknown to him. He remained, unaware, therefore, of the compliment implied in Miss Sullivan's speculations.

"I knew you were a Big Shot, anyway. When a person's a headliner theirself they can recco'nize another headliner every time. You know how it is yourself, I guess."

Winship nodded grave assent. In this woman he had instantly detected something of greatness. Across the cultural gulf that sundered them she had found greatness, too, in him. She could not possibly have seen his monograph on Spherical Harmonics in the Quarterly Review of Mathematics; it was highly improbable that she was aware of the tribute which Dr. Wolfgang von Seyfertitz had paid to him in the preface to his pamphlet on Elliptic Functions, and yet, instantly, she had known him for, as she quaintly phrased it, a Big Shot.

"I gotta hunch I'm right at the beginning of a beautiful friendship," Miss Sullivan declared, "but I guess you gotta tell me who it's gonna be with."

Before Winship could enlighten her, Eddie Jewett intervened:

"Oh, just with the next heavyweight champion of the world, Nevada, that's all."

MISS SULLIVAN'S gaze became more reverent.

"I *knew* he was a Big Shot," she declared. She leaned closer. "What's your name—quick?"

Again, before Winship's more deliberate processes of utterance became active, Mr. Jewett answered for him:

"The Big Pink. That's the name he'll fight under. Never mind the rest of it."

The bitterly reproachful glance that Winship rolled at him was met by glad impenitence. Turning for sympathy to Beechy, Winship found only approval in her face.

Miss Sullivan had sprung up. Her left hand extended itself toward Winship so compellingly that, of its own accord, his right hand rose to answer its peremptory gesture. Surprisingly, Nevada's willowy body exerted a tractile force that lifted him to his feet and drew him with her to the center of the open dancing space. Her arm rose commandingly; the tumult of the orchestra was struck to stillness.

"Ladees and gennelmen," Nevada's husky voice intoned, "I'm gonna interdooce The Big Pink, who's gonna be the next champion of the world. Come awn, everybody, and give this little boy a great big hand."

HER own hand, withdrawing itself from Winship's, beat inspiringly against its fellow. Winship stood horror-frozen as applause enveloped him. With the despair of the trapped beast's his glance shifted to Beechy. Again, instead of sympathy, he found only a bright and shining pleasure. Joining her hands, Beechy lifted them above her head, and with this head made movements eloquently peremptory, movements that Winship interpreted as a command to do likewise. Obediently, turning to the applauding guests, he duplicated the mysterious gesture. Renewed handclappings appeared to indicate that he had acted rightly.

"I got another number in a minute," Nevada told him. "Stick around, Pink."

She moved lithely to the rift in the plush curtains and disappeared.

Eddie regarded Winship with the shining look that offers and demands felicitations.

"And they claim there's no such thing as love at first sight! You certainly knocked Nevada for a loop, Doc, and if you can keep her in our corner—"

"What for?" Beechy interrupted.

Eddie regarded her with pained displeasure.

"Did you ever hear of Trigger Slivovitch before Nevada fell for him? He was just one of Louie Scavoni's hired men when Nevada got interested in him, and look what she did for him, inside of a year!"

Curiosity stirred in Winship. He felt an obscure sense of fellowship toward Mr. Slivovitch, of whom, until this moment, he had not heard.

"What did she do?" he asked. "Who was this Trigger—?"

Eddie sighed deeply.

"Say, Doc, did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln? Or Lindbergh? Trigger Slivovitch got more front-page space than those two put together. Why, when they put him on the spot the coffin alone cost eighteen thousand berries, and the papers had to print

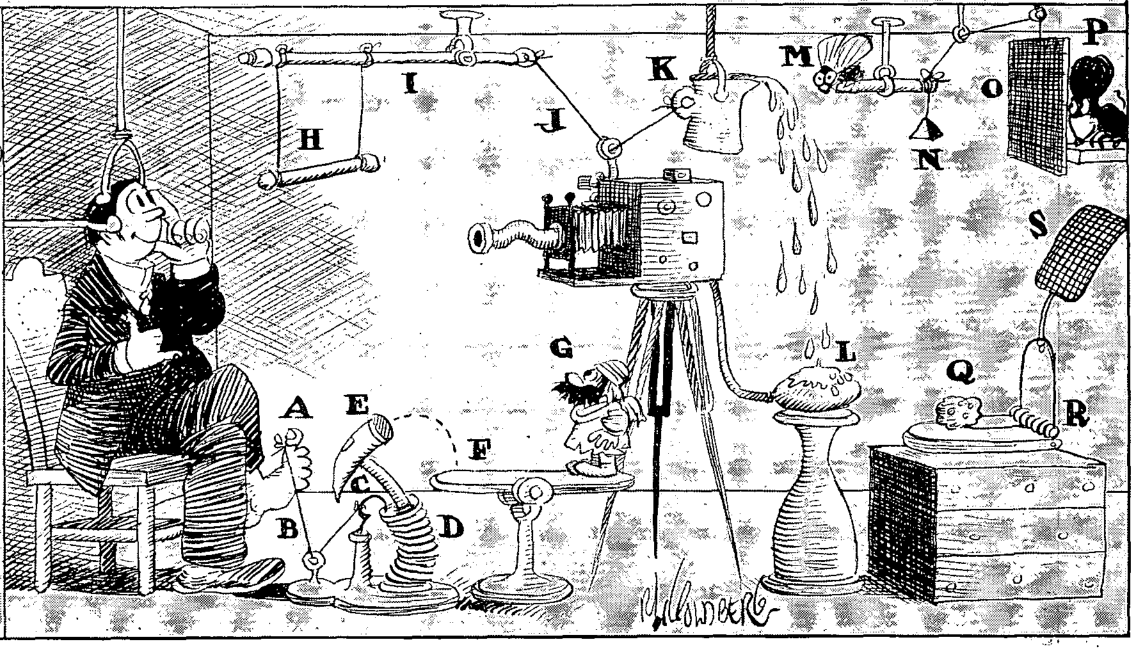
(Continued on page 34)

## The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

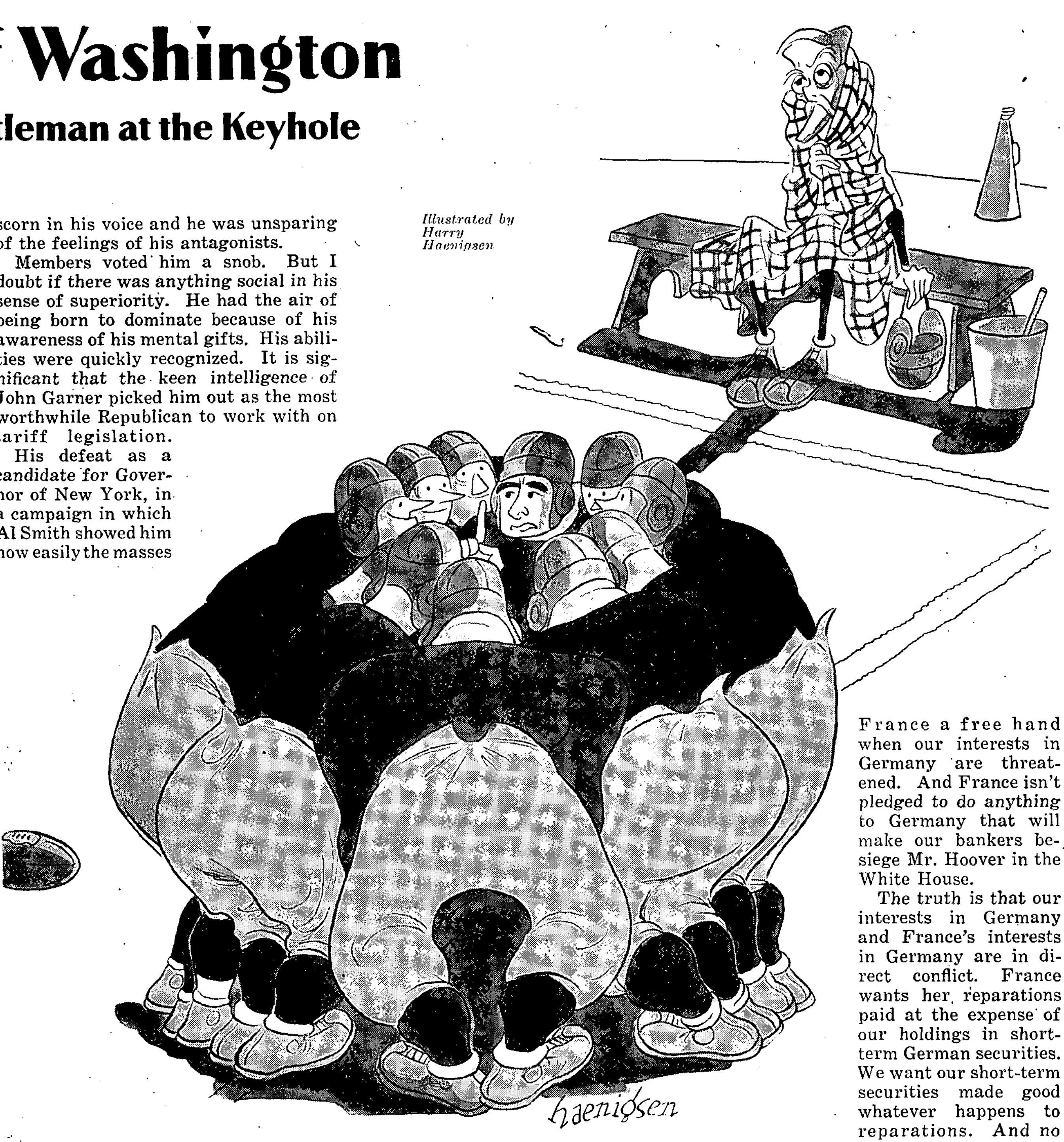
PROFESSOR BUTTS GOES OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A COLLAPSIBLE ASH-CAN AND HITS UPON AN IDEA FOR A SIMPLE WAY TO TAKE YOUR OWN PICTURE.

WIGGLE BIG TOE (A), PULLING STRING (B) AND RAISING HOOK (C), WHICH RELEASES SPRING (D) AND CAUSES HAMMER (E) TO STRIKE PLATFORM (F) AND CATAPULT ARABIAN MIDGET (G) TO TRAPEZE (H). WEIGHT OF ARAB CAUSES BAR (I) TO TILT AND PULL CORD (J), WHICH UPSETS PITCHER OF SYRUP (K). SYRUP DRIPS ON CAMERA-BULB (L) ATTRACTING HUNGRY FLY (M) WHICH SWOOPS DOWN, ALLOWING WEIGHTED END OF BAR (N) TO LIFT SCREEN (O) WHICH HAS BEEN SHUTTING OFF VISION OF MOUSE (P). MOUSE SEES CHEESE (Q) AND JUMPS. TRAP (R) SNAPS, CAUSING SWATTER (S) TO SWAT FLY THEREBY SQUEEZING BULB & TAKING PICTURE. IF PICTURE IS NO GOOD DON'T BLAME IT ON INVENTION. IT'S THE WAY YOU LOOK.



# Mills of Washington

## By the Gentleman at the Keyhole



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

ANYONE who attends the twice-a-week newspaper conferences in the Treasury Department has observed a change that has taken place in them. Up till a short time ago the Greatest Secretary since Alexander Hamilton dominated them. He did whatever talking was done, whatever answering of newspaper correspondents' questions was vouchsafed, whatever exposition of Treasury policy or of economic developments was undertaken.

The Undersecretary of the Treasury, Mr. Ogden L. Mills, placed himself comfortably near by, well-fed, handsome, young and vigorous, smiling what appeared to be approval upon what his chief said.

Now Mr. Mills does a good deal of the talking. He often takes the words out of Mr. Mellon's mouth, politely and deferentially, of course, but still effectively.

All this has come about since Mr. Mellon went abroad in the summer and Mr. Mills stayed behind to become President Hoover's daily adviser on the international financial negotiations.

The consequence of this placing of Mr. Mills at the President's elbow when the President was undertaking his greatest constructive effort, alleviating the depression, is natural enough and easily explained. Mr. Mills has in many ways the best brains among orthodox Republicans in Washington. He may be, to use a phrase used nearly a century ago about Gladstone, "the rising hope of the Tory party." At any rate, he seems to me superior intellectually to the members of the President's immediate council, his Cabinet.

Then, too, Mr. Mills has something that is rare in political life—unlimited confidence in his own conclusions. He does not know what it is to have misgivings. He has a powerful and dominating mind. Furthermore, he has great facility in saying what he thinks.

Mr. Mellon, on the contrary, who is equally sure of his opinions and who has a fund of experience that Mr. Mills has not, is timid and halting in the advancement of them.

### Our Financial Mother-in-Law

Again, there has always been something askew about the relations between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon. It was only the necessity of starting off on the right foot with the financial interests of this country that impelled the President to retain the Coolidge Secretary of the Treasury in his Cabinet. Many were confidentially informed when the Hoover Cabinet was in process of formation that Mr. Mellon would remain in it only one year to gratify his ambition to serve under three Presidents. The panic came and it confirmed Mr. Mellon in his place. His presence in the Cabinet was an assurance to the banking-financial interests of the country that they were effectively represented in the government.

They have no such faith in Mr. Mills as they have in Mr. Mellon. Mr. Mills is neither a banker nor a business man. He is a lawyer and a politician.

When he came to Washington, to the House of Representatives, he had harsh and somewhat overbearing manners. It was with difficulty that he could understand that his views were not instantly accepted in the House Ways and Means Committee, of which he was a member. A vigorous debater, there was a note of scorn in his voice and he was unsparing of the feelings of his antagonists.

Members voted him a snob. But I doubt if there was anything social in his sense of superiority. He had the air of being born to dominate because of his awareness of his mental gifts. His abilities were quickly recognized. It is significant that the keen intelligence of John Garner picked him out as the most worthwhile Republican to work with on tariff legislation.

His defeat as a candidate for Governor of New York, in a campaign in which Al Smith showed him how easily the masses may be turned against a man with the air of one born to rule, taught him much. Now he is a better politician, more diplomatic, more smiling, without in the least abating his confidence in the sureness and superiority of his mind.

I suppose what reduced Mr. Mellon to his present estate was his agreeing with the big bankers of the country that this country should act at once to extend the moratorium on debts and reparations. The bankers told the President that the moratorium should be lengthened immediately by five years. Mr. Mellon agreed with them, at least so far as to tell the President that it should be lengthened immediately by at least two years.

This was hard medicine for the President, who had found his one-year moratorium unpopular with considerable classes of citizens, and was told by members of Congress that they wouldn't vote for a longer moratorium, and who did not want the 1932 campaign to sound like a Cook's tour of Europe. The more the bankers, aided by Mr. Mellon, pressed for a longer moratorium the more the President wished to "get shut," as they say in the West, of Europe, at least until the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November, 1932.

The success of Premier Laval's visit here must have restored to the hard-headed French their belief in Santa Claus. All the wise men in France got busy picking M. Laval's successor as Premier when he announced his intention of coming to Washington to "improve relations with America." Wasn't it true that the American President notoriously didn't like Frenchmen? And wasn't it equally true that Americans regarded France as a marplot nation, willing to wreck Europe in the pursuit of its own selfish aims?

And really it puzzles us a little here in Washington to be told, late in June, by high officials of the Administration that France's one purpose was to destroy Germany, and then, in October, to hear M. Laval being assured that France was a great and benign nation and so entitled to have a free hand in dealing not only with Germany but with the rest of Europe.

### A Game that Nobody Won

What actually happened was that Mr. Hoover, who had gone into Europe when a collapse seemed imminent, wanted to get out of Europe, wanted to get the American bankers off his back, wanted to get the European entanglements issue out of the 1932 campaign.

M. Laval came along and was willing to take Europe off Mr. Hoover's hands cheap. Messing in Europe's affairs is a good issue to be elected on in France. You couldn't elect a town constable on it in this country.

A great deal has been said to the effect that M. Laval got the best of the bargain. In my opinion what happened was a fair exchange and no robbery.

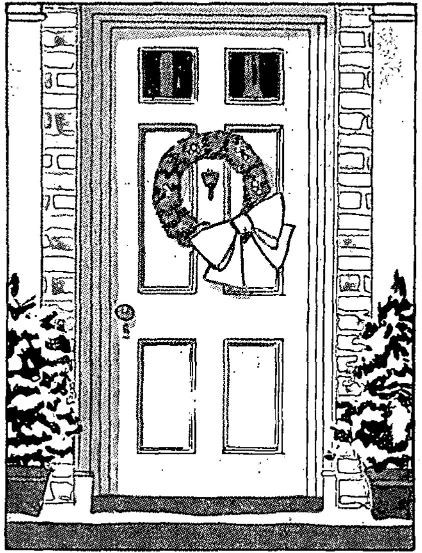
Neither side got anything. The United States isn't pledged to give France a free hand when our interests in Germany are threatened. And France isn't pledged to do anything to Germany that will make our bankers besiege Mr. Hoover in the White House.

The truth is that our interests in Germany and France's interests in Germany are in direct conflict. France wants her reparations paid at the expense of our holdings in short-term German securities. We want our short-term securities made good whatever happens to reparations. And no handshaking and pleasant words in Washington can remove this conflict.

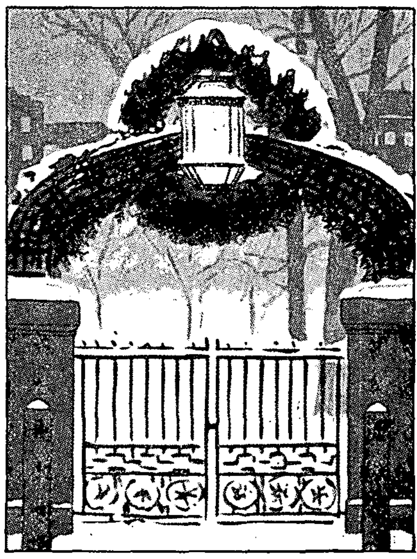
The conference was a contrast in men, and though I think that M. Laval went home empty-handed except for some words that Germany can at any time render empty, as a personality he got the better of it. The character of the two men came through at their press conferences. At the peak of the conferences the President saw the press in the White House. He read in a monotonous, dull voice a few words that said nothing. He did not submit himself to questioning.

The little provincial from some Northampton in France cheerfully faced a battery of a press which must strike terror into the heart of any European, so alien is it to anything across the Atlantic; told impromptu of the day's negotiations, answered all questions, including embarrassing ones, easily and almost gayly, and in spite of the barrier of a foreign tongue established such a *rapport* with his listeners that they, remembering the scene at the White House, burst into spontaneous applause.

Meanwhile we are out of Europe—until we get back into it. And of course if the price of wheat continues up as a result of the alleged Russian shortage, France may have Europe for all we may care. I suggest as a plank of the Republican platform for 1932—supposing it is still appropriate then: "The Republican party points with pride to the partial failure of the Russian wheat crop."



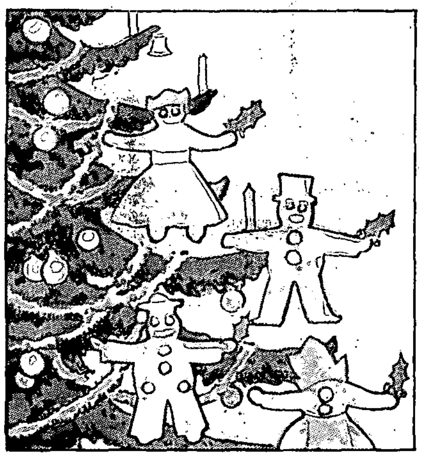
# A Chip off the Yule Log



*And other ways, old and new, to express that cheery feeling which bubbles up at Christmas time*

### By Helen Durham

*Illustrated by Irving Nurick*



CHRISTMAS cheer isn't bought, it's caught. Caught from a wreath on the door, a twinkling tree, a blazing plum pudding, all the good old holiday customs.

If you've never kept a chip off the Yule log to light next year's Yule fire with, start this Christmas Eve. It's a symbol of family continuity. Hang a spray of real mistletoe from your chandelier—and obey that impulse. Tie a bush in the back yard with suet and crusts for the birds. And, no matter how much you've given to the Community Chest, pack a real basket for somebody whose Christmas feast might otherwise be a fast. Homesick housemaids will delight to tell you old-world customs to add a touch of color to your day and much joy to theirs, even though it's only the baking of some special spicy cake or the simple ceremony, learned "by old country," that each child must contribute a holy poem or carol to the Christmas Eve tree-trimming festival.

But, since we're modern Americans first of all, start Christmas in the front yard—if you have one!—with a lighted Christmas tree. That's America's contribution to two thousand years of Christmas customs—and a beautiful, generous one it is, too.

Since 1924, when President Coolidge lighted the first national Christmas tree on the grounds of the White House, the idea has spread like fairy fire from California, where in Altadena a mile-long avenue of stately deodar cedars is called Christmas Tree Lane because on Christmas Eve it bursts into bloom with colored lights, to Long Island where Garden City becomes a veritable Christmas garden at the end of each December.

#### It's Christmas Out of Doors

In Chicago, if they have freezing weather holiday week, you may see the unique "fountain tree," a light-trimmed cedar set in the basin of a playing fountain—a gorgeous spectacle with its many-colored bulbs glittering through water and frozen spray. So perk up your own little front-yard cedar with lights to cast a Christmas glow on the faces that pass through your door each evening.

But whether or not you've a yard and a tree, you certainly have a front door to decorate with a Christmas welcome and a front window through which flameless electric candles can cast their radiance into the wintry street.

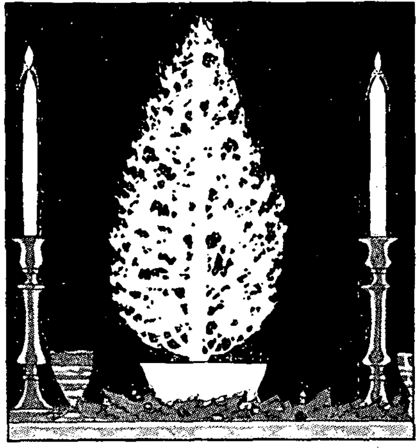
#### Beacon Hill at Its Best

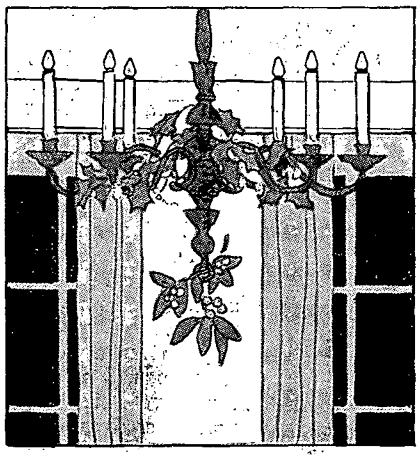
Such sentiments mean Christmas, real Christmas. If you doubt it, go with all good Bostonians to Beacon Hill on Christmas Eve to see its white doors bright with Christmas greens and on the latch that evening to strangers as to friends; and to hear the waits who wander singing through its climbing, crooked streets. If you want a lesson in Christmas decorations, you'll surely find it there. One fine, fan-lighted doorway, for instance, will be outlined with loops and garlands of ground pine, pricked out with tiny colored lights that make it look like an illuminated border from a page of old manuscript.

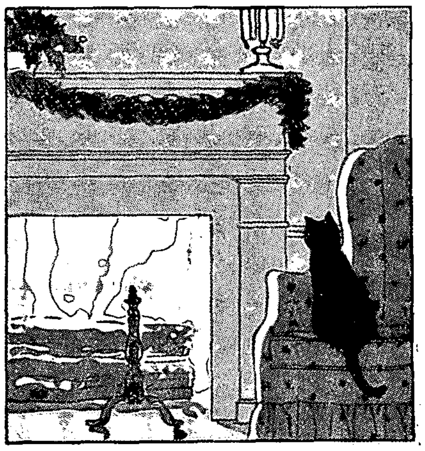
And what a garland or two will do for the inside of the house, mellowing the glassy smartness of modern interiors and taking the stuffiness out of the stodgiest Victorian parlor! Good taste, however, calls for restraint here as elsewhere—some greens banked over the mantle, wreaths at the windows, a spray of holly over a mirror or doorway—but no elaborate festoons or fussiness. There's an even better reason, too, for such simplicity, when the National Garden Association warns us: "To make one case of holly such as we see in the florist shops, over six hundred years' growth must be used, while one large wreath uses up two years of the finest young berried twigs. A yard of laurel roping, such as we delight to have in our churches, represents twenty years of growth."

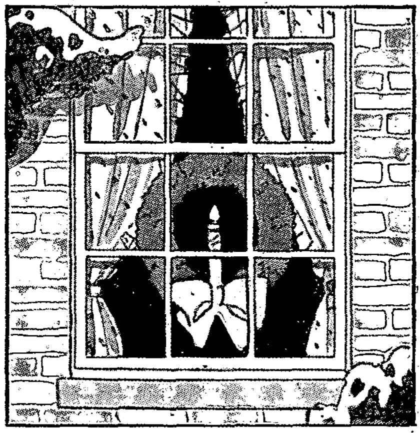
Of course Christmas calls for a tree, however small and simple, and although you can't improve on the regulation kind with its familiar ornaments, still, if your family has grown up or you

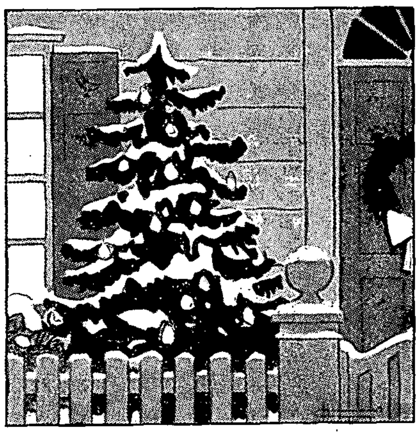
(*Continued on page 39*)

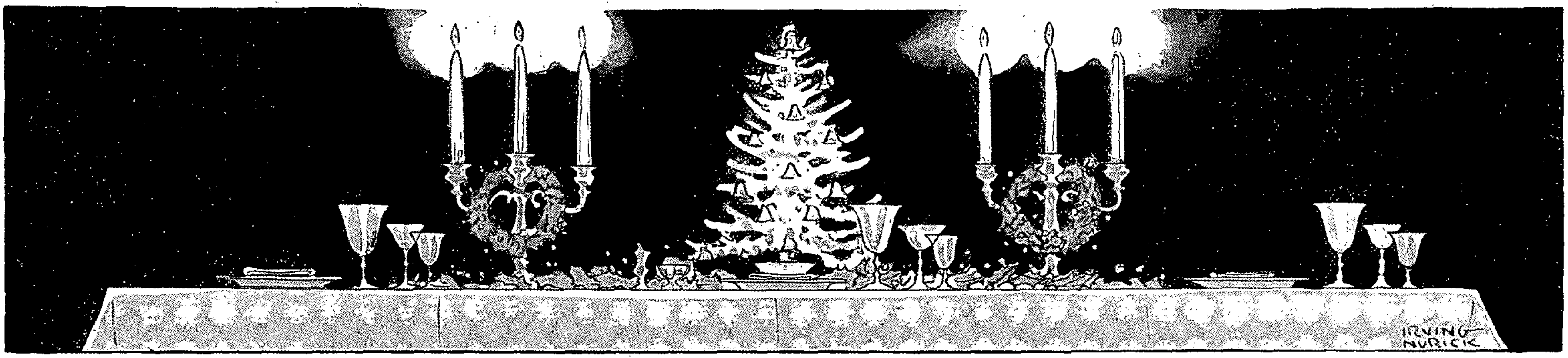






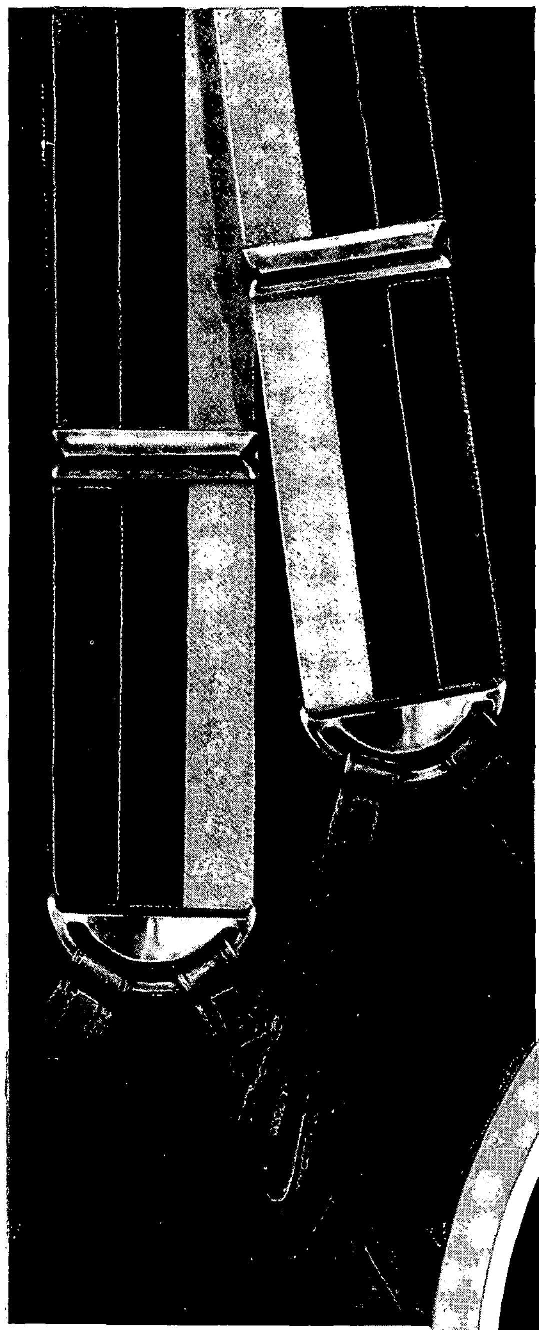




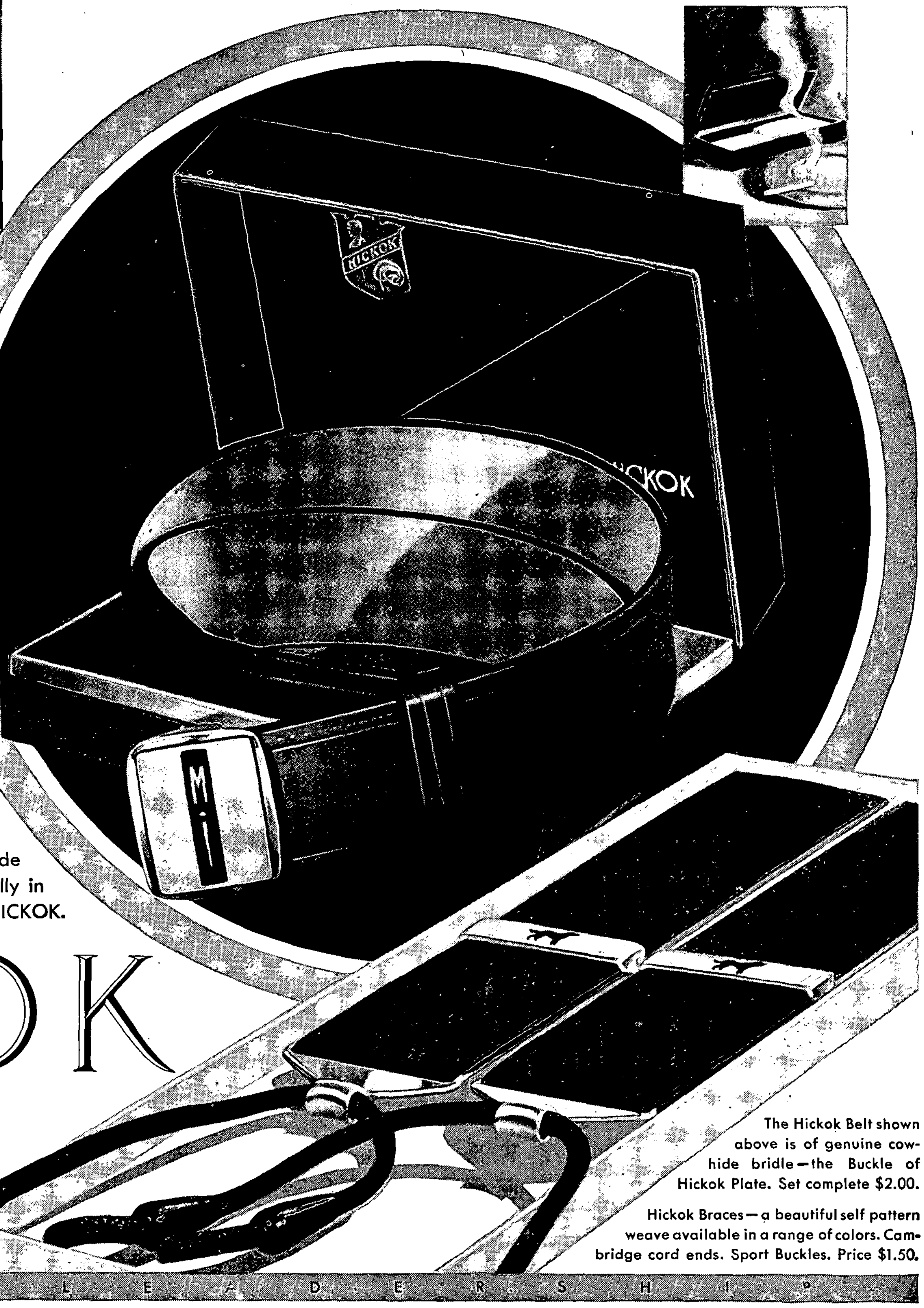


# GIFTS *that combine*

## STYLE • QUALITY • VALUE



Hickok Braces in regimental stripes with special Hickok Buckle and Oxford Links $2.00. Other Hickok Braces from $1.00 to $5.00.



There are many other Hickok Belt Sets including the $3.00 set packed in genuine Bakelite Box which can be used as a beautiful cigarette case for living room table or office.

The Hickok Belt shown above is of genuine cowhide bridle—the Buckle of Hickok Plate. Set complete $2.00.

Hickok Braces—a beautiful self pattern weave available in a range of colors. Cambridge cord ends. Sport Buckles. Price $1.50.

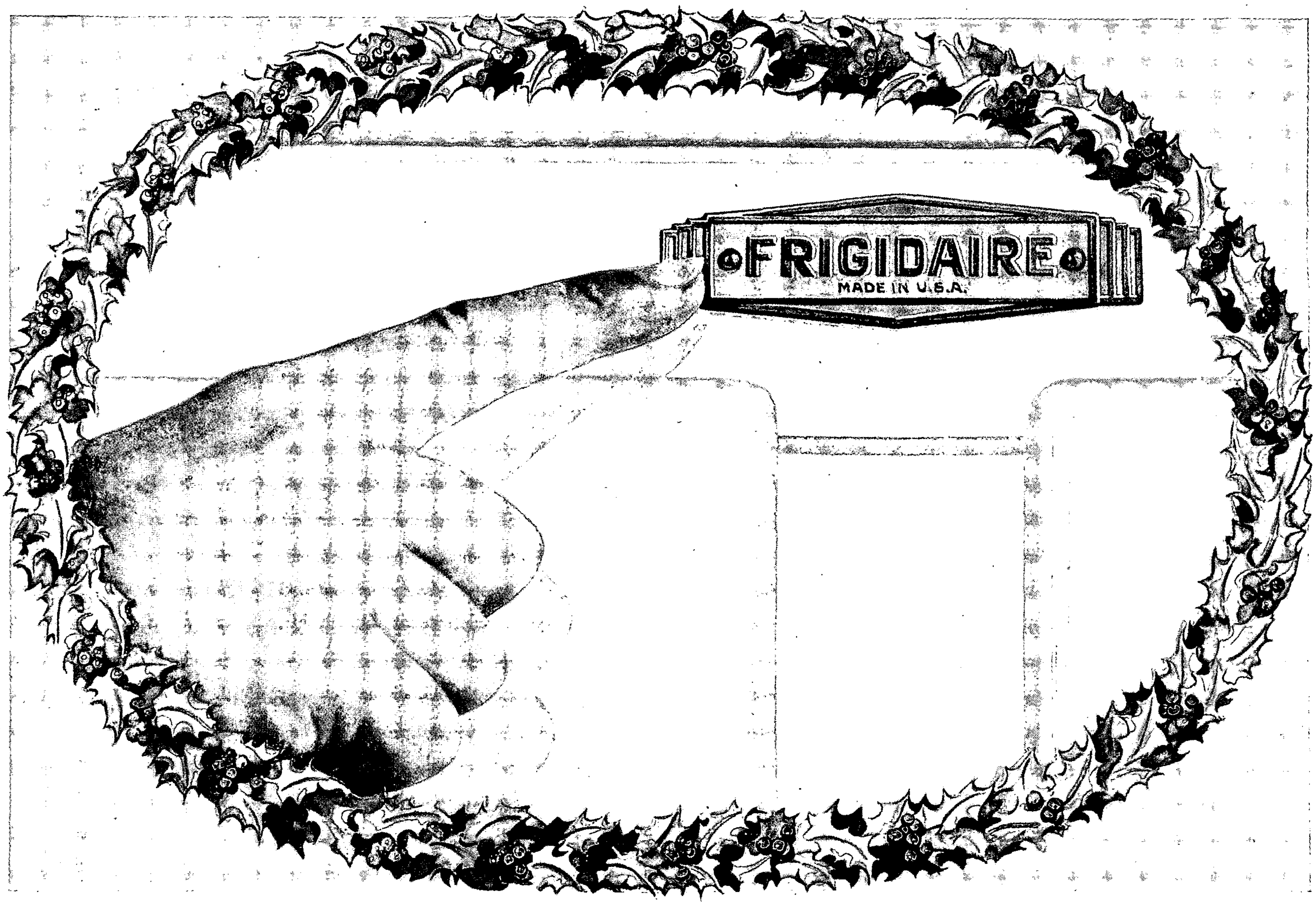
Give him something he needs of course, but give him something he'll get a real kick out of too. For instance — a Hickok Belt Set or a pair of Hickok Braces. In a Belt Set nothing would please him more than a Belt with the famous Hickok Buckle which permits adjustment to the fraction of an inch instead of being limited to the inch-apart holes of the ordinary Belt. And, of course, he will appreciate the personal touch of having his own initial on the Buckle. Your dealer is showing a wide assortment of Hickok Belt Sets and Braces, boxed individually in Hickok Gift Boxes. Be sure to ask for and *look* for the name—HICKOK.

# HICKOK

BELTS
BUCKLES
BRACES
GARTERS

STYLE LEADERSHIP

# All you need to know about an ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



There is one *sure* way of protecting your interests *before* you invest in an electric refrigerator: make sure that the name "Frigidaire" is on the machine you select.

For fifteen years Frigidaire has maintained its commanding position in the field of electric refrigeration. And if you wisely insist upon the only electric refrigerator named "Frigidaire" you will get unquestioned quality for your money . . . because the greatest "bargain" is Frigidaire's *extra value*.

You will have the healthful cleanliness and beauty of *lifetime* porcelain, inside and out . . . the convenience of *stainless trays* . . . and a seamless acid-resisting Porcelain-on-steel food compartment.

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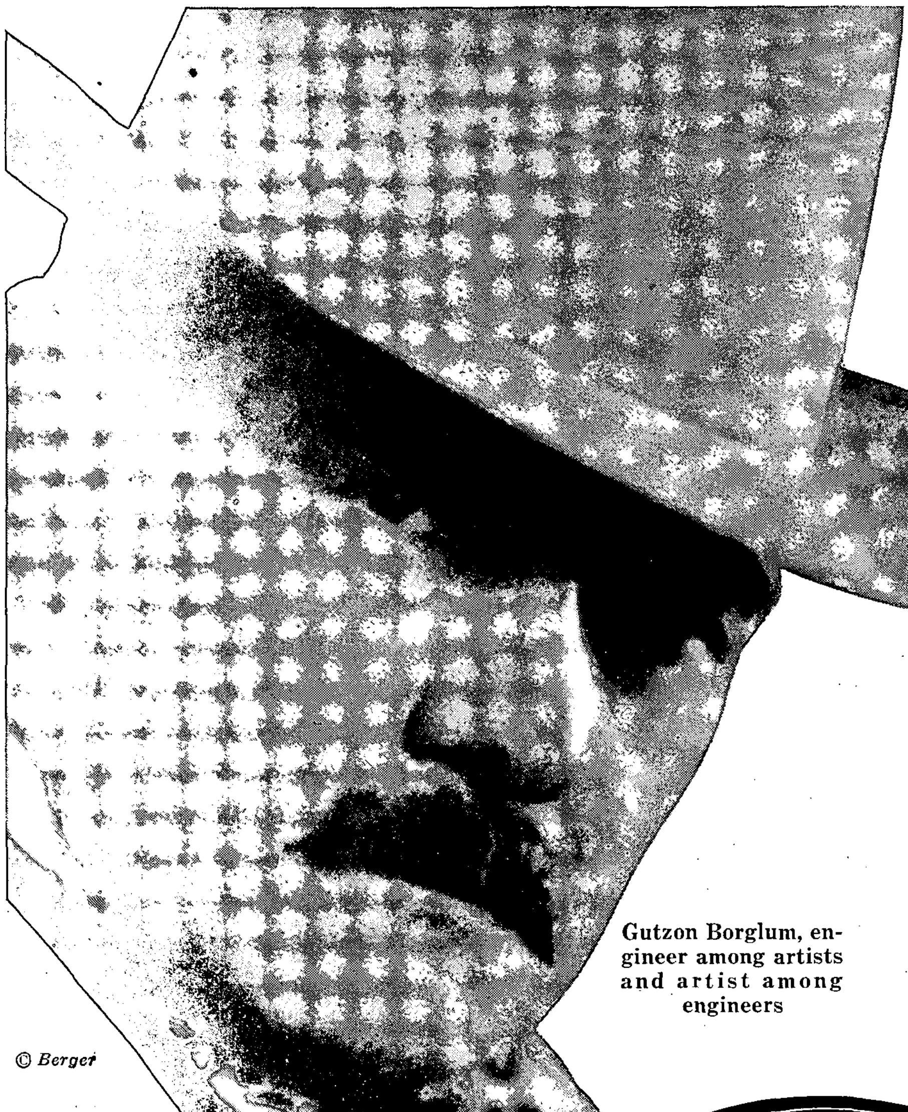
# Master of Arts

*Gutzon Borglum, a blend of pugilist, politician, engineer and sculptor, is using all these talents on his current job—lifting the face of a mountain*

### By John B. Kennedy



Gutzon Borglum, engineer among artists and artist among engineers

© Berger

IN CHICAGO three men sat in a hotel room during a frenzied Republican national convention. Joseph Cannon of Illinois was one man, Senator McKinley of the same state was the second and Gutzon Borglum was the third.

A long-distance call jangled the nerves of the trio, who had been talking for a week with brief respites for meals and sleep.

Theodore Roosevelt spoke from Oyster Bay. Borglum was Roosevelt's man-between during those crucial days when the Grand Old Party wrangled violently, and the mountain labored to produce a Democratic donkey.

Mr. Borglum reported to Mr. Roosevelt words that sang strange in the Colonel's ears. Mr. Borglum, under the sharp eyes and prolonged stare of Speaker Cannon, and the no less sharp eyes of Senator McKinley, related to Colonel Roosevelt something pertinent those two influential party men had just told him; namely, that the Colonel didn't have a chance in the world of securing the nomination.

This was in 1916. Colonel Roosevelt had been in Chicago four years before, storming at the gates of a previous Republican convention. The boys—meaning principally Mr. Boies Penrose and Mr. Elihu Root—had given Mr. Roosevelt a gunless ride, as effective a ride as any Chicago has known. It really obliterated Mr. Roosevelt politically, despite the fact that in that year—1912—he turned Progressive and elected his subsequent *bête noire*, Woodrow Wilson.

But 1916 came around and the Colonel thought he had a chance, although, Mr. Borglum reports, everybody at the convention in Chicago believed the Colonel's choice was General Leonard Wood. Borglum himself thought so when he went to Chicago. But in that desperate moment when he had to inform his chief that the game was up and the Roosevelt cause definitely sidetracked, the Colonel added one more surprise to a career that had produced hundreds of them. He did not name Leonard Wood as his man.

"Cannon and McKinley quite expected, when I turned from that telephone, to hear the Colonel's choice was Wood. Those two old poker-faced politicians must have observed the amazement in my face, which I thought was poker-proof until I mixed with elder statesmen. When I turned from the phone, Cannon asked:

" 'What's the report?'

" 'Roosevelt is for Lodge,' I said. 'He believes he'll come through. I must wire him.'

"Cannon pulled his feet from a mantel shelf, where he'd placed them as he smoked a cigar butt.

" 'Send the wire,' he said. 'If he answers it I'll believe in his sincerity.'

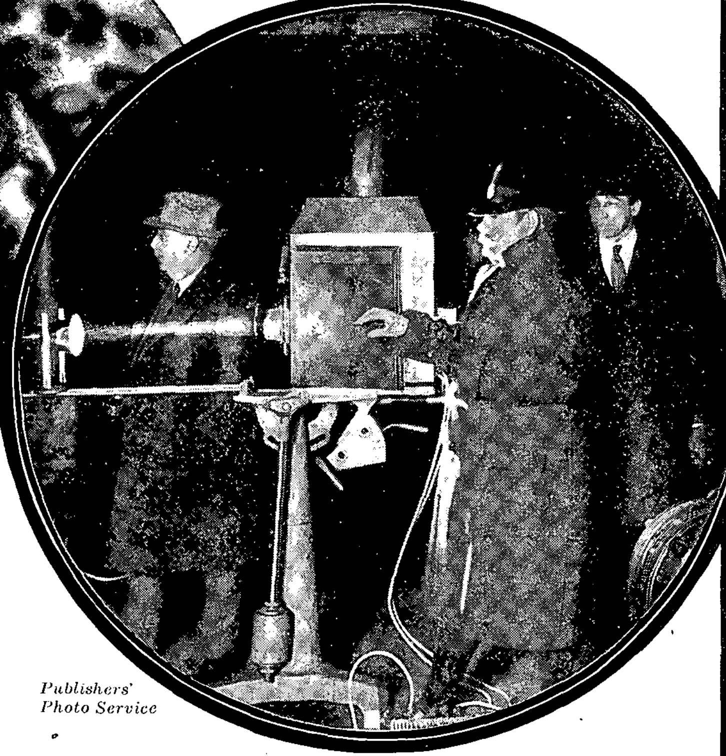
"And Senator McKinley added: 'He must answer it. The party doesn't want Hughes, but he's growing so strong we'll have to vote for him.'

"The wire was sent. Roosevelt replied, confirming his telephone conversation. He was for Lodge. But that reply was too late."

And so it came to pass, as the oldest political writers said, that Judge Hughes was nominated; an event which, with all subsequent political history, has no particular bearing on this particular piece excepting as it contributes to the scene-changing of perhaps the most varied career in Who's Who.

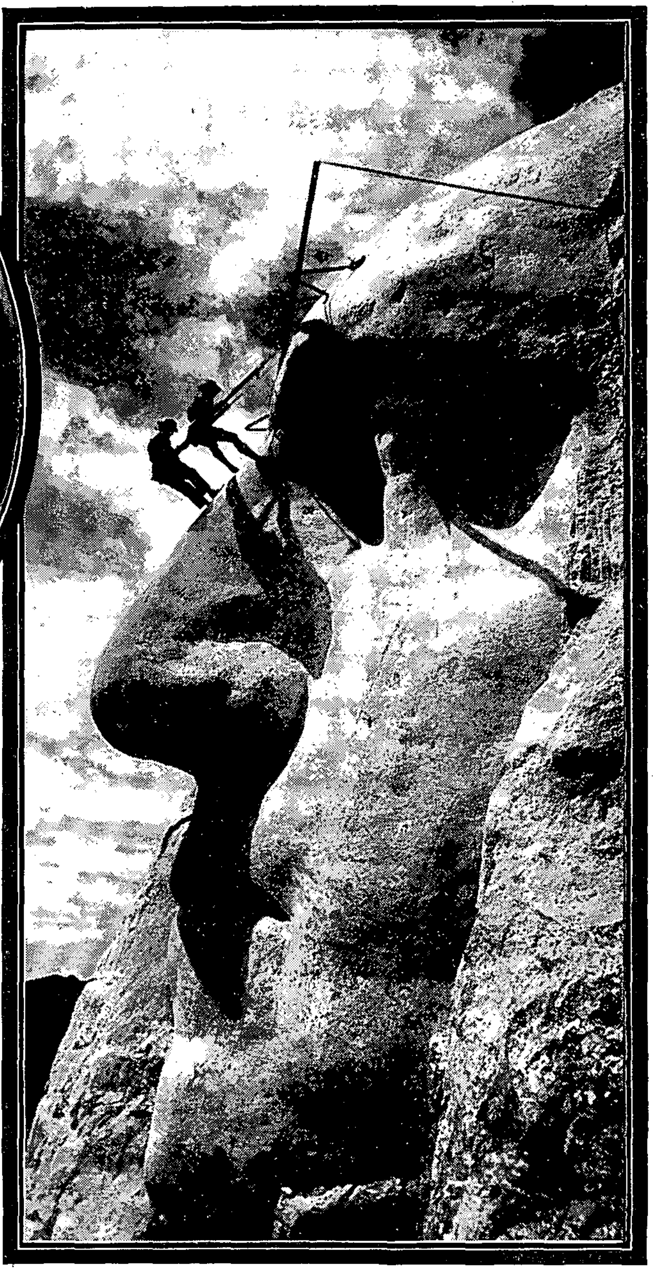
For Borglum had no earthly business meddling in politics. He was born and bred an artist. His place was in a studio or, as subsequently he has shown, carving mountains. Yet he plunged into politics, lost hair, money and time thereby. He grew great with such astonishing speed that even the Woodrow Wilson he wanted to defeat named him for a vitally important job—that of investigator of aircraft scandals following the war. And, after the fever and strife of mingling with the politically

*(Continued on page 31)*



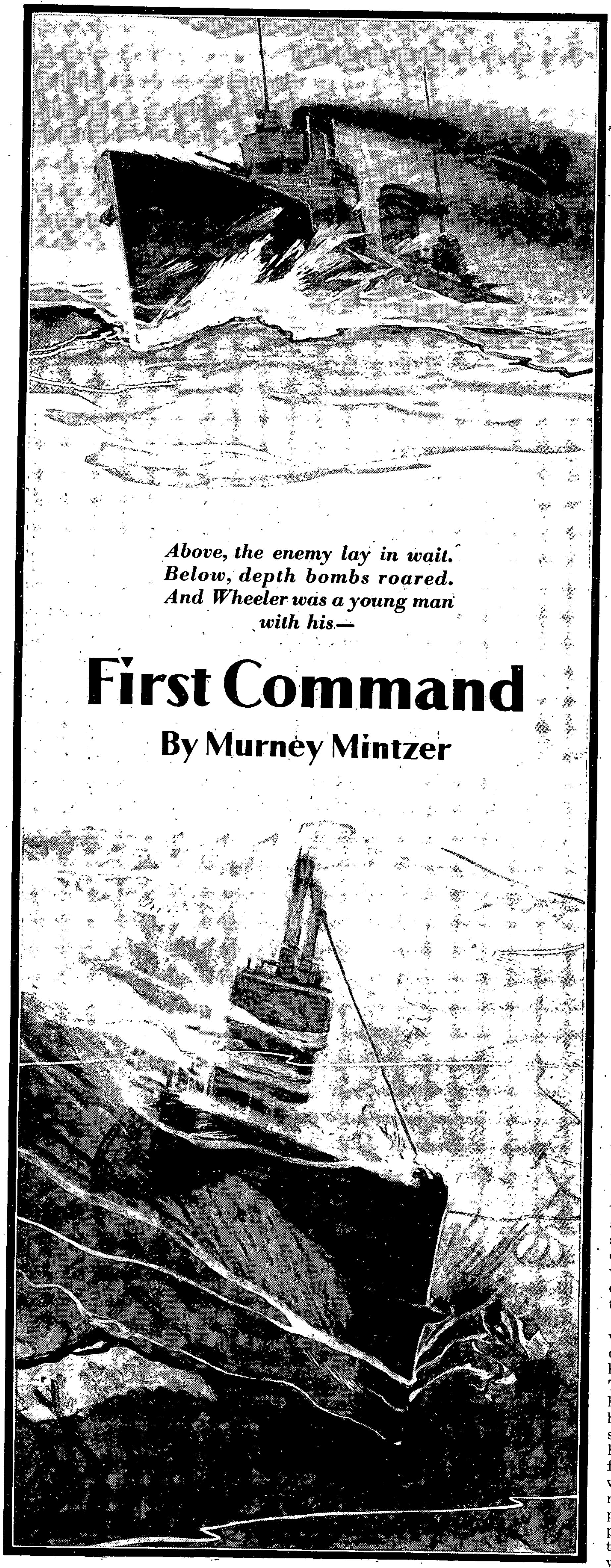
*Publishers' Photo Service*

Projecting by night the image of Lee on the face of Stone Mountain. Mr. Borglum in center



*Wide World*

A latter-day sphinx: George Washington emerging from the rock of Mount Rushmore, South Dakota



*Above, the enemy lay in wait.*
*Below, depth bombs roared.*
*And Wheeler was a young man*
*with his—*

# First Command

## By Murney Mintzer

PROBABLY every man on the L-41 knew Fritz had us. During those first seconds after we settled into the ooze of the bottom we stood stiffly at our stations, feet braced against the final shock, heads still ringing with the ripping jar of the depth charges, minds clinging to shattered scraps of thought, the persistent destroyer above—our crippled boat—the mission on which we had failed—anything to shut out the sheer physical fear of that coming explosion.

The control-room was packed solid with silence, a tangible silence that closed around us like the helmet of a diving suit or a hard, transparent shell of glass. I even felt a wild envy of the men in the torpedo-room forward and aft in the engine-room. Here at the boat's nerve center our danger seemed so much more acute than theirs.

There was no room for hope while we waited for the engineers' answer to Wheeler's inquiry, yet we hoped desperately, clinging to the one slight thread of encouragement in the knowledge that, back aft, whatever the damage, the engine-room people were confronting a definite task.

A submarine is a one-man craft and the skipper, of course, is that man—or at least he should be. It was because we were not sure of that—or of young Wheeler—that a tremor of panic ran through the boat like a sudden draft of dank, soiled air. For if the skipper isn't that man it's bad at any time, anywhere. It's doubly bad when you're at the bottom of the North Sea with a German destroyer bent upon your destruction.

I was watching Wheeler. We were all watching, noting his slightest movement with the same curiously detached yet painfully acute interest that had confronted him when he had come aboard a week before to take our old skipper's place. In that swift instant a subtle, half-unconscious hostility came to the surface.

The sight of his still, strange face there above the chart board emphasized our helplessness, revived smoldering bitterness. If the Old Man were still aboard, we were thinking in stubborn prejudice, the "41" would be creeping away, untouched and watching her chance to go up and send out her report. Now we were leaderless. It was not so much because he was young, I thought. All pig-boat officers are young, must be young, unless like me they are the rare exceptions who have fought up through warrant rank to a wartime commission.

But Wheeler was an utter stranger, a smiling, wide-eyed boy whose sole endorsement to the intimate and very critical family of the L-boat division was that he had been second on some F-boat out at Manila or Pearl Harbor.

THAT was the passive, negative part of it, the perfectly natural reserve that any tight organization presents to a newcomer. The rest was a bitter, smoldering resentment over the loss of our old skipper, his abrupt detachment with the accompanying implication of disgrace because the "41" had touched the beach in a fog.

Wheeler himself seemed to know his way about well enough, even to our critical eyes. If he sensed the stolid hostility on board he kept it to himself. There was nothing duty-struck about him either. No bluster or bluffing when he encountered something new or strange on the new type of boat. He had brought her over to the advanced fringe of the North Sea patrol before we had a chance either to make up our minds about him or to tire of comparing him with the much more experienced man whose place he had taken. Now he was finished—all of us were finished—rigidly held here by our damaged stern until oil leaking from racked seams would bring the next ash can.

I saw that conviction grow behind his quiet eyes even while they twinkled absently at the grimaces of big Spud Devlin, who had been flung across the control-room by the last concussion and was silently but fervently cursing a battered shin. In another skipper those twinkling eyes would have been comforting, a symbol of the silent courage that laughs even when beaten, cloaks frantic thought behind a confident grin that deceives nobody. But during those dragging seconds we wanted something more definite, some sharp, clear-cut decision from this young stranger who had suddenly received our lives into his two brown hands.

NONE of us knew how long we waited. An hour? Two minutes? Motionless, completely unoccupied until the people aft could discover the extent of damage, we had no means of measuring time, no will to drag our eyes from Wheeler's face to the clock under its light above the chart board. Overhead the destroyer's screws still rumbled ominously. Water swirled against the outer hull, a familiar yet threatening noise in the general hush.

Then the compartment leaped at us, without noise and without apparent cause. Familiar things, valve wheels, stanchions, fixed sections of voice tubing, the bulkheads themselves, whirled into chaos, struck viciously as we struggled to find our footing. Only later, a long time later, it seemed to me, as I strove to untangle myself from a pile of struggling men, a vast shuddering grunt pervaded the very hull of the boat. I got to my feet, looked about vaguely, amazed to discover no change except for a trickle of blood here and there where a pale face had been battered against hard metal.

The impact, once it was over, felt less severe than the first two; yet it seemed to let go closer to us. Its sudden ripping jar seemed so much more direct than the others. Like one aimed shot after a scattering volley it proved that this was no perfunctory gesture, no random dropping of ash cans into a square mile of choppy sea. It removed the last uncertainty, proved to us that the German above knew what he was doing.

IN SPITE of the twenty fathoms of troubled water above we could picture the destroyer's movements as clearly as if we stood on her bridge, saw leveled glasses fixed on a dim oil slick or perhaps a thin trail of air bubbles cleaving across the choppy sea. Off in the distance the German fleet would be going on with its raid, leaving the one destroyer to finish this submarine that had momentarily threatened to warn the detached British squadron which now would get no warning until it came under an overwhelming fire.

"We'll need an hour," the voice from the engine-room rasped finally from the voice tube at Wheeler's ear. "That first ash can did it, sir."

Wheeler's head nodded calmly and his eyes swept the quiet room. Faintly, very faintly we could hear the nervous beat of the destroyer's screws overhead. No sound disturbed the utter stillness within the L-41 save an occasional long sigh from one of the younger hands or the creak of shoe leather as one of them shifted his weight on cramped feet. Pumps, blowers, motors, everything that might guide the search overhead was stilled.

So that was it. An hour! Unless we wanted to give up everything, blow all tanks and pop up right under the German guns we must lie here on the bottom for an hour before the boat could be maneuvered.

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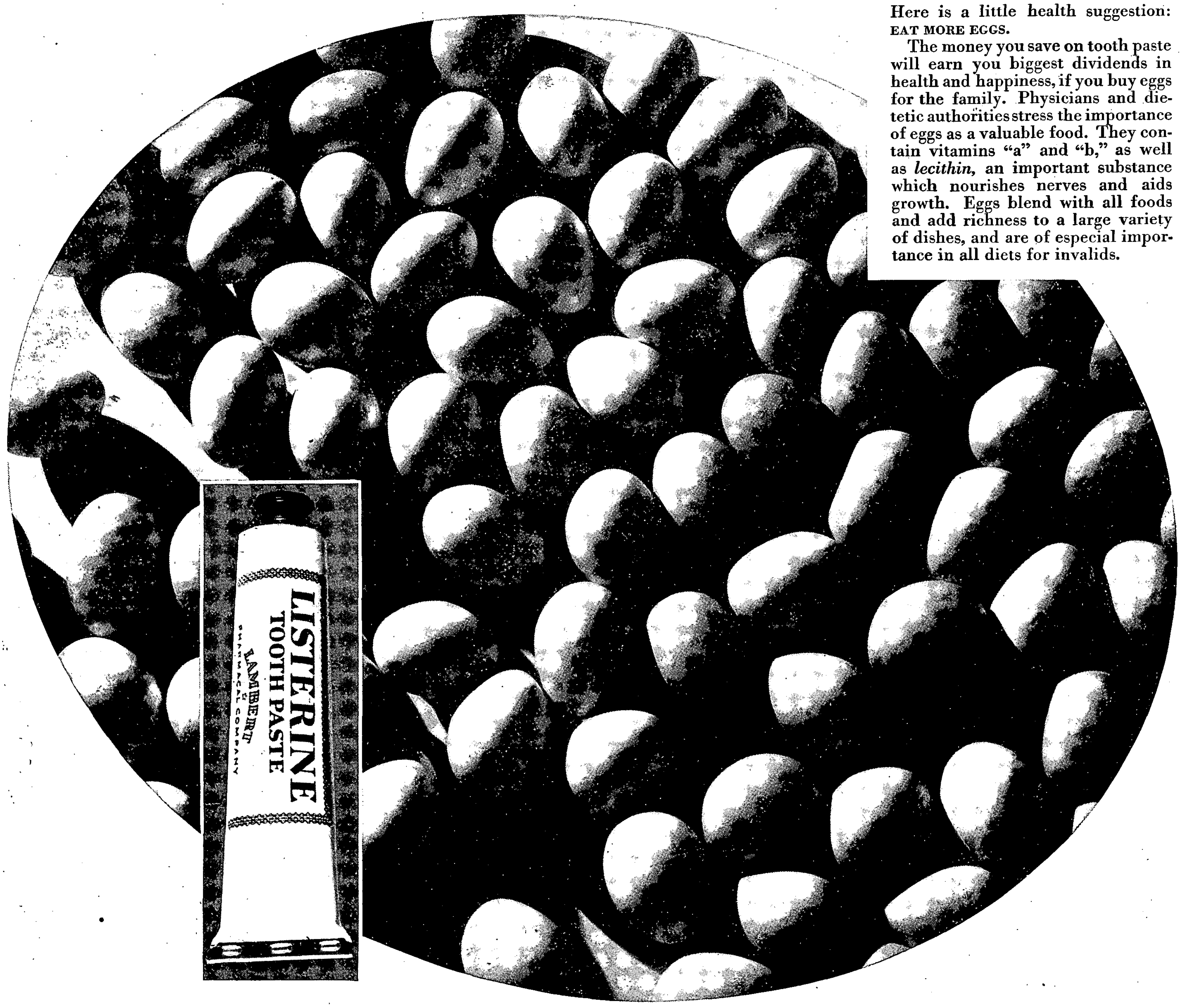

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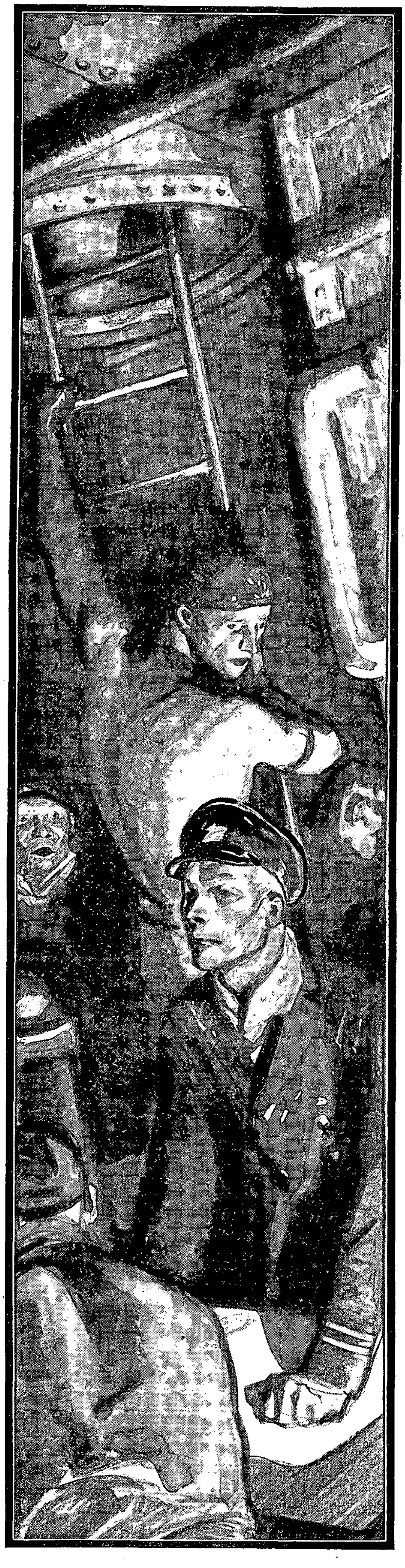

Wheeler moved over to the chart board and stood listening intently. The screws above were silent

An hour! Somebody chuckled humorlessly. Five minutes, ten possibly, had passed since the lifting fog had disclosed the German force, and brought an eager, questing torpedo boat straight for the spot where our periscope had projected a scant foot above the slope of a sea. And the ash cans were already coming nearer. Absorbed by that one thought, I started tensely as Wheeler's voice sounded again:

"Motors all right, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

The voice stopped as the boat lurched slightly, rolled a little and settled back into the soft ooze. She was a bit light. We all knew that. And the current was strong here between Terschelling Bank and the mouth of the Ems. With the "41" as light as she was it had moved her a little. It didn't matter. On a soft, flat bottom she couldn't damage herself.

YET it seemed to matter to Wheeler. As the hull stirred, his eager eyes flashed challengingly around the compartment as if he had suddenly recognized and was defying our submerged doubt of him. He had been pale—we all were pale, knowing what was coming. But he flushed now, his head snapped up as a sudden assurance swept away his perfunctory air of false confidence.

We made a critical audience, I suppose, during that incredibly long wait for the next explosion. Without hope and with a stubborn antagonism that was beginning to be tinged with respect we simply watched this untried stranger play a part laid down for him by the traditions of the service. Aft, the engine-room force would be working feverishly on the rudder quadrants, clinging desperately to the thin fiction that we would be given that hour for repairs. In the control-room we had no occupation. We could only wait, clutch the shreds of our self-control and watch.

The older men looked at each other silently. Wheeler would be getting ideas now. That, too, was expected of him by convention. When he suggested means of escape we would expose their futility as tactfully as possible because, after all, he was an appealing youngster as he stood there, confronting our massed apathy as calmly as if this were a mere routine submergence test or a drill. Yet we would prefer to be left alone to concentrate all of our attention upon where that next ash can would strike.

THEN, abruptly, he destroyed this grim tableau. His eager tone rapped insistently in the still air.

"Stand by. We're going to get under way!" He moved over to the chart board, stood there listening intently.

The screws above were silent!

What did that mean? In the face of that much more urgent question the control-room momentarily forgot Wheeler's strange outburst. The propellers had stopped, probably listening in the hope that they might pick up the beat of our screws or the pound of a pump. They wouldn't know, naturally, that the "41" was helpless until her rudders were freed.

The silence was absolute now. The sea outside seemed to hesitate as if it, too, were waiting for that next ash can to lay the boat wide open to it. The utter stillness seemed to intensify the threat above us, the poised destruction waiting there in the restless water. Even now one of those clumsy cylinders might be dropping on us, silent, futile-looking, yet unutterably deadly.

Across the room old Andersen, the chief electrician, looked at me, rubbed his hands absently on a ball of waste and shrugged his thin shoulders eloquently. What did it matter what crazy idea Wheeler tried? He couldn't get her under way without rudders. She'd stay right there on the bottom until an ash can found her or until Wheeler decided to bring her up on the chance that three or four of us might get out of the hatch before the destroyer's shells finished the business. Shells or ash cans. Either way we were through. But old Andersen wanted me to speak.

"Going up, sir?" I spoke quietly, wondering how he expected to handle the destroyer if he got to the surface. I was puzzled, for the youngster was no fool. He knew that one brief report of that advancing German force would be worth twenty submarines to the admiral back in Harwich. We couldn't get it off, of course. Not with a destroyer waiting to pounce on us up above, preparing to finish us off down here. But even after the final ash can that job would be there—unfinished.

"No."

The curt denial astonished us, left us gaping dumbly at his eager face. He was bending over the chart now, apparently unaware of our mystification. Silence closed in again, disturbed only by the distant murmur of water, and the scrape of feet, where the men worked on the rudders.

When Wheeler finally faced us his eyes were blazing with open anger. He advanced a step until he stood in the center of the compartment, listened a moment until he had assured himself that the screws above were still silent, then motioned us to our stations with an angry sweep of his arm.

"I said stand by!" His tone was still low but it cracked like a whip. Feet shuffled hastily. We had no desire to refuse duty. Not now of all times. But—

"Look here, you people! Do you want to take it lying down? I know we can't get off the bottom for an hour—can't maneuver her submerged, anyhow. And we've got to get off a report on those ships up there. It's the whole high seas fleet! I saw 'em—low down but they were there all right. Probably changed course now on the chance that there may be other of our boats with us here. But they're heading to cut off the limey battle cruisers at Flamborough Head." He looked at us intently as if he thought we didn't know all that.

When he spoke again he spoke slowly, pausing to let each word sink in. "If we stay here we are good for about fifteen minutes. Something up above is giving us away, oil probably. The current is carrying it away from us. That's why those ash cans weren't right on us. But what we can do is to move her on the bottom—skid her along in the mud. And the minute their screws begin to turn again that's what we are going to do. Get that? Then stand by!"

There wasn't one chance in ten that it would work long. But one chance in ten is vastly more than no chance at all. In spite of himself old Andersen nodded grudging endorsement of the proposal. I found myself moving to my station as diving officer. Crawl on the bottom? Who ever heard of that? Yet it might—

The faint trundling of propellers up above cut off my thoughts abruptly.

"Ahead two thirds both!" Wheeler called crisply.

The hull trembled violently, stirred, edged forward with maddening slowness. But it moved. I stole a glance at the chart. The set of the current here was northerly toward the Ems. And our bow lay offshore, right across it. It would be better if we could head into the current, place as much distance as possible between ourselves and that revealing oil spot upon the surface.

"Ahead standard!" Wheeler was watching the compass. He motioned silently to Gates, the quartermaster at the wheel. The rudder went hard over. Nothing happened. She held to her course, still crawling forward. Her lurching, painful gait was unnerving. It conjured up stark pictures of stricken animals dragging themselves along with paralyzed hindquarters.

THEN I saw the lubber's point edge across the quivering compass dial. The bow fell off slightly.

"We can lighten her forward a bit." Wheeler stood at my shoulder, the thin line of his lips contradicting his calm tone. I knew that, like the rest of us, he was on edge, waiting for the thrust of that next ash can. I nodded agreement, glanced toward the men at the valves. Even in that instant I noted that they were looking at me rather than at the young skipper. I raised my hand and a brass wheel twirled. Air sighed forward. The bow lifted slightly.

"Easy does it. Not too much," Wheeler cautioned. "When—"

With a tremendous thrust and jar the whole boat was lifted up and rolled aside like an empty barrel. I clutched at the binnacle, missed and sprawled against Wheeler's legs. We both went down. And only then, long after the explosion, it seemed, another heavy shuddering grunt racked our very bones. But as I struggled to my feet I realized with amazement that the lights were still on and the steady tremor of the motors flowed untroubled through the hull.

It had shaken us more, yet its force had been noticeably less than that of the preceding charge. What would have happened if we had not moved? The pale faces and wide eyes about me were answer enough.

"Stop both." The skipper's voice was still restrained but as he hauled himself up with a hand on the periscope housing I saw that he was trembling slightly. As the beat of our own screws stopped the steady grind above reached our ears.

"Ahead standard." Wheeler looked

(*Continued on page 47*)

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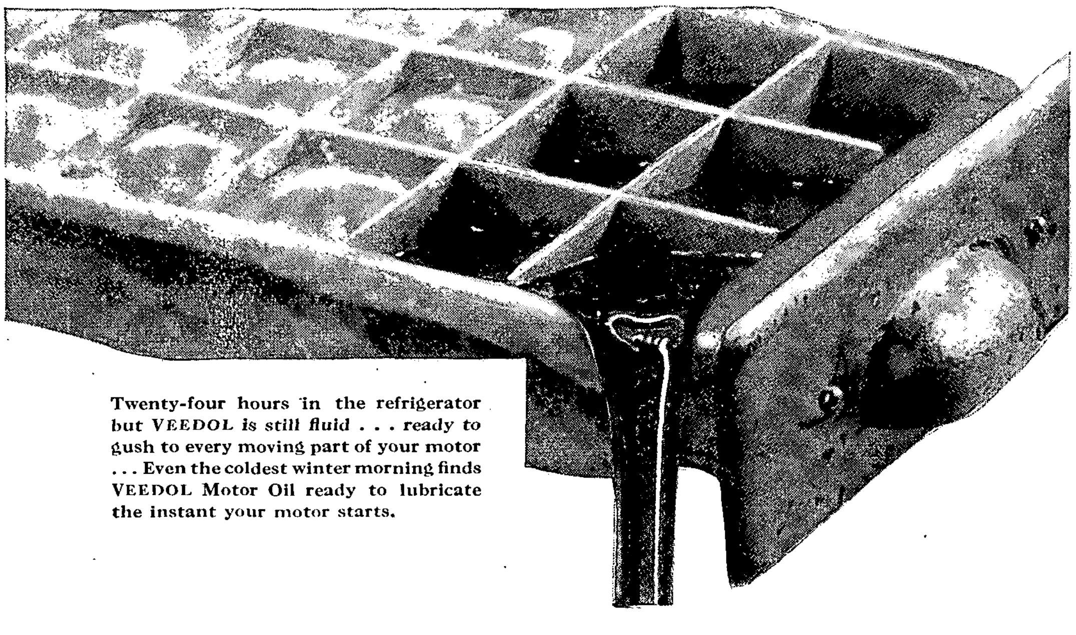

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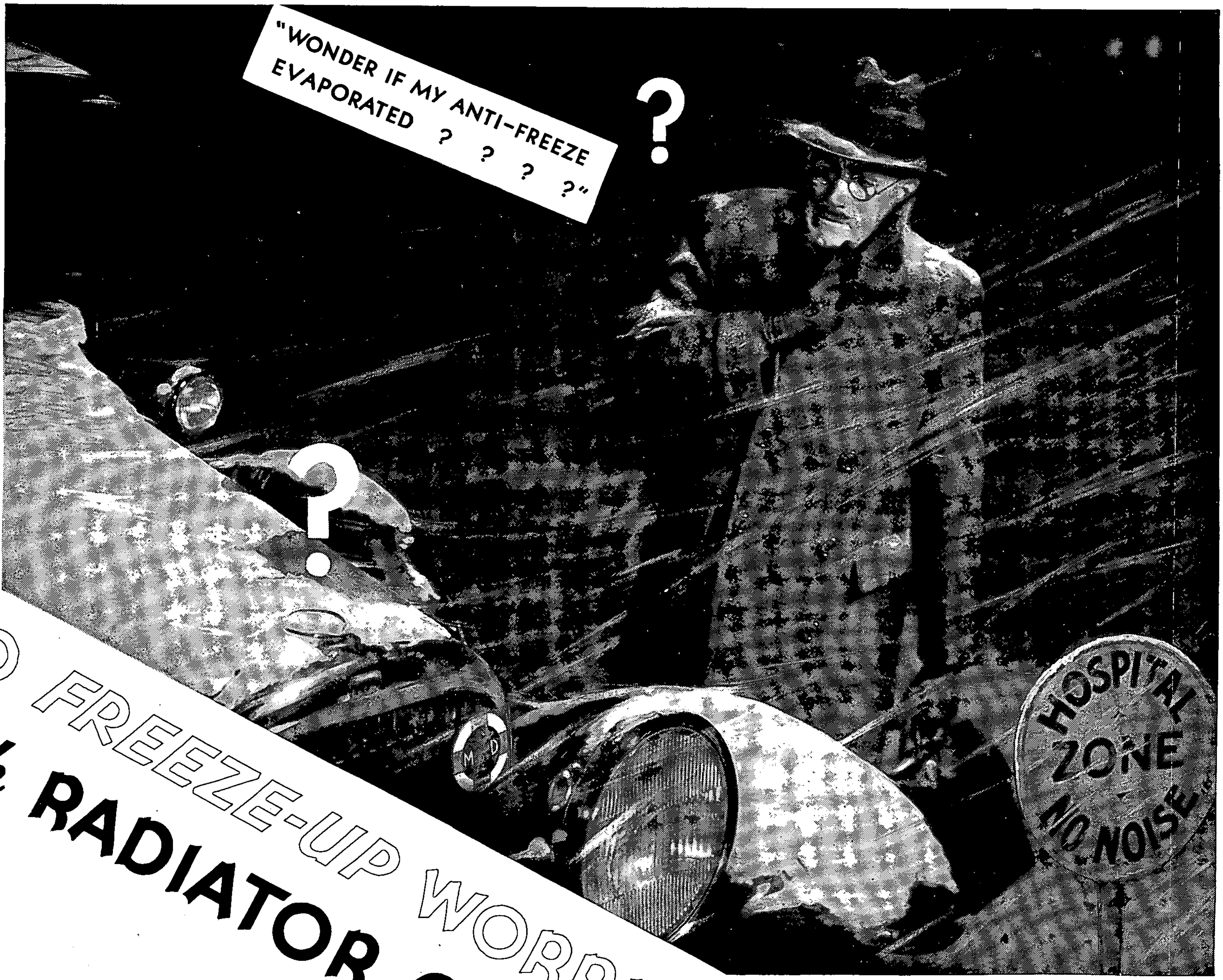
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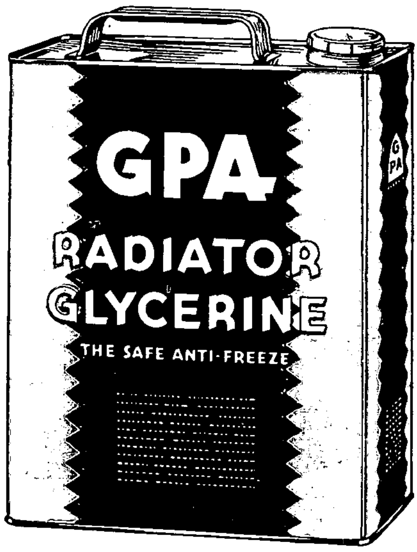

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# Master of Arts

*Continued from page 25*

great and getting secrets from everybody and thanks from nobody, he went back to work in his rightful spot as the most picturesque of America's native sculptors.

"I got into politics because I wanted action, and felt that I could be of service to a man I profoundly admired—Colonel Roosevelt," says Borglum. "And, in case there's any misunderstanding, I still greatly admire the late President, although he and I had vigorous differences of opinion."

### His Masterpiece

Mr. Borglum was a match for Mr. Roosevelt's vigor. We'll all understand this better if we refer to his beginnings.

When a very young man he read one morning in a New York newspaper that a Greek ship had docked in Brooklyn with a ballast of marble.

To John Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum it meant opportunity. He had come back from an *atelier*—highbrow for workshop—in Paris to a New York that knew him not, and he was determined to be known.

Painting had been his principal pursuit abroad. But he yearned for a sturdier medium of expression, for loftier subjects to express.

So he gave up his Parisian career and returned to his native land, determined to do one thing if he did no other—to make a colossal bust of Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps James McNeill Whistler was in a measure responsible for this. Chatting with Whistler one day, the very young worshiper, Borglum, had remarked on Michelangelo's Moses.

"Yes," said Whistler, "those old, mad geniuses had a simple technique. They carved great men greatly. A splendid compliment and, incidentally, a quick way to reputation."

So young Borglum began to muse. What great man could he carve greatly? An American, of course; and just as that was an instant answer so was the name of the subject—Abraham Lincoln.

Yet here he was, with his dream and a bit of a shack in Greenwich Village that he called a studio, and no way of getting the material he wanted without, to him, vast expense. Borglum had no patron, no Mæcenas to smooth his path financially.

He pondered how and where he could find a huge block of marble to work on. Then came a Greek bearing gifts.

The captain of the Greek ship was surprised when a determined young man of not more than average height, but with much more than average chin, strode down the dock and asked how much he wanted for the biggest single piece of marble ballast his boat carried. He named a price. Young Borglum accepted, and the marble—a huge dark gray monolith—was hauled from the bottom of the boat to Borglum's studio. There he set to work.

You may see that Lincoln in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It's renowned the world over for its genial austerity, its rugged characterization of the almost deified American hero. President Roosevelt wanted the piece to belong to the nation. The artist was willing to give it, but needed some compensation, not being a rich young man, nor yet one within reach of riches. So special legislation made it possible for the United States to pay Borglum for the cost of his marble and various shipping expenses, and the statue stands, dominating a hall of fine works.

### Coming to Blows

One would think that this signal acceptance of an heroic statue would bring recognition and commissions. But there were years of struggle ahead for Borglum. His birth in Idaho from native Danish stock; his early schooling in Nebraska and Kansas; his first art training in San Francisco; and his daring one-man invasion of Europe, where they hung his pictures on the walls and medals about his neck in the Paris Salon when he was only twenty-four years of age—all this experience had value, but not immediate virtue.

Gutzon Borglum kept his hand in at minor work, but found the country unprepared for his particular apostolate of oversized statues. He pursued other arts. He became a pioneer booster of boxing in a day when the professional sport had fallen into disrepute.

In Borglum's New York studio there was a fracas on a certain bright afternoon when the heavyweight champion of the world had arrived with the preliminary object of posing. His name was Robert Fitzsimmons, Freckled Bob or Ruby Robert.

"Are you," he said to Gutzon Borglum, "the bloomin' phizog maker?"

Having resided in London, Mr. Borglum recognized the quaint idiom. A phizog maker was one who reproduced the physiognomy. Such was Mr. Borglum. He bowed.

Frolicking, Mr. Fitzsimmons observed boxing gloves hanging on a studio nail.

He and Borglum donned them after removing their coats. They sparred. Their blows became earnest. Suddenly Ruby Robert uncorked what he called a mild one. It sent Borglum reeling. But in making battle, even superior forces are not so superior if unaware of the peculiarities of the battle ground. Borglum's studio was rigged with his own inventions, one of which was a sliding door operating from a push-button. When closed, this door fitted into the paneling of the room. Borglum, knowing Fitzsimmons' strategy of taking two smacks to get in one, gave Fitzsimmons two. Hard blows they were, so that Ruby Robert contemplated giving a receipt for them with his good right hand. Borglum's footwork and thumb work were too quick. He sidestepped, pressed the button and as the door, to Ruby Robert's surprise, slid back, Borglum slid into another and a darker room.

"Come on out and let me 'it you," cried Ruby Robert.

Mr. Borglum came out—some time later, when the champion's earnestness was dissipated.

Borglum was and is stocky, with a knobby chin and a fighter's unclothed head. He has the clipped, brassy speech of the true fighter. There were times when he thought he would astonish the world of art and obtain a meed of public attention by being the first sculptor to become a practicing prize fighter. Wisely, he tried himself out in the gymnasiums against some less prominent professors of fisticuffs. One such, a doughty fellow who served time and punches under various aliases, took Borglum into his confidence and into camp one afternoon by demonstrating the difference between a boxer and a scrapper. Borglum has ever since remained a boxer. It's less belittling and certainly less bruising.

### Forgetting His Gloves

His reputation as a boxer was nationwide, so that he was recruited with other gentlemen sluggers, such as Drexel Biddle, to back the International Sporting Club. The fiasco of that institution served a useful purpose to American art. It turned Borglum's valuable attention from nonessentials.

He had achieved, incidentally, more publicity than one man could well use by helping to conduct, for President

(*Continued on page 32*)

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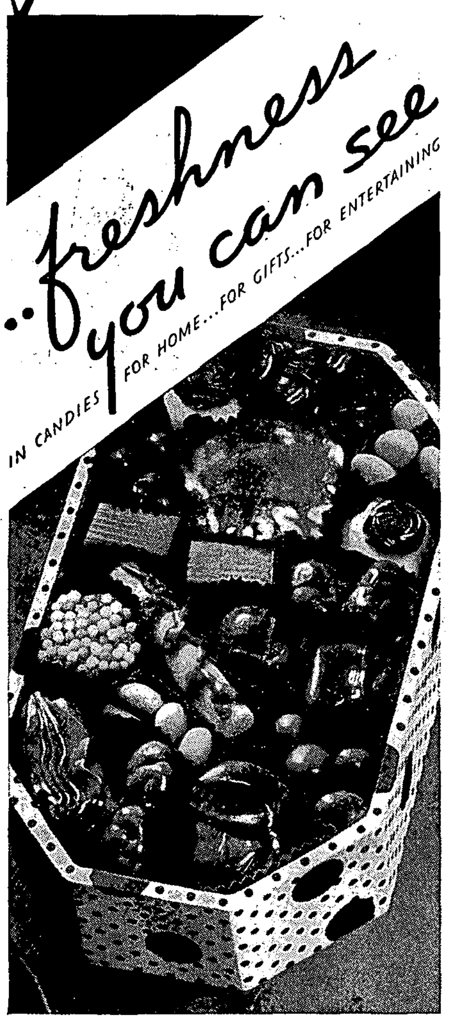

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(*Continued from page 31*)

Wilson, an investigation into war aviation. The orgy of headlines produced by and from the investigation gave his countrymen the chance to know that in addition to being a painter, a sculptor, a boxer, a politician and an orator, Gutzon Borglum was also trained in law—for he proved what the copy-desk boys call a powerful prober—and he had an amazing knowledge of aircraft engineering.

But his job was being a sculptor—and a sculptor, it developed, of the colossal. He had produced the Mares of Diomedes, the astonishing bronze group in New York's Metropolitan Museum; and such works as the Trail Drivers' Memorial in Texas had spread his fame, and his Centaurs and a colossal monument of forty-two figures in bronze, Wars of America, gave him a repute for big things, literally.

### Birth of the Giants

Between statues he had ravished John King's political machine in Connecticut by inserting a Progressive wedge into the dominant Republican line-up and electing an insurgent candidate to Congress from Borglum's and King's own district in Fairfield County. In this brisk, brief campaign Borglum displayed gifts as a campaigner and orator that brought the boys rallying to nominate him for Governor of Connecticut. But he declined that tribute to his political artistry. Bigger things were in the air—including one called Stone Mountain.

The good burghers of Atlanta, backed by the sentiment of the South, had decided to make a wonder of the world out of Stone Mountain by carving on its enormous ribs bas-reliefs to memorialize heroes of the Confederacy.

Gutzon Borglum was appealed to and made a survey. In the face of adverse opinions by well-known engineers, Borglum declared he could do the job. P. S. He got it.

"Of course," he reports, "it was pioneer work. Nothing like it had ever been done before. It was gargantuan—exceeding the marvels of ancient times, such as the pyramids, as a task.

"We had little money to start the project, but I engaged two of America's most famous engineers to prescribe our mode of safest attack on the face of the mountain. One doomed the project as 'madness that can only end in an appalling death list.'

"The second engineer developed a fantastic plan by which a great steel arm would hold in its hand or cage several workmen who, once in the cage, would move by electric propulsion all over the face of the mountain at will. The price of this mechanism would have cost exactly the contract price of the entire sculpture.

"I decided to do the thing myself. We anchored steel in the mountain side and bolted a walk, making a runway the full length of the work. Setting about drawing my designs for the memorial on the mountain side, I decided to use white paint on the dark, brownish gray side of the mountain. The figure of Lee, to predominate in the design, had been determined. Lee's head I estimated to be twenty feet, and it would be two hundred and twenty feet from the top of Lee's hat to the hoof of Traveler, his horse."

That gives a rough idea of this oversized monument. Borglum climbed into a leather swing seat which was lowered over the side of the mountain. For two or three hours he hung, as he describes it, like a human plumb bob, paint brush in hand, a copy of his design in his pocket. Previously, he had laid out the first two hundred square feet, the center of his composition, into fifty-foot squares and applied this in scale to his design. He drew his design of Lee and Traveler on the mountainside, the horse's knee being as large as a small automobile.

"I could not reach the outer lines," he says, "without shifting my position. My cable caught on a small nubbin of granite two hundred feet up, then it slipped. I spun around, struck my head and spilled my paint. I was through. Folks below said I resembled a horsefly in a tail spin. They drew me up. Tired, exhausted, mad, I descended to the valley to judge the work done. I could hardly find it, and when I did it was unsatisfactory. In despair I made another decision—that my design must be placed on the side of the mountain without the physical and nervous strain I had just gone through. My thirty-two workmen would not and should not stand for what I was unwilling to endure.

"The next idea was to project pictures from slides on the mountainside and stencil off the lines and patches on which the workmen could operate. I wanted a powerful lens that would carry a design at least a thousand feet. The lamp makers said no lens could stand the heat, that no design could be projected more than 250 or 270 feet with sufficient sharpness to be read in detail.

"Again, I experimented. At my home in Stamford, after months of projecting pictures against a snow-covered hill, I succeeded by means of an amateurish collection of lamp, high-power lens and stereopticon. I directed my ray at a forty-foot canvas seven hundred feet away, when my little six-year-old daughter told me to look at the horses and soldiers on the snow on the hill beyond, more than one thousand five hundred feet away. These were so distinct I could have redrawn them on the snow. Ordering the necessary parts, I built the lamps and took them to Stone Mountain and was able to show the equestrian figure of Lee so brilliant on the mountain side at ten o'clock at night that my son snapped it with an ordinary camera. This picture was projected from a two-and-a-half-inch slide eleven hundred feet away and covered an area of two hundred feet square."

This medium for projecting the vision of the design once perfected, the workmen and their drills proceeded to do the rest under the sculptor's direction. There were rows, of course. Trouble always dogs monumental work. Borglum quit, somebody else was hired. Later, the somebody else got out and Borglum, who had busied himself with the other colossus on Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills, was called back, dictated his terms—and now the work goes on. When completed, Stone Mountain will be the largest sculpture the world has ever known, and Mount Rushmore will be the second largest with its amazing head of Washington gazing across a continent.

### Correcting Mr. Coolidge

But at Rushmore, too, Borglum had his difficulties. At one time too-inquisitive committeemen or legislators came to find fault. This they did. Borglum began to explain things, but was frowned down and argued against. The visitors were led to a platform that hung over the mountain. It creaked as Borglum urged his point. With almost enthusiastic unanimity, after seeing their four- or five-hundred-foot drop below, the visitors turned to Mr. Borglum's point of view.

The sculptor accepts these huge, continent-carving tasks as his job in life—for the present. They are not done without danger and difference of opinion. When Calvin Coolidge indited the five-hundred-word history of the United States that was to adorn Mount Rushmore's colossal sculpture, Borglum took the liberty of editing him. "The former President didn't like it very much, but he was a good sport. He sat corrected when he wrote, "Justice under the law," and Borglum reminded him that under the law witches were burned in the ex-President's state of Massachusetts." So Justice appeared unqualified. Borglum also edited Mr. Coolidge in stone when in the: "Right to be free and to be happy through self-government," Borglum dropped the "through self-government." Mr. Coolidge made no comment.

Borglum's blunt nose and knob of chin combine to produce an effect of satisfied pugnacity when he recalls victory in contests with policemen, prize fighters and Presidents.

"Yet the laconic Mr. Coolidge," he adds, "produced a puzzler for me that I had to put in stone. When I made the Woodrow Wilson memorial for the Republic of Poland, I asked both President Coolidge and Senator Borah, head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, to write inscriptions for the base of the statue. This is what Mr. Coolidge wrote: 'Wilson will rank with Lincoln—in Europe.' Honest, if a trifle ambiguous. This is what Mr. Borah, likewise a Republican, wrote of the great Democratic President: 'Every syllable, every word, every paragraph in the Treaty of Versailles that took vengeance out of the Treaty of Peace was due to Wilson.' Those words are a fitting epitaph to a genuine statesman."

### His Secret Inspiration

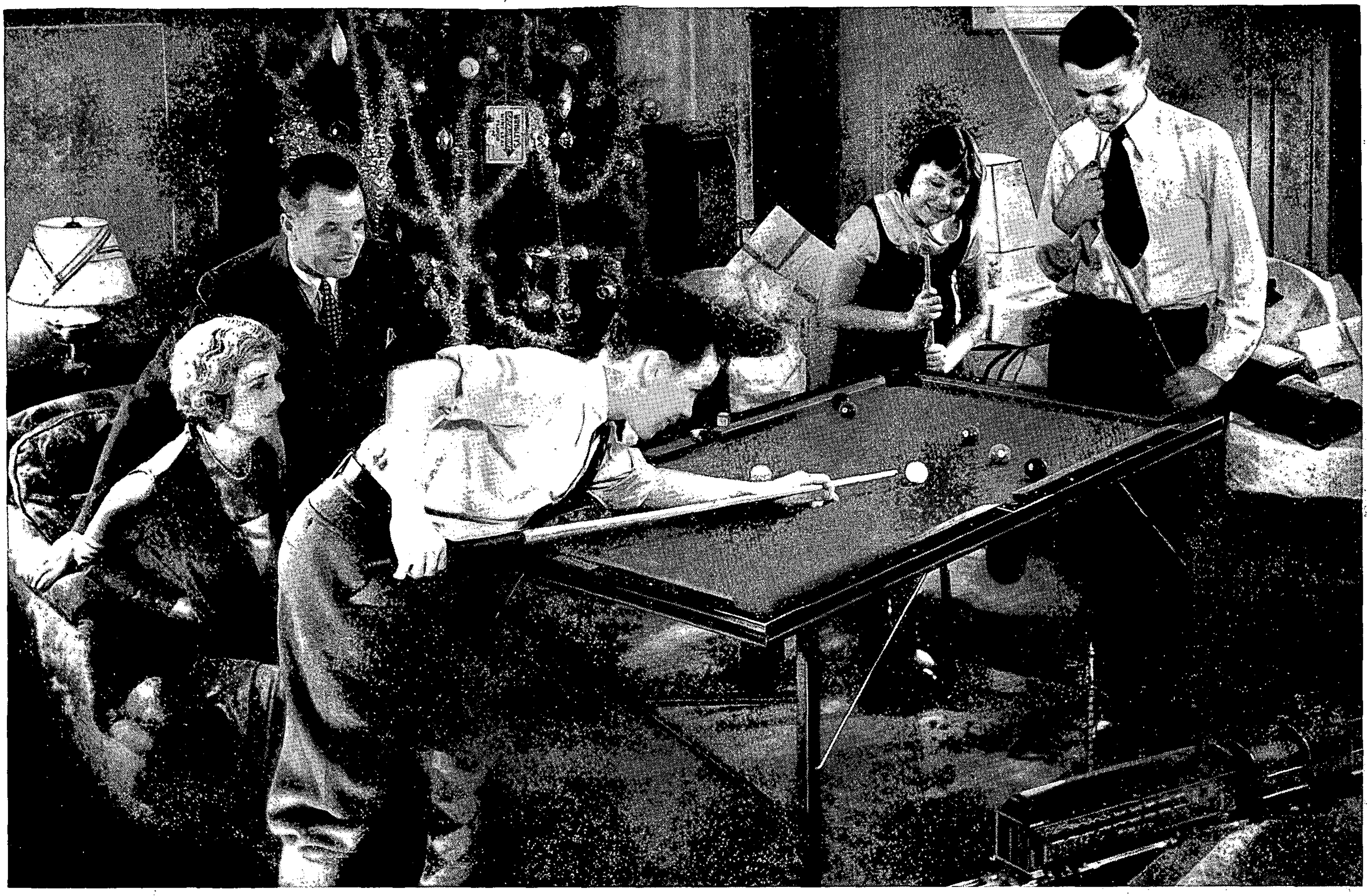
Painter, writer, pugilist, engineer, politician, orator, sculptor—Borglum, the mountain-carver who has met everybody supposed to be worth meeting, was asked who was the most interesting person he ever knew. For a long time his outboard eyebrows were tangled in reflection as there passed behind them a parade of faces famous, infamous and obscure. Borglum is something of an actor in his poses, so used is he to making light and position obey his design as sculptor.

"The most engrossing personality I have ever known," he said, "is a man I can't name. I met him at St. Mary's College, Kansas, and he changed my entire life. I was ambitious to be a great lawyer. This man—he really was not much more of a man than I was at that age—was a brooding Irish poet. He took me for a long walk one day and talked like a poet. He stirred something in me, and I know that from that day I was different. Then I aspired to be an artist. I don't know where that man is now. Somebody told me once, when by a mental trick his name occurred to both of us, that he had become a streetcar conductor. I don't know. I only know that he made me an artist."

Borglum further philosophized:

"I quit painting because it wasn't my medium; I quit pugilism because I couldn't step fast enough to compete with younger men; I quit engineering because it's much too mechanical for a man with art to pursue; I quit public speaking as much as possible because it gets me into too much trouble and too much correspondence, and I quit politics because if I had remained in the mental condition that made politics pleasant I wouldn't have been worth a rap as a sculptor. That is my art—and no man can serve two mistresses."

Whereupon, there being a minor difficulty with the plumbing in his hotel bathroom, Mr. Borglum telephoned for service. Growing impatient at a plumber's living up to plumbing tradition, he stepped in, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and did the job himself.



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LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

25¢

# The Big Pink

*Continued from page 20*

the world series score on the sporting page! Nevada did that for the Trigger and she can do just as much for you!"

Winship glanced over his shoulder. Much of the explanation had been lost upon him but he gathered, dimly, that even under Nevada's guidance the paths of glory led but to the grave.

"But you see," he said earnestly, "I have no desire whatever for obituary prominence, or lavish—uh—sepulture."

Eddie's frown smoothed.

"Oh, I see. Don't worry. You're in a different racket, but if Nevada's for you she can help you to the top of it the same way she helped the Trigger to the top of his."

Winship shook his head. "To attain even minor eminence in—uh—pugilistic circles would require, it seems to me, much more than—"

"A lot of people have that same idea, Doc," Eddie said kindly, "but they're just as wrong as you are. You think the fight racket is the same as it used to be before it got organized, but that's all old stuff. To be a champion these days you've got to be able to fill up the first three hundred rows of ringside seats with fifty-dollar cash customers. You can't do that with anything but printer's ink, and that's where Nevada comes in. She's got natural-born headline sense, that woman has. If she likes you enough to take a little interest—"

He paused. It was a pause of peculiar, ominous abruptness and completeness. His fixed gaze led Winship's eye to the entrance. Here, beautiful, aloof, austere and very resolute, stood Miss Cecilia Mellish.

"Quick, Doc!" Eddie spoke without moving his lips. "Keep right behind me." He moved with remarkable suddenness. A side door of which Winship had not been aware yielded to his thrust. With Beechy, Winship followed him through a short passage to the welcoming pit-black invisibility of the night. Pure homing instinct seemed to lead Eddie to his car.

Swiftly it fled. A deeply thankful sense of escape fell upon Winship, escape from some danger, nameless but very near.

After perhaps three miles and minutes Beechy spoke:

"Well, Eddie, I guess you were right about Cissy."

"I know my women," Eddie said curtly.

Except for a sound describable as between a snort and sniff Beechy permitted the statement to go unchallenged, and Winship's sense of danger was somehow intensified by her silence. He glanced backward frequently until the car had passed the barrier at the Neck. It halted before Miss Borden's cottage. A light glowed in an upper chamber. Winship's eye rose reverently to it while Beechy descended to the running-board.

"WELL, thanks for the buggy ride," she said. "About seven-thirty tomorrow, I suppose?"

"Be rational," Eddie urged. "You can't be hanging around McGurk's. Beechy. It's—it's no place for a girl."

"You never made that quaint speech up out of your own head!" Beechy said. "You've been reading a book!"

"But honestly—"

"Seven-thirty, or I tell—" Beechy said resolutely—"all!"

She danced away without waiting for rejoinder. Eddie, sighing, let in his clutch. The car crept, presently, into the Bedloe garage; it did this, Winship felt, reluctantly, as if dissatisfied with a night that ended so tamely and so soon.

Winship shared this dissatisfaction. He longed for the safety and refreshment of sleep, and yet he was sorry, too, that this day should end in the dull fashion of ordinary days.

"Let's see if the kitchen door's open," Eddie suggested. "There might be something in the ice box."

He tried the knob.

"Locked, doggone it! Hold on, though. Somebody's coming."

The latch clicked and the door swung inward.

"Hello, Nellie." Eddie spoke with warm cordiality. "What you doing down here at this time of night?"

"I just got in myself," Nellie said.

Eddie, guided evidently by instinct, opened a door beyond which the white enamel of an electric refrigerator gleamed invitation.

Nellie, leaning close to Winship, whispered:

"Come down again after he's asleep. I got to talk to you."

Winship nodded. His day, it appeared, had not yet ended.

NELLIE'S wide gaze dwelt upon Winship with a new and curiously pleasant suggestion of respect.

In the past, responding to his ring at Mrs. Bedloe's door, Nellie had made him aware that she felt for him the same faint amusement which he knew it was his lot to inspire in ladies of higher social station. For the first time this secret mirth was absent from her face and voice.

"You certainly had me fooled, all right." She spoke with apologetic, ardent admiration. "You had me abs'lutely kidded into the notion that you were nothing but one of them p'fessors!"

"But I assure you—"

"Listen, Big Boy." Nellie leaned close and whispered. "You don't have to keep up the bluff with me. I wanna work with you. I've been some use to you already, ain't I?"

"Yes, but—"

Nellie's face darkened a little.

"If you don't think I'm good enough to work with you—"

"You misunderstand. I'm not—"

She laughed grimly.

"All right, if that's how you feel about it. Maybe when that state trooper comes back tomorrow you better try and hannel him yourself. Maybe you got a good alibi all framed up about why you shaved off your whiskers and—"

Napoleonically Winship's brain focussed itself upon the immediate and vital. He saw suddenly that what Nellie thought about him did not greatly matter. What her policeman thought—and did—mattered a great deal.

"Do you think you could keep on handling him if I agreed to—"

Nellie laughed. Her fingers dealt with the rebellious strand of hair. Her head tilted a little.

"Quite so," Winship said, as if she had given him a verbal answer to an inquiry now revealed as needless. "If the policeman comes back—"

"If? Don't make me laugh." Again Nellie's finger tips busied themselves with the glimmering strand. "He'll be back, all right. The question is, does he come on account of you or me?"

Winship chose quickly between evils.

"You," he said.

"Then I'm in on your racket?"

"Yes," Winship said desperately, "you're in."

He was rewarded by a vision of a face transformed. Joy almost holy wrote itself in Nellie's swimming gaze. Even to Winship, new as he was to the experience, it was natural, inevitable and blameless that Nellie should seal their compact with a kiss.

Only when he turned and saw Eddie Jewett, bathrobed and slippered in the doorway, did it occur to him that the harmless, childlike gesture might require explanation.

"I—we—the fact is—"

EDDIE moved his hand dismissingly, as one who understands and, understanding, condones.

"Sure, I know. Kind of late, though."

"I was just coming up." Winship turned to Nellie: "I—good night."

"G'night." Nellie patted her hair, exhibiting no symptom of embarrassment.

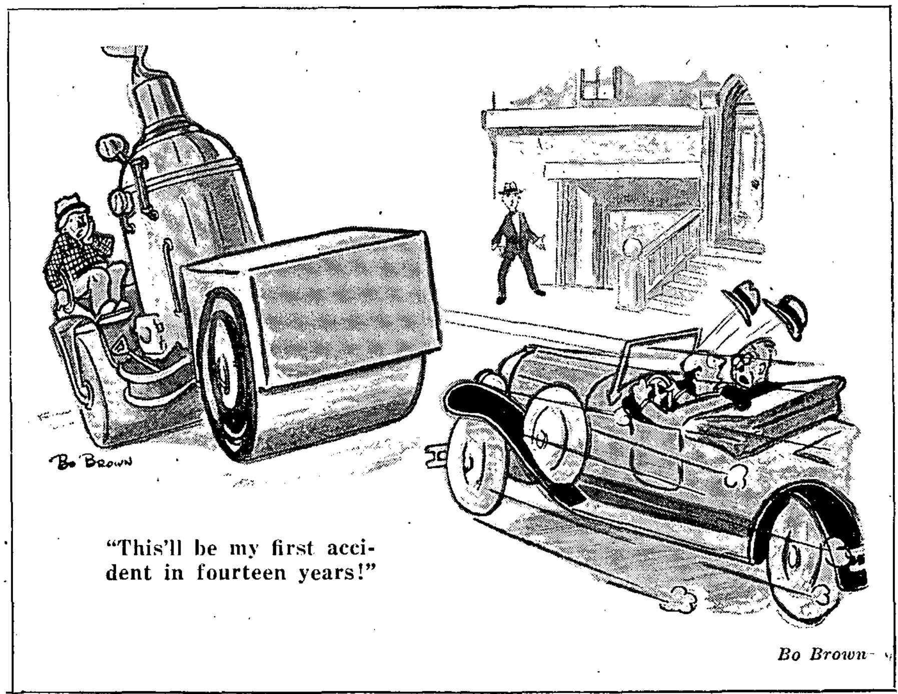
On the stairs Eddie halted.

"Look, Doc," he said gravely, "you owe it to yourself to cut out this sort of thing. A man in your position—"

"I—"

"You've got your reputation to consider," Eddie went on. "Even a near champion can't afford to act as if he was nothing but a college professor."

*(To be continued next week)*



"This'll be my first accident in fourteen years!"

*Bo Brown*

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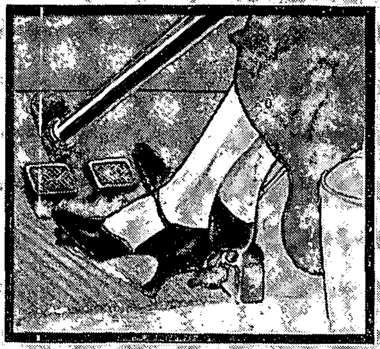

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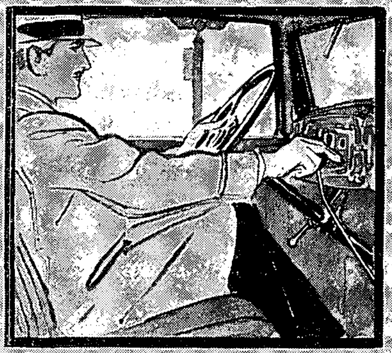

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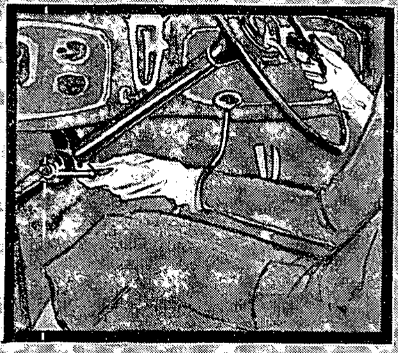

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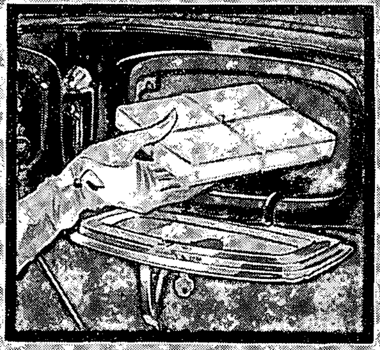

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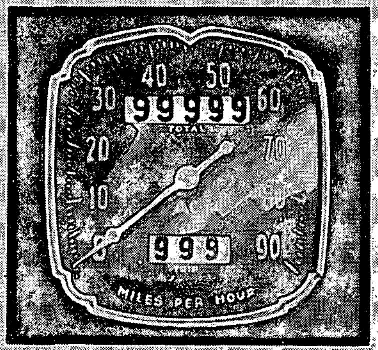

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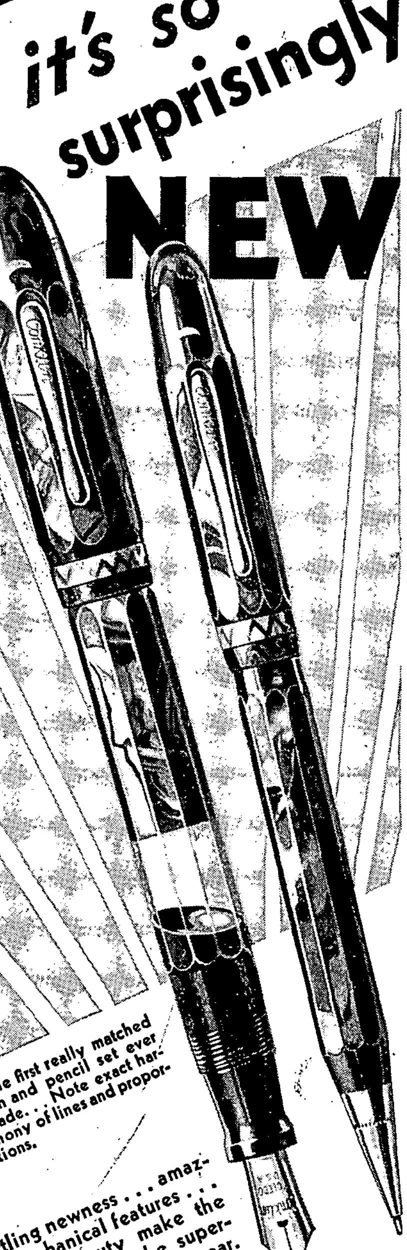

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The new Conklin Dawn Pearl (at left). Pen $3.50. Pencil $2.50. Other Conklin pens $2.75 and more. Pencils $1 and more.

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NOZAC
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

# Winter Range

*Continued from page 9*

guns, Kentucky! Any other man, any other time—"

Kentucky Jones waited, studying him. There is a certain type of man who seems fated to pursue public office, somehow perversely unfitted for anything else. Hopper was such a man. His straight-clipped gray mustache, his flat, loose-skinned jowls and full-fleshed eyes somehow unmistakably advertised the public office holder—not incompetent, but definitely limited.

"Any other man could have been spared better," he raved. "Even John could have been spared any other time. But with Wolf Bench cattle on the ragged edge of bankruptcy, and the lowest beef prices since—"

"Does Clive Pierson—he steps into Mason's shoes, doesn't he?—does he know anything about cattle?"

"A little, and maybe a little about banking. But with Mason dead all confidence has collapsed. Yesterday and this morning there was a crowd in front of the bank to see if it would open its doors! Clive Pierson is scared stiff—ready to stampede in any direction. And everybody's nervous—ready to jump down each other's throats. Half the range is sore at the other half. Take the Circle Five and the Lazy Deuce. Or the Three Bar and the Running M; today them two owners met face to face and never spoke. Or take—"

"Take Bob Elliot's 88 and Campo Ragland's Bar Hook," Kentucky prompted.

"There you are—maybe the worst case of all. Those outfits have always jangled. And now look at it! Elliot don't own a fifth of his range. The rest is leased Indian land. Now Elliot's lease is out. Them leases have to be bid for—and everybody knows that there's more than one big outfit will never let that lease go cheap. Elliot depended on Mason to let him take the money for his bid. Now it's all over the range already that the bank won't back him. Elliot can't get any quick price for all that landless stock; he's through."

"He laid himself wide open for this," said Kentucky. "He's blown the 88 up to three times its natural size—like a balloon."

"What if he did? Now that he busts, is he supposed to like it?"

"And what about Ragland?"

"Ragland's Bar Hook could probably stand through the storm, if it wasn't for the misfortune to Elliot. But Ragland's open range is the open range nearest to Elliot. What if Elliot turns and floods his cattle onto the Bar Hook graze?"

JONES already knew that the Bar Hook was at least half on public domain. By the cowman's code Campo was entitled to the use of that range because he had developed water upon it; but he had no legal hold upon the unfenced land.

"Are you convinced in your own mind," Kentucky asked him, "that Elliot will dare shove his herds onto the Bar Hook range?"

"I know this," said Floyd Hopper, heavily, somberly. "Elliot don't need more than four or five riders to take care of his winter work. Yet he's laying on extra hands. He's hired on at least six more men just in the last couple of days, since the death of Mason. You know how it looks to me? Like he's not waiting for the day he'll have to move. Like he's not even going to wait the winter out before he starts filtering into the Bar Hook range."

"In that case," said Kentucky, "Bob Elliot is sure a man who enjoys to grab a bear by the tail and go round and round. Campo Ragland will fight like a whangdoodle in defense of its first-born."

"Sure, they'll fight. They'll fight to a standstill. I'll have a full-fledged cattle war on my hands within the month!"

"Sounds bad," said Kentucky.

The sheriff grunted. Suddenly a new grievance seemed to occur to him and the explosiveness came back into his voice again. "I'd give a hundred dollars to lay hands on the son of a gun who swiped that bullet out of the inquest. Right out from under my damn' nose!"

"Well," said Kentucky, "lead's cheap; it wasn't worth much."

SHERIFF HOPPER savagely pulled off his hat and slammed it on the edge of his desk; it fell unnoticed to the floor. "It'll do 'em no good," he declared. "It isn't as if we didn't have the—" He stopped.

"The other bullet?" Kentucky asked.

The sheriff seemed to go relaxed and cold, all of an instant. He studied Kentucky with a questioning eye. "Why did you say that?" he asked at last.

"Well," Kentucky apologized, "you were just remarking you had something on hand that would take the missing bullet's place."

The sheriff's steady stare did not drift from Kentucky's face. "We took a mold," he said at last. "We took a mold of this bullet that's gone."

"That was a smart thing to do," said Kentucky.

"I expect," said the sheriff. He dropped his eyes, and his hands fidgeted with the miscellany on his desk. "Just the same," he said, returning his eyes to Kentucky's face in a cold and smoky gaze, "that was a very strange question, Mister, for you to ask. I had a hound dog once that got in trouble that way."

"Trouble, sheriff?"

"By sight running."

They looked at each other, two men who had said more than rested upon the surface of their words—one of them unwillingly. Kentucky Jones began rolling a leisurely cigarette; and he grinned, the slow infectious grin that could make a dog follow him, or a woman remember him, or could make a man forget why he had meant to paste him a couple.

Sheriff Hopper stirred restively, and dropped his eyes. "I was just thinking of something," the sheriff said.

"What was that?"

"You're a sight runner," said the sheriff again; "but I don't know but what you're a good one. Sometimes there's a use for a feller like that. And that was what I wanted to see you for. That was a good job of scouting you did for the Cattle Association last year; and I—"

"Who told you I ever did any 'scouting,' as you call it, for the Cattlemen's Association?"

"Old Man Coffee told me, up-country in the Frying Pan."

"Sometimes Old Man Coffee gets too damn' eloquent," said Kentucky Jones, exasperated.

"Well, anyway," said the sheriff, "I was hoping I'd find you kind of at loose ends around here; like as if you might be able to take and do something different from what you'd figured to do."

"As for instance?"

The sheriff fidgeted. "There's an end hanging loose in this Mason case," he admitted finally.

"So? I thought it was all decided that Mason committed suicide by mistake?"

Hopper made an annoyed gesture. "The case is closed. John Mason died of the accidental discharge of his own gun—that's established. But it just happens that there's a man has come in with a perjury."

He paused. "Yes?" said Kentucky Jones after a moment. "To what effect?"

"Well—we questioned him about Mason's death; and later I found out he wasn't where he said he was."

"You sure you want to tell me this?"

"I'm not telling you anything that ties you to anything—yet. Now, this feller—maybe he was in sight when Mason got killed. Or maybe in earshot. Anyway, he lied about where he was—tried to make a fool of us. And I mean to hook him for it."

"Hardly seems important," Kentucky said speculatively, "if there's no question about how Mason died."

"It isn't that," said the sheriff gloomily. "There's some awful bad times ahead of us here, Kentucky; and we got to show that the law has teeth in it while we still can. Now, if you don't mind taking the time, there's a thing you could do for me that would be an almighty favor."

"Come to cases," said Kentucky.

"This man I'm telling you about is out at the Bar Hook. Now I realize you're a cattle trader; but oftentimes a feller like you will take a riding job to fill in with, over the winter, or something—especially in times like this. Now if you'll go to Campo Ragland and get a job, you can find out about this feller for me in a way that I couldn't myself, nor the deputies neither."

"You want me to hire on at the Bar Hook and root this feller out for you—is that it?"

"That's the idea."

KENTUCKY JONES was looking out the window, down the snowy street. Half a block down, in front of the hotel, Jean Ragland's pony stood. Her father's horse was elsewhere—down at the livery barn most likely, for Campo Ragland would be sitting about on oat bins, hashing over the inquest with cattlemen of his own particular faction. Now, watching from the sheriff's window, he saw her come out of the hotel, untie, and mount.

He had seen this girl but half a dozen times in his life; yet she had singled him out today to aid her in a thing which he did not yet fully understand. She had been surrounded by friends, by men she had known all her life; even her own father had been there. Yet, for some obscure reason, she had turned to him. He watched her now as she brought the little black pony up the street at a running walk.

Jean Ragland sat her pony with the easy, lax grace of young muscles raised in the saddle. Now that she was in her own element again she no longer looked frail and small, as she had in the crush of the inquest, but competent and at home on her horse, as he had known her before. As she passed she looked straight at the window where he stood, and Kentucky believed that she saw him there; but she gave no sign. He turned back to the sheriff.

Floyd Hopper smoked morosely in the shadows brought by the closing of the early dusk. "If you want to go out to the Bar Hook for me, I can make it worth your while. What we got to do is—"

"I wouldn't touch it," said Kentucky, "with a ten-foot pole."

*(Continued on page 38)*

# "DAMN the CHAINS"

"DAMN THE CHAINS!" cries an anti-chain store agitator. "They don't do their part in civic affairs. They ship all their money out of the community!"

"Damn the independent merchants!" retorts another class of critics. "The 'independents' are backward and inefficient. They keep distribution costs too high. They ought to be *wiped out.*"

Both wrong!

In legislatures and in city councils—through newspaper advertisements and "over the air" — around the stoves in general stores and across the directors' tables of manufacturers — the battle of the "independent" vs. the "chain" is waged.

One type of business assails another type of business! Sweeping charge is met with sweeping counter-charge! Appeals are made to government and to punitive tax. A vicious family of fallacies is bred, sired by the mistaken notion that the way to solve the problems of one business is to attack another business!

The old adage still applies: Every tub must stand on its own bottom. That type of distribution unit, or manufacturing system, or professional service that best meets the need of its patrons, its times, its locality, will prosper. The customers see to that! And the universal foes of business everywhere in every era are fallacious thinking, misrepresentation, based on unsound, erroneous conclusions.

For twenty years *Nation's Business* has served business by combating fallacy with fact. Today it is bringing new energies — new resources — to its task.

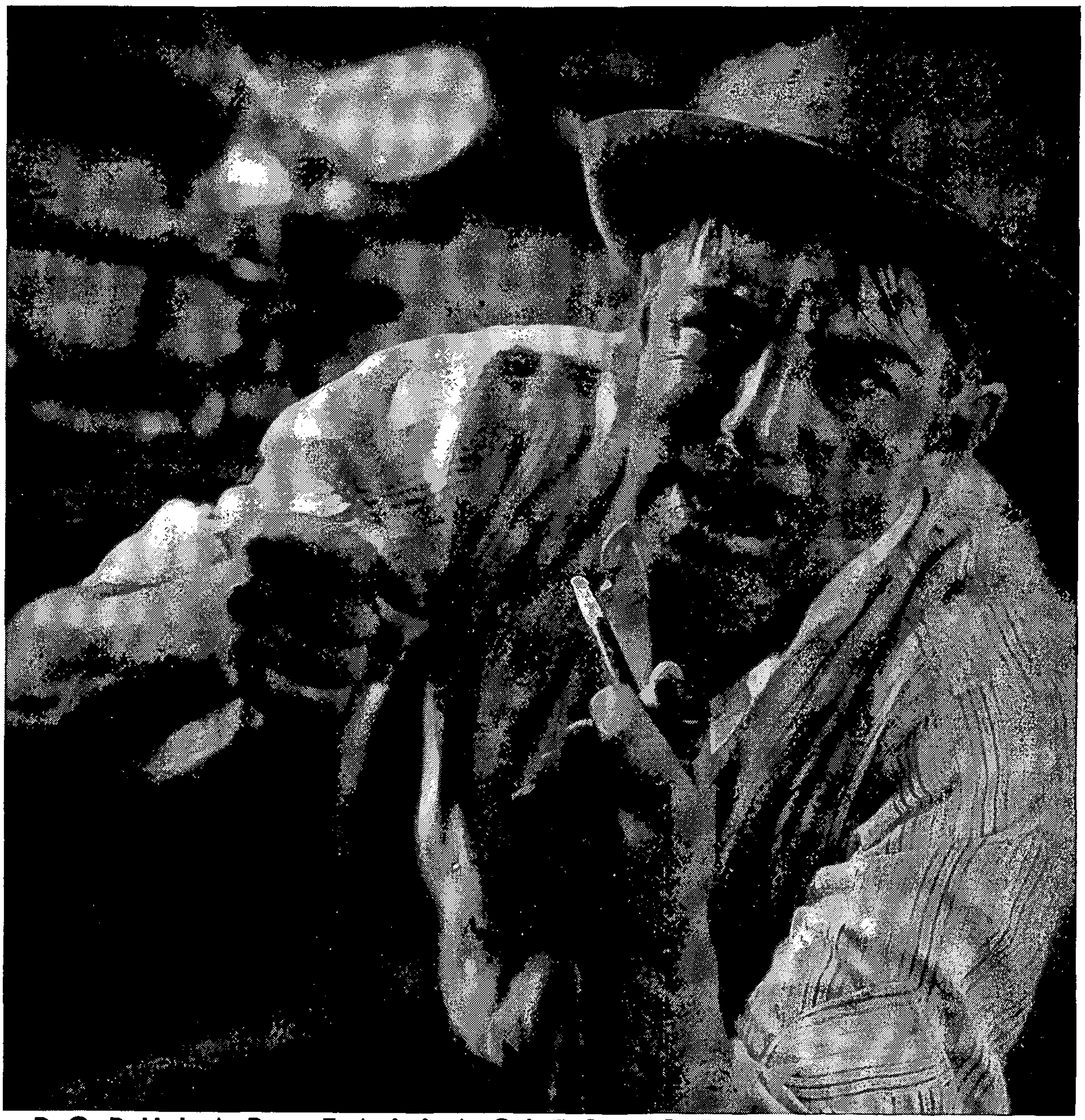
★

**WHAT POPULAR FALLACY MISREPRESENTS *YOUR* BUSINESS**

This advertisement, one of a series on the popular fallacies of business, is designed to serve business by creating a better understanding of its problems. As a new feature of its twenty-year-old fight against erroneous thinking, *Nation's Business* publishes each month a "Gallery of Popular Fallacies."

Every industry, every business, has its popular misunderstandings — real estate, advertising, medicine, architecture, construction. Write me personally of yours. They will be discussed currently in *Nation's Business* and, through courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, over a nation-wide radio hook-up.

MERLE THORPE, *Editor.*



POPULAR FALLACIES OF BUSINESS

You need *Nation's Business* — whether you are retailer or manufacturer, executive or salesman, in a big organization or a little organization. You'll find it a business tool.

Purchase the December number at your newsstand. Or write us to send *Nation's Business* to you regularly. 25 cents the single copy; by subscription $7.50 for three years.

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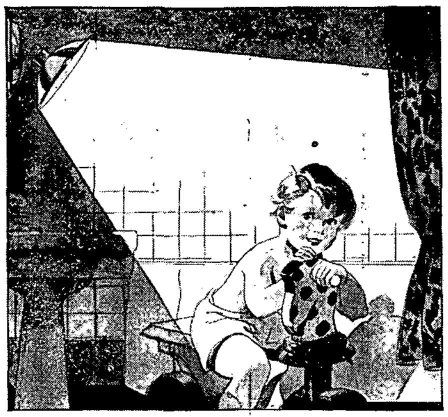
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

# Sunbaths FOR BABY

## – even on rainy days

**with this wonderful new G-E Bathroom Sunlamp**

**Only $26.50**



You know how Baby frets on rainy, gloomy days, when he can't get out for his sunshine bath. And you should fret, too, until you get him a G-E Sunlamp to take its place. For you know just how important sunshine is in helping him grow. Science tells you that ultra-violet rays of the summer sun help to build strong bones and teeth, and to increase bodily resistance.

Fortunately for Baby—and for the whole family—it is these same beneficial ultra-violet rays that are approximated so closely in the new G-E Sunlamp.

This new model is to be installed on the wall or ceiling of your bathroom, where it is out of the way, yet ready for instant use, and perfectly safe to use.

Use it for Baby's "sun" baths, and let the whole family use it—when bathing, shaving, shampooing.

Other G-E Sunlamps, for living room, sunroom and office, range in price from $34.50 to $59.50. See your G-E dealer, or send for booklet on the benefits of ultra-violet.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E wiring system. It provides adequate outlets conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

GENERAL ELECTRIC SUNLAMP

Merchandise Dept., Section L-2712,
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me free booklet "Sunshine and Health," telling all about the benefits of ultra-violet.

Name........................................

Address........................................

........................................

# Winter Range

*Continued from page 36*

Floyd Hopper stared at him irritably. "Just because you're gone on Campo Ragland's girl doesn't have anything to do with this job. This is for the protection of the Bar Hook people, as much as anything else."

"Protection or no protection," Kentucky Jones said shortly, "I won't touch it. As far as Campo Ragland's girl is concerned, I'll tell you straight and plain that if Mason hadn't died within fifty yards of her door, I wouldn't be here now."

"I guessed that," said the sheriff dryly.

"You guessed it, and now you know it; and beyond that—to hell with you!"

Floyd Hopper made a disgusted gesture. "All right. I don't blame you much. I guess you're smart to stay out of it, all right. I only wish I was—"

"I'm not out of it," said Kentucky Jones.

The other looked up at him, startled.

"I've already talked to Campo Ragland," said Kentucky. "He's given me a riding job. I'm going out and ride for the Bar Hook until this thing clears up."

The sheriff said with annoyance, "You just now said you—"

"Hopper," said Kentucky Jones, "how long have you known that John Mason was murdered?"

The sheriff came to his feet with a jerk. His eyes flared narrowly, but his face was grim and tight. "You accusing me of lying at the inquest?"

"Yes," Kentucky Jones said.

Floyd Hopper's leathery face turned a deep maroon, and in the shadows his eyes seemed like points of light. "Then," he said, "it's because you know a whole hell of a lot that I don't."

Kentucky Jones grinned faintly, relit his cigarette, and shook his head.

The sheriff's voice was heavy and intent. "Come out with it, Jones! What's your play here?"

"I'm going to try to get me the man that killed Mason."

They stared at each other. "Jones," said the sheriff, "let's get this straight here. Are you working with me or not?"

"Not," Kentucky answered.

THE dark color of the sheriff's face, which had faded slightly, now deepened again. "You look here, Jones! If the time ever comes when it can be shown that Mason was murdered—and the man who murdered him can be turned up—"

"Maybe that time," said Kentucky, "is coming quicker than you think."

"When it does come, I'll make my play, and I'll make it stick. In the meantime—think twice, you, before you buck me! You can make plenty trouble if you want; I've got no doubt of that. But it's you that'll burn if you do!"

"Reassure yourself," Kentucky told him. "If I can't make a finish play, I'll make no play at all."

"I don't know," said the sheriff, "but what you'll go a little farther than that if you know what's good for you."

"You mean—?"

The sheriff's voice was low, but his words had more force than if he had thundered. "I mean you'll sit out of this altogether. And—"

The door came open, shuddering as it broke clear from the ice that had formed at the sill.

The man who now stamped the snow off his boots upon the threshold was straight-backed and lean-shouldered; his age was indeterminate—he might have been forty, or he might have been much more. He had a clean-cut, knife-carved face, set with blue eyes as clear and penetrating as sharp bits of ice. And he radiated a driving, thrusting energy.

Floyd Hopper said without warmth, "Hello, Elliot;" and Kentucky Jones said, "Howdy, Bob."

Kentucky Jones had always been on good terms with Bob Elliot before; but now Elliot looked over the other with a coolly noncommittal eye. "I heard," Bob Elliot said, "you got yourself a job today?"

"That's so."

"Bar Hook?"

"Yes."

THE boss of the 88 looked Kentucky over again slowly, with a certain bleak irony. Then abruptly he turned away, breaking into the painful-sounding cachinnations which passed with him for laughter. You might not have recognized that laughter as such, at first, even if you had known Bob Elliot for some time, for he was not known for any outstanding hilarity. It consisted of a shaking of the shoulders and a series of coughing sounds, accompanied by a general pained, cracked-up look, but no expression of enjoyment.

The paroxysm died away. "And with a face like that," Bob Elliot was able to say at last. "Oh, naturally! Oh, of course!"

"I've found it a useful face for fighting a wolf," Kentucky agreed equably. "Still, I don't see—"

"Just the brand," said Bob Elliot, "that always goes loco over the nearest gimlet-headed girl."

There was quiet while a man could count fifteen. "I'm going to finish rolling this cigarette," said Kentucky Jones, "and I'm going to roll it right. Then I'm going to see if I still feel the same way about that last remark. And if I do—I'm going to smash your teeth down your throat."

"Maybe you are," said Bob Elliot, without emotion. "Floyd, I hear somebody rustled the bullet that killed John Mason."

"Uh-huh," said Hopper.

"I'm not sure that I saw that done, Floyd," said Elliot, disregarding Kentucky now, "but I think maybe that I did; and I think so more and more."

Sheriff Floyd Hopper came awake. "Who was it?"

"I don't want to name a name," said Bob Elliot, "unless we can make a test to see if I'm right. If I'm right, the party that took that bullet passed it on to another; and I don't think this second one passed it on. I don't know but what he's just dumb enough to have it still."

"And where is it?" said the sheriff.

"I think," Bob Elliot said, "that you'll find the bullet that killed Mason in the clothes of this man here: Kentucky Jones."

The three were motionless for a moment. The sheriff stared from one of them to the other.

"Look here—"

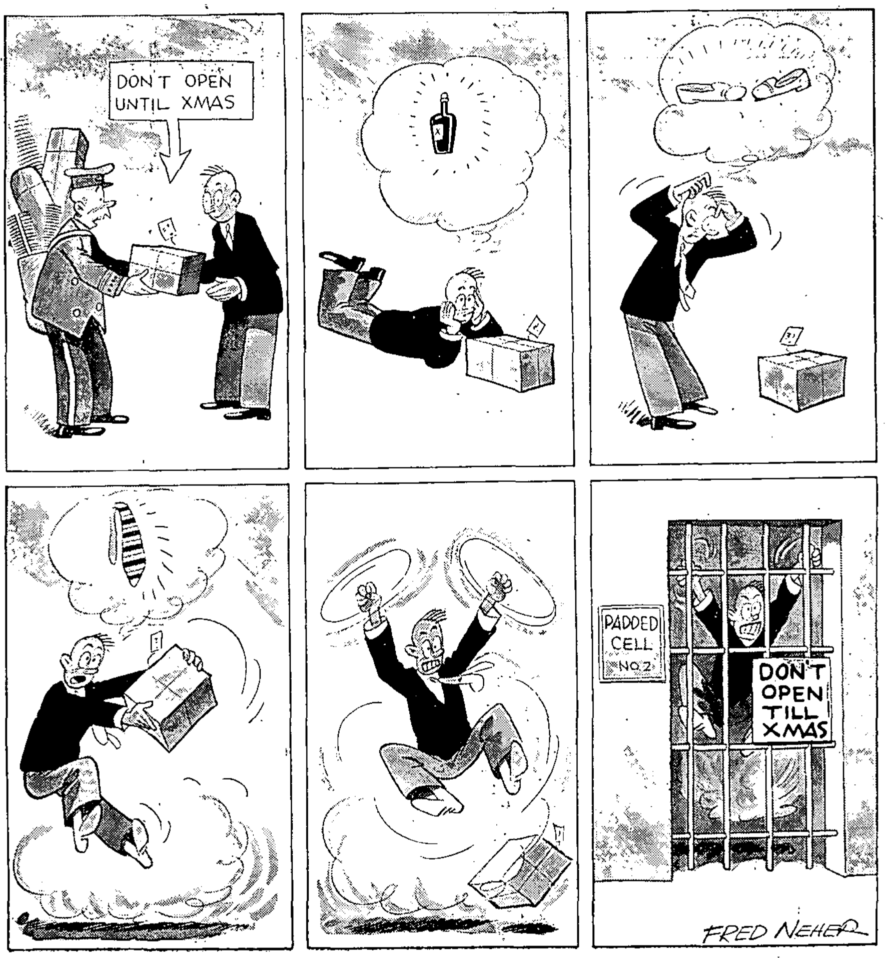
"That settles it," said Kentucky. He smashed Bob Elliot across the face with his open hand.

THE owner of the 88 staggered against the wall, spun half around with the weight of that open-handed slap. His face went white, his lower lip curled downward, and through the exposed teeth his breath sucked in.

Jones said, "Take care of yourself." Elliot's hand made a whipping snatch at the gun at his right thigh as Kentucky struck again, this time with his closed left hand. Elliot's head snapped back; he seemed to teeter for a moment, face upward, then buckled at the knees and went to the floor like a dropped saddle blanket.

"For God's sake get out of here," said the sheriff. "Get out of this town! He'll kill you when he comes up."

(*To be continued next week*)



# A Chip off the Yule Log

Continued from page 22

hanker for a change, you might try a white tree this year. Use only white lights for such a tree and decorate it with winter ornaments—like nature's own—a rain of shredded silver foil flashing icicles of glass and plenty of mica-dipped cotton snow.

For the Christmas dinner table an exquisite and entirely novel tree may be had for next to nothing—a real little cedar trimmed with real crystals made by dipping it into a solution of alum. The alum crystallizes over the green needles like frozen dew and you will never see a prettier tree except in the winter woods. Make the solution in a big crock or barrel in the proportions of a pound of alum to a gallon of hot water. Dissolve and cool it until lukewarm and then souse the tree in it, top downward—or if the tree is too big for this treatment, set it in a laundry tub and spray the liquid over it thoroughly. Put it in a cool place to dry and crystallize, and you will be enchanted with the result. Wire the tree with tiny frosted white lights and set it on the table on a mirror, covering the foot of the standard and edges of the mirror with sparkling "snow" or small sprigs of alum-dipped greens.

### Gingerbread Men

And how about some Christmas menus?

If you have children, one of your first activities in the culinary line should be the making of gingerbread men.

Use any good gingersnap recipe, letting the dough stand on ice overnight so that it may be cut more accurately and baked more crisply. A small, round cooky-cutter stamps out the head and a larger one the body. Strips of dough make arms and legs, currants make coat buttons and also eyes, with bits of citron or shaved almond for the other features. Confectioners' icing will add jackets, if you wish, after the jolly little gentlemen are baked, and a tiny sprig of artificial holly may be tucked into each still-warm right hand to harden there securely as the cake cools.

Supper on Christmas Eve when the tree is trimmed should be as simple as possible, preferably a buffet if the gathering is large. A frozen tomato salad, for instance, on its green bed of lettuce looks very Christmasy. Add to it some cold meat and some hot Boston brown bread or muffins and, for dessert, popcorn balls and bright red apples dipped in candied maple sugar.

Every household has its special Christmas breakfast rites, from a stern edict that the presents must not be opened until the dishes are done, to an indulgent one that each child may bring his favorite new toy to the table—a custom that proved embarrassing to a certain household the year the twins got their bicycles! Often in an adult family this is the time to open the Christmas cards.

And speaking of cards, notice which ones get the family cheers. Here's one from the Lawrences—just a nice buff-colored card with a holly wreath on it, but Mr. Lawrence has written a stubby black "Merry Christmas" across the top. Mrs. Lawrence repeated the salute in her slanting script, next comes Larry's wobbly first-grade hand, and down at the bottom two little thumb prints, for Baby Lawrence hasn't yet learned her letters. Then there's the Cummings' card—a sketch by clever young Tom showing the whole family, in characteristic clothes and attitudes, manfully shoveling snow from the driveway in front of the new house. There's an original verseful of news with it, too, and you almost feel as if you'd had a real Christmas visit with them. The Smiths', too, always gets an honorable mention, for they use their snapshot pictures—favorite ones that show the year's changes in the family life or special ones with a special meaning for the lucky recipient, who is very likely to go into a gale of laughter when he sees it.

And now for Christmas dinner. This can be a gorgeous gorge, as in grandmother's day; but, nowadays, if the board groans too heavily, the guests inwardly groan, too! So this year try more thought and less calories. Start, for instance, with this Christmas appetizer in place of the traditional oyster stew which, as the children say, takes up too much room. Cut thin slices of bread into star shapes with a star cooky-cutter. Toast and butter. In the center of each put a small circle of pearl onion or cream cheese, as preferred, filling in the rest of the center, as far as the beginning of the star points, with finely chopped red beets, and cover the five star points with chopped green pepper or very green parsley-butter. Both beets and green pepper should be marinated in French dressing and well-drained before using. For a very grown-up party, red caviar may cover the whole star except for a small contrasting center of pearl onion or cream cheese. Stuffed celery is both decorative and delicious as an accompaniment.

Next, of course, come the turkey and fixings, but not too many of the latter. Stuff the bird with an oyster or chestnut dressing if you want to be fancy, and, for the rest, have baked squash, cranberries, a light salad (Waldorf is traditional) and plum pudding. It's a dinner fit for a king, and it won't sink you for the rest of the day, either!

### Christmas Night

The plum pudding may be the good old-fashioned kind, brown and plummy and steaming hot, topped with a sprig of holly, but a simpler kind is a frozen plum pudding. This can be made the day before and left in the refrigerator tray until Christmas dinner or, if you have no mechanical refrigerator, the custard and fruit may be prepared beforehand and the pudding packed in a freezer Christmas morning. Here is the recipe:

½ cup seeded raisins
½ cup dried figs
1 cup candied fruit
½ cup orange juice

Shred the fruit and soak it overnight in the orange juice to prevent its freezing too hard in the pudding. Next make a custard of:

2 cups milk
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Let it cool and mix custard and fruit, and freeze in ice trays or freezer, stirring occasionally to prevent crystallization if it is made in the former. When half frozen, fold in ½ cup whipped cream and ½ cup broken nut meats.

As for a Christmas night party, no matter how elaborate the affair is, keep the refreshments simple, for everybody is plumb full and something light and refreshing will taste twice as good. A smart club near New York, ordinarily famous for its elaborate midnight suppers, serves only sandwiches and punch for the Christmas dance.

So with ruby punches and plummy puddings, festive greens and twinkling trees, with lots of old customs and a spice of new ones, let's celebrate a Merry Christmas.

Skate hard . . .
pass fast . . . shoot quick

but brilliant strength won't ward off "Pink tooth brush"

BRILLIANT endurance . . . muscles like steel . . . the exaltation of flashing speed! But you're just as likely a victim for "pink tooth brush" as though you took your exercise in a wheel-chair.

Your *gums* don't get enough exercise. The foods you eat are soft foods. Your gums don't work. With every day they get lazier, flabbier, more tender, until one day—"pink tooth brush."

And while the first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a dental calamity, "pink tooth brush" *neglected* lays the way open for many troubles of the gums—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease—yes, even for that big bogey, the dreadful pyorrhea!

Bleeding gums may even lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth, which means, of course, the possible extraction of those teeth.

Today—take the offensive against "pink tooth brush." Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and *lightly massage it into your gums.* For this scientific modern tooth paste contains ziratol, the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums back to health.

Ipana will give your teeth new cleanliness, new sparkle. As for your gums—look at them at the end of a month. Firmer, aren't they? "Pink tooth brush" will make mighty little headway as long as you use Ipana with massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-121, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

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Spur Bows make welcome gifts for men of all ages, because they're always in style and always trimly tied. Spur Bow's exclusive silks are soft and rich, and their colors and patterns are the kind men really like. A wide variety of other Spur-styled things for men — belts, braces, garters, and four-in-hands, all handsomely boxed — await your selection for Christmas giving at all good haberdashers' and department stores.

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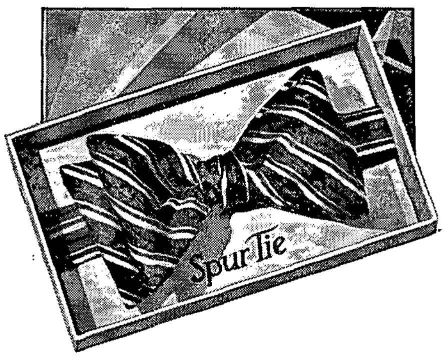


BOWS · BRACES
BELTS · GARTERS

# Only Vulgar People Quarrel

Continued from page 13

with a squeal of brakes and turned around and came back. There were two policemen in it. One of them jumped out and came forward with a flashlight in his hand.

"Whose car is this?" he asked.

"It belongs to a friend of mine," Mary said.

"Let's see your driving license."

"I—I haven't it with me," Mary said.

"Let's see the certificate of registration."

Mary hunted in the door pockets. She found nothing. "I suppose," she said, "it's under the seat."

"All right," the policeman said.

Mary got out and the policeman lifted up the seat. The certificate wasn't there. He lifted up the rumble and peered within.

"What's in the keg?" he asked.

"I don't know," Mary said.

"You wouldn't," the policeman said.

HE GOT a wrench and knocked the bung out of the keg and leaned over and sniffed. "Applejack," he said.

He hunted around in the rumble and dragged out a cloth sack full of cold chisels—all new and shining; and some kind of drill press; and a wooden case full of drills.

"It's her all right," he said.

"Sure," said the other policeman.

"All right, Sadie," the policeman with the flashlight said. "Let's go and see the sergeant."

He bowed Mary into the car, took the wheel, and drove on. The flivver followed at a distance of five yards.

They stopped at the Fairport police station and walked into a bare room furnished with a bench and a desk. A young man in uniform sat at the desk, playing with a kitten.

"Here she is, sergeant," the first policeman said. "Rinaldo roadster and all."

The young man turned and surveyed Mary. "All right," he said to the two policemen, "lock her up."

The two policemen took her by the arm.

"What's the charge?" Mary asked.

"Reckless driving," the first policeman said. "Driving without an operator's license. Driving a car without a certificate of registration—undoubtedly stolen. Transporting liquor. And burglars' tools."

"Is that enough, Sadie?" the sergeant asked.

"You're making a frightful mistake," Mary said. "I'm not Sadie."

The sergeant grinned. "What do you want to be called?" he asked.

"My name," Mary said, and paused. She didn't want them to know her real name. She didn't want anybody to know that she had been arrested, least of all her father and mother.

The sergeant chuckled. "It's all right with us," he said. "We'll call you Mary Jones if you'd rather. Only I don't mind telling you that New York is looking for you, Sadie."

Mary swallowed hard. She wondered if the family lawyer could get her out—and be trusted not to tell.

"Look here," she said. "Look at me—can't you see I'm not a crook?"

"We admit you're a looker, Sadie," the sergeant said. "But I know crooks. Most people don't. And they wouldn't see what I see."

"All right," Mary said wearily.

"Want to call up anybody?" the sergeant asked.

Mary glanced at the clock on the wall. It was a quarter to two. Judge Brown wouldn't understand. He'd insist on making trouble for the police and then her father would hear about it.

"No," she said wearily.

The sergeant nodded to the two policemen. One took her by each arm. She shook them off. "I can walk," she said.

She walked down a long corridor between tiers. They opened an iron grille. Mary walked in. The cell was lighted by a single electric bulb. There was a cot on either side. A slim young colored woman sat on one of the cots with her head in her hands. The door clanged behind Mary. She sat down on the unoccupied cot.

The colored girl stared at her with dark, sad eyes.

"What are you in for?" she asked.

"It's all a mistake," Mary said.

The colored girl smiled a faint ironical smile—as if to say that one expected such a reply from a white woman.

"What are you in for?" Mary asked.

The colored girl raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders. "I knifed my friend," she said simply.

Mary stared at the girl. She looked mild. She looked young and gentle and sweet.

"What for?" Mary asked.

"He was foolin' round with another woman," the colored girl said. "I got jealous."

"Did you hurt him badly?" Mary asked.

"Yes, ma'am," the colored girl said. "I hurt that man bad. But the doctor—he say he'll get well."

The colored girl dropped her head in her hands. Mary sat upright on the couch. She would have to call up Joe Lawrence. There wasn't anybody else. She would have to call up Joe.

"How do you call the sergeant?" she asked the colored girl.

"I dunno," the colored girl replied, "'less you rattle them bars."

Mary rattled the bars. The sergeant came down the hall. Mary told him she wanted to telephone. He grinned and unlocked the door.

Mary got the Tollivers' number finally, called long distance and asked for Joe Lawrence.

"I'm in jail," she said to Joe Lawrence.

"Where?" he asked.

"Fairport," she said.

"I'll be there in an hour," Joe Lawrence said.

"Please, Joe," she said, "don't drive too fast."

"I won't," he said.

THE sergeant took Mary back to her cell. She sat on the cot opposite the colored girl and waited until she heard Joe's voice down the corridor. She heard Joe say, "Where is she?"

And the next moment Joe and the sergeant came down the corridor. The sergeant opened the door. Joe put his arm around her. Mary let him.

They walked down to the sergeant's desk. Eddie Tolliver stood there with his arms folded, looking very fierce.

"Mary," Joe Lawrence said, "the sergeant is a bit thick. Would you mind telling him your name?"

"My name," Mary said, "is Mary Burleigh."

"What's your father's name?" the sergeant asked.

"Addison Burleigh," Mary said.

The sergeant shook his head. He was quite crushed. "After all," he said, "we were told to look for Shifty Sadie—in a Rinaldo roadster. And this lady was in a Rinaldo roadster and—" he fumbled at a folder and opened it—"and there's Sadie's picture."

Joe Lawrence looked at the picture and then he looked at the sergeant. "And you think Miss Burleigh looks like that?"

"Well," the sergeant said, "I don't think so now. But what about this applejack and the burglars' tools?"

"The applejack is mine," Eddie Tolliver said. "The tools are some things I picked up on my way through New York for our shop. We're repairing my airplane."

Joe Lawrence smiled. "The sergeant is going to forget about the applejack, Eddie," he said. "The sergeant is going to be awfully glad if we will let him forget the whole thing."

The sergeant nodded. "Yeah," he said. "What I say is let bygones be bygones."

"I don't know whether we will or not," Joe Lawrence said. "I'm pretty sore."

"Oh, Joe," Mary cried. "Please. He was just as courteous as he could be."

"You see how the lady feels," the sergeant said.

"All right," Joe Lawrence said. "We'll forget it this time. But you might try to learn—just try to learn—the perfectly obvious difference between the appearance of a lady and the appearance of a woman crook—so you won't make such a stupid mistake again."

EDDIE TOLLIVER took his car and drove off. Joe Lawrence put Mary into his roadster and followed.

"Where are we going?" Mary asked.

Joe Lawrence stopped the car.

"Back to the party," Joe Lawrence said.

"But don't they all know I ran away?"

"Yes," Joe Lawrence said, "they do."

"Then how'll I ever explain?" Mary asked.

"Don't explain," Joe Lawrence said.

"But—but, Joe," Mary Burleigh said, "I want to explain to you."

Joe Lawrence took her in his arms and kissed her and she kissed him back.

"Darling," he said, and his voice was utterly convincing, "don't you know I love you?"

"I love you, too," Mary Burleigh said. "That's—that's why I was such a fool—and was so nasty—and so childish. I was so mad about you and . . ."

She hesitated and Joe Lawrence kissed her. "And," he said, "you couldn't quite bear to give up and admit it."

"No," Mary Burleigh said. "I wanted to make you miserable—if I could."

"You did," Joe Lawrence said.

She put both arms around his neck. "But you forgive me?"

Joe Lawrence held her close.

"And I was absolutely mistaken about saying I could tell what people are like by looking at them. And, anyway, I didn't especially dislike that man in the bartender's jacket. I—the one I really disliked—was that awfully good-looking girl that took the cigarette out of your mouth and smoked it."

"She only did that for your benefit," Joe Lawrence said. "She's an old, old friend but she's mischievous."

"And I'd like to meet the man in the bartender's jacket, Joe," she said. "I really would. I want to meet everybody you like."

"You really ought to meet him," Joe Lawrence said. "He's a novelist, but he's all right just the same. His name is John Harkaway. Perhaps you've read some of his books."

"I—I have read one," Mary Burleigh said. "I thought it was really good."

# The Red Czar

*Continued from page 11*

were astonished to see that Lashkarishvili must have got home, for there was a light burning in their room.

They hurried upstairs and, opening the door of the room, Stalin uttered a loud cry of despair. Lashkarishvili was warming himself over the stove, in which he had built a fire, serenely unaware of the fact that inside it, at the back of the wooden blocks, the whole day's booty lay hidden! With one spring Stalin was at the stove. Regardless of the pain, he thrust his hand into the blazing fire. But it was too late! He managed to save only one 500-ruble note from the ashes. And even that was badly scorched. The rest were irrevocably lost!

The three men were wild with despair. All their trouble, privation and risk had been in vain. Their joy at having once again come to the rescue of the party turned to shame and desperation.

### Excuses Won't Do

They were also afraid that they would be suspected, and that people would not believe the money had been burnt in a stove. To suspicious minds among their friends, even Stalin's burnt hand might not provide conclusive proof.

"Since when have Activists burnt money in the stove?" Lenin would demand. Stalin bound up his badly burnt hand in his head-cloth. "In three days' time," he said darkly, "we must get twice as much, otherwise we shan't be Communists any longer!"

In cases of such extreme urgency there was only one way of being certain of getting money quickly in the Caucasus and it was undoubtedly accompanied by considerable danger. It meant raiding a train to which a mail car conveying money was attached.

That same night they left the town, and at the next station took the train for Rostov. They succeeded in evading the police fairly easily and reached Rostov without mishap. Sitting down in a little station bar, all three began eagerly to study the time-table with an eye to their next exploit. They discovered that on the following day a train carrying mail was expected to leave Rostov for some station in the direction of the Caucasus, and to this train Stalin pinned his hopes. Rostov was an industrial town and the revolutionary labor groups connected with the factories and railway depots were well known to him. A secret password, uttered at the right moment, secured him the confidence of the railway officials, and he had no difficulty in finding out which car was destined to carry the mail and money consignments on the following day, and also the destination of the registered packages.

It was an ordinary freight car with a tiny window and two little compartments for the railway police who were to travel in it. Next day, when the mails and registered parcels containing money and valuables had been placed in the car, the police officers got in and the station master himself shut and sealed the heavy door. Only his colleague, the station master at the station to which the train was bound, was allowed to break the seals.

During the previous night, however, when the car was being watched only by friendly railway employees, Stalin, Lashkarishvili and Ivanov had stolen into the car.

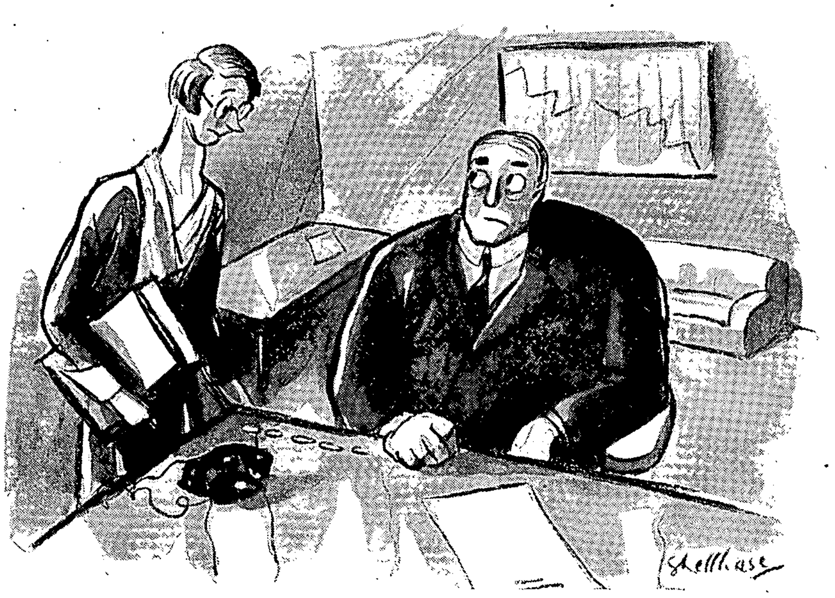
Next door to the two compartments for the police was a small lavatory for their use, and in this tiny space, in which they could only stand up squeezed together like sardines, they hid themselves until the train started. The five policemen took out their tobacco and their flasks of vodka and began eating their provisions.

### Caught in Their Own Trap

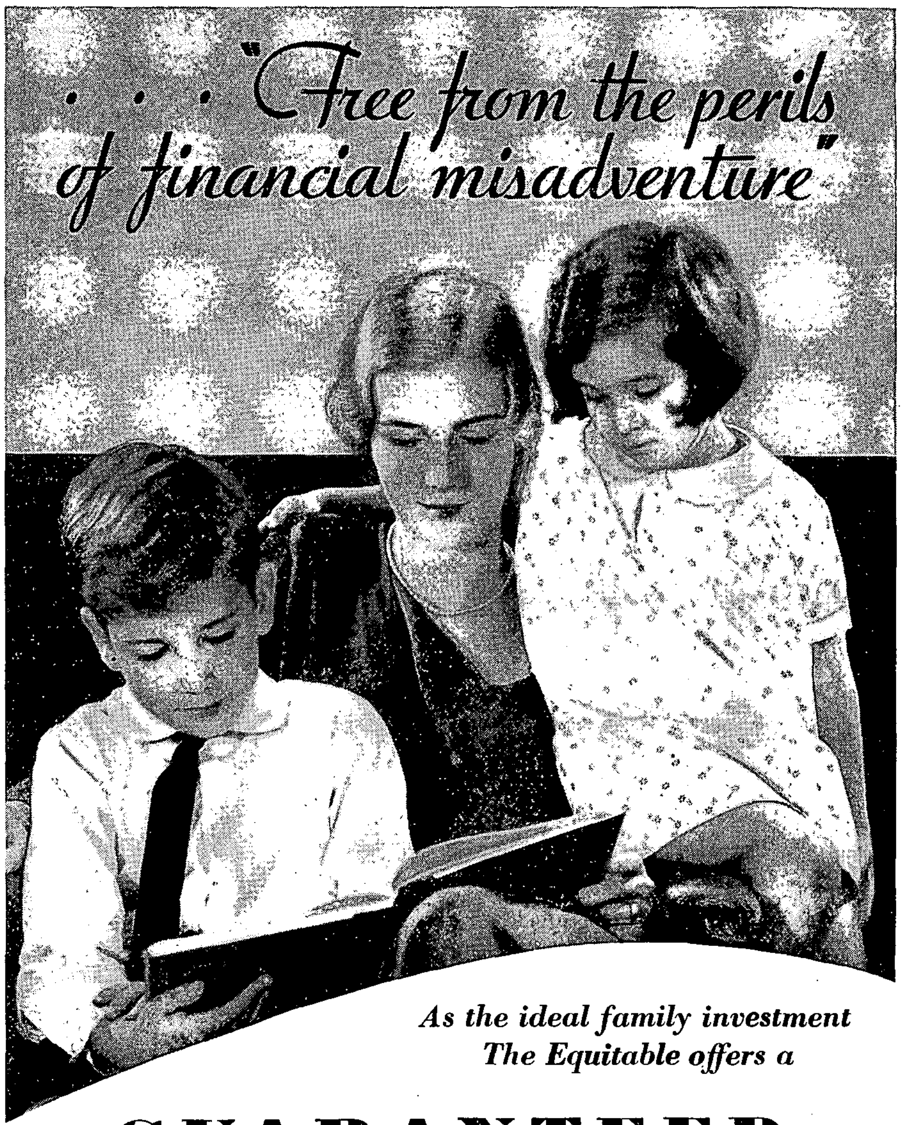
Slowly Stalin opened the lavatory door and cautiously entered the compartment. Before the police officers knew what was happening they lay gagged and bound hand and foot in a corner of the car. And now the most difficult part of the task began. The train was going at full speed, the car was securely locked and sealed and to escape from it was obviously out of the question. It was impossible even to throw the bags of money out of the tiny barred window. Nor was there much time left for reflection.

They found an ax belonging to the police, and with it chopped a hole in the floor of the car, through which the four bags of money were dropped. At first Lashkarishvili wished to follow the bags through the hole, but Stalin prevented him. Anyone attempting to jump through with the train going at full speed ran the risk of having his

*(Continued on page 42)*



"I'm getting low today, Miss Spottswood. Get me some toy balloons and a pin, please" George Shellhase



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20-C

(*Continued from page 41*)

head torn off as soon as his feet touched the ground. The three then started hurriedly to cut through the door of the car with the ax, their rifles and their knives. They had to make haste, for in the distance they could already see the chimneys and spires of a town. Soon they burst the door open and Ivanov, the nimblest of them, was the first to drop out. Lashkarishvili followed, but Stalin remained standing at the door. His burnt hand was hurting him and he was afraid that in jumping his strength might fail him. So with cold-blooded deliberation he waited until the train got nearer the station and began to slow down.

Meanwhile, however, someone had seen Lashkarishvili jump from the train, and the alarm had been given. Just as the train was running into the station, Stalin dropped into the soft undergrowth of the station garden, and the police, who were on the spot a few minutes later, failed to catch him.

It was the following day before he came across Lashkarishvili in a near-by village. He had secured two of the bags of gold. Ivanov must have found the other two. For days Stalin and Lashkarishvili wandered about the district in the neighborhood of the line, looking for their vanished accomplice and the two bags of gold. But they failed to find either him or the money. Ivanov had vanished without leaving a trace.

Twelve years later Lashkarishvili was staying in his Georgian home in the country near Gori and heard from a friend, a landowner in the district, that a few years previously an extremely shy and retiring gentleman from Russia had bought some land near by and had in a short space of time converted the property, which had been badly neglected by its late owner, into a blooming garden. Lashkarishvili decided to call on him. He rode out to the Russian's estate. At the door of the house stood a sturdy old gentleman with a bunch of grapes in his hand.

Lashkarishvili jumped from his horse and went up to him. "Good day, Comrade Ivanov!" he said calmly.

That same day the stranger vanished. What happened to him nobody ever knew except Lashkarishvili and one Georgian comrade who had accompanied him on his visit. But the latter never mentioned the matter, though ever afterward he would look with great respect and awe at Lashkarishvili's huge dagger, which always hung ready to hand in its sheath.

### Stalin's Friend

Stalin carried on three other Exes in association with Lashkarishvili, but we have no details about either the time, place or result of them. Soon the friends parted. Stalin settled down again in Baku, but after a time was sent into banishment, and Lashkarishvili returned to the mountains, where he also fell into the hands of the police. His subsequent career was remarkable. After the outbreak of the revolution, he returned to Tiflis, and there met Stalin again. But after this their ways parted; Stalin remained a Russian Bolshevik while Lashkarishvili went over to the Georgian Mensheviks and Nationalists, and the two friends soon became bitter enemies.

When Stalin's Soviet army poured into Georgia, Lashkarishvili fought in the van of the Georgian troops.

Stalin suppressed the Georgian insurrection with an iron hand. Ten thousand of the country's best soldiers fell in the struggle; the rest were taken prisoners and are still languishing in the prison fortress of Mtekh.

"It is precisely because I am a Georgian myself," Stalin told the insurgents, "that I will mow you all down." Lashkarishvili alone escaped and to this day wanders fearlessly through the valleys and over the snow-capped peaks of Caucasia. Stalin's spies could easily catch him. Can it be that they do not wish to do so? Has Stalin himself perhaps given a secret hint that the authorities are not to press the most chivalrous man of a chivalrous race?

Stalin's reputed activities as a perpetrator of Exes have not been described in order to reveal him as an inveterate bandit. On the contrary. All these acts of plunder and extortion were merely side shows which, as circumstances demanded, occupied Stalin only for short periods at a time. An Ex constituted an onerous, dangerous and unpleasant party duty, sanctioned by principle, which it was impossible to evade. For, like the technical side of revolution, the Exes also had their past and their traditions, their history and evolution, which gave them a definite place within the revolutionary organization. The idea of applying public funds to the Cause hails from the very dawn of Russian revolutionary movements.

### The Rising Tide of Exes

Gradually, however, Exes ceased to be merely the practical expression of lofty revolutionary principles. Highly suspicious and anarchical figures made their appearance, who naturally included Exes in their program, with the result that the principle in some cases ultimately degenerated into mere brigandage.

Cases also occurred of robberies being committed without orders from the party, and those who were guilty of them did not know how to dispose of their ill-gotten gains, as genuine revolutionaries refused to receive them in such circumstances.

Unofficial and nonrevolutionary Russia had watched the rising tide of Exes with stupefaction. The line of demarcation between politics and crime seemed to have been obliterated, and yet it was only the Mensheviks who were opposed to the Exes on principle; the other parties still hoped to be able to distinguish between robbery and politics. The plain people of Russia, the chief sufferers from all this politico-ethical chaos, were tongue-tied and terror-stricken.

Those who were filled with the greatest indignation and horror, however, were the ordinary everyday thieves and burglars, who watched the unfair competition of the revolutionaries in their time-honored game with consternation.

### "Caucasian Robber"

They tried seriously to defend themselves. "You are fighting the Czar and we are fighting the money-bags! We do not interfere with you, so why do you deprive us of our livelihood?" The fights that took place between the "politicals" and the criminals because they were poaching on each other's preserves constitute the humorous side of this phase in Russia's fight for freedom.

The Bolshevik Party alone escaped all contact with unorganized Exes. The dictatorial spirit which prevailed in it, and Stalin's military stubbornness nipped in the bud any unauthorized attempts on the part of indiscreet members. Compared with the other Exes carried out in Russia Stalin's performances were strictly organized military expeditions. And even if the epithet "Caucasian Robber"—which Lenin applied, half in earnest, half in fun, to Stalin—is to the point, the difference between him and any of the Anarchist-Ex-ists is plain enough.

Lastly, it should be clearly understood that, although Stalin carried out all his Exes independently, before he did so he always received official orders from the party to raise money somehow—money, always money! In this respect the "Caucasian Robber" was really only an ordinary official, an obedient officer of the Revolution, in short the faithful servant of his idolized master, Lenin.

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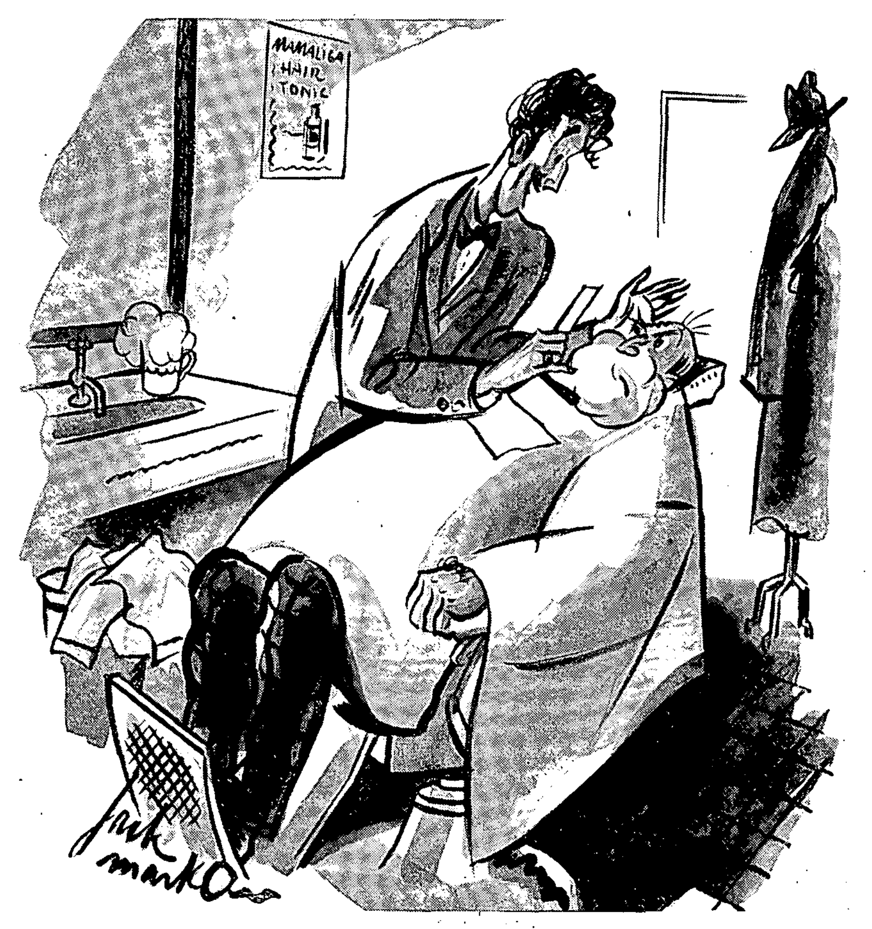
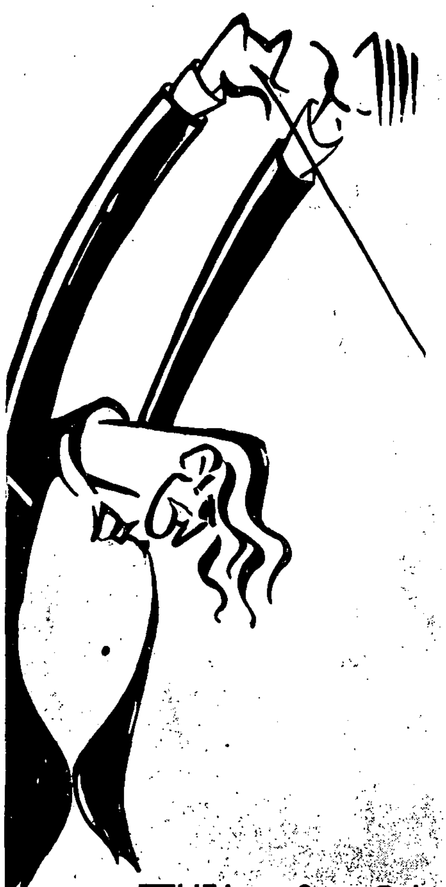
**This is the second article of a series. The third will appear in next week's Collier's.**



"Don't worry, Mr. Simms—I know I'm cutting you!"

*Jack Markow*



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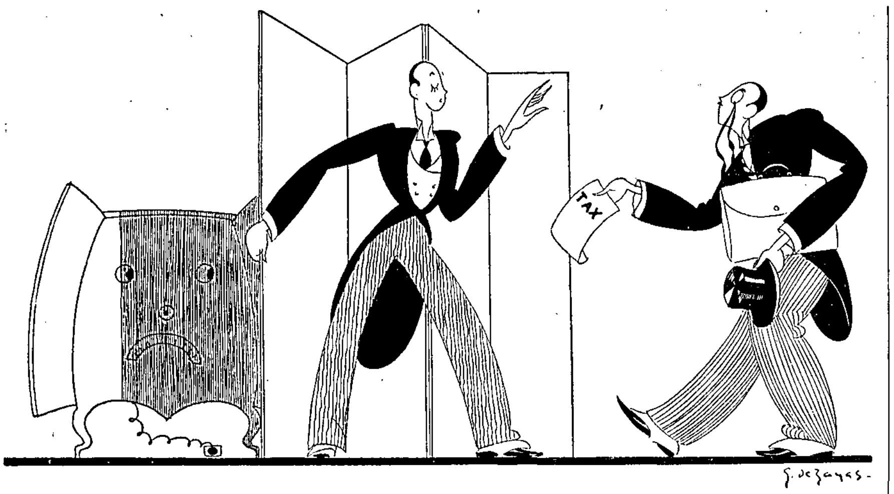


# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***One*** million Londoners are supposed to pay a license fee on their radio sets which amounts to about 5 cents a week. Six hundred thousand of them do it. But the other 400,000 hide their receivers when the tax man comes around.

***In*** the holy city of Meshed, Persia, where all things with any sacred significance are held in great reverence, the sidewalks are paved with old tombstones — placed face upward.

***Postal*** authorities estimate that there are more than a million American "suckers" who are swindled out of about $20,000,000 every week by buying worthless stocks, alleged cures, fake lottery tickets and other fraudulent things—through the mail.

***The*** world's record for the fastest *tip* speed of an airplane propeller is 1,500 feet a second, or a mile in less than 4 seconds.—*By L. F. Detling, Oakland, Calif.*

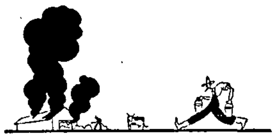
***A machine*** has been developed that will perfume—with an inexpensive synthetic scent—large areas and places which give off offensive odors such as refuse dumps, drainage canals, leather factories and slaughter houses. Ideal for breweries and distilleries, too!

***The*** League of Nations is having a difficult time collecting money. More than 30 countries are in arrears with their subscriptions. China and Peru are 8 years behindhand.

***The*** Masai tribes of Kenya Colony, East Africa, entirely desert a village immediately after a single death has occurred in it.

***The*** Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the world's most sacred place of Christian worship, is today in an appalling state of neglect and decay—littered with dirt and gaping with holes—because the various sects will not allow one another to clean or repair it for fear one of them will secure a better standing.

***Germany*** operates more motorcycles than any other country in the world today, the number being larger than that of all her motor cars and trucks combined.



***About*** 10 per cent of the annual hay crop of the United States is destroyed by spontaneous combustion.—*By Harry Harrison, New Haven, Conn.*

***In*** Cologne, Germany, the opera company recently substituted a boxful of lantern slides for its costly fixed scenery. These slides, which provide the "settings" for scenes, are projected on a white screen from the back of the stage.

***More*** hospital patients in this country at the present time are suffering from mental disorders than from all other diseases and ailments combined.

***Hæmophilia,*** the most consistently inherited of all hereditary diseases, which causes frequent and excessive bleeding in men — never women — from the slightest causes, at last has yielded to treatment after baffling scientists for centuries.—*By Cecil L. Morris, St. Louis, Mo.*

***The*** number of persons holding stock in 58 large American corporations today is 35 per cent larger than it was on December 31, 1929.

***In*** Korea, royal funeral processions, in their 30-mile march from Seoul to Kimkokri, are accompanied by several large wooden horses on wheels in case the departing soul wishes to ride one of them in its flight to the next world.

***Throughout*** Egypt today, the one outstanding crime in number of arrests is not the bootlegging of hashish, stealing or parking the camel for more than an hour but murder and attempted murder—by poisoning.

***Aniline*** dyes, those made of coal tar, now are available in more than 2,000 different colors.

***Some*** woods are heavier than water and will not float, such as ebony and iroka.

***The*** Dancing Dervishes, one of the two main classes of Mohammedan mendicant fakirs of Northern Africa and Asia, have been known to whirl like tops for more than 1,000 revolutions without stopping.—*By Grace H. Rooney, New York.*

**Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**

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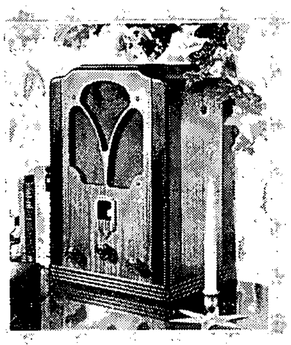
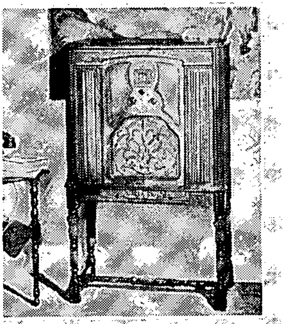


The Columette—a revolutionary new "midget."



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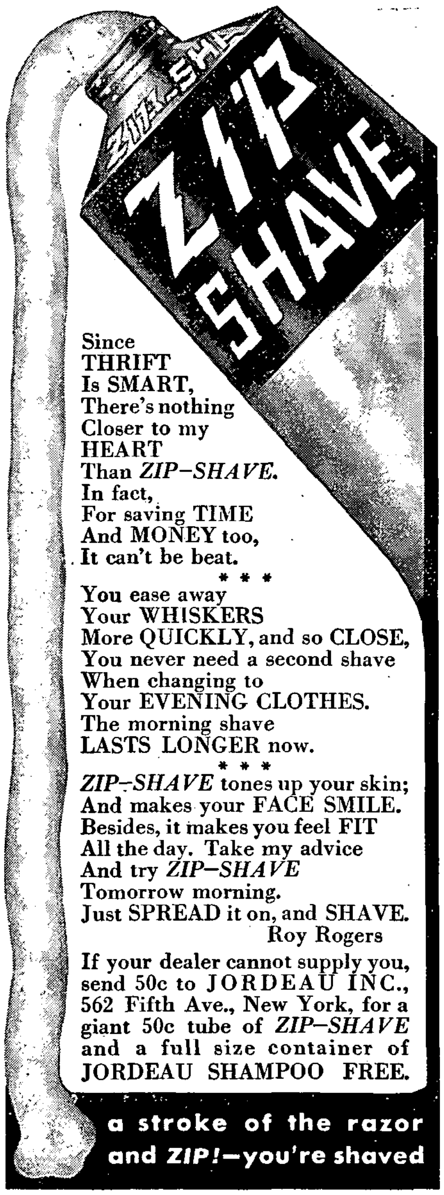

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# Home from Bethlehem

*Continued from page 15*

he made the hut seem poor, as it was.

Black Michael brushed his hand across his forehead. "For five long years," he said softly, "I have had no merry Yuletide and there is a longing in me for the spiced wine, and the song and the merry heart of it."

"Good!" Rob leaped up eagerly. "Ellen will make the cake, and we have two candles."

A bleak look came upon the man's face. "This is a sorry hutch. I will find a better place."

He need not have said that, she knew. While Rob stared in dismay, she hid the swift hurt of his words. "There is a tavern in Dion village a short ride on."

"Nay," Michael checked her words, and paced the ground impatiently. "I shall try the castle, where Sir Trigault must have a jolly hall. But I will leave the packhorse in your shed."

"Sir Michael," she said bitterly, "we thank you for yielding the led horse to our poor hospitality."

"More than that, Ellen," he said thoughtfully, "if I come not back again, horse and pack are yours. You will find therein—a mirror and a rare fine dress of velvet."

Again she bowed to him. "I thank you, my lord, for the alms that I would burn before I touch."

"Be not so sure."

For an instant his hand stroked her bent head, and when she cried out angrily she saw that he was walking away hastily with the war horse toward the shed, with Rob following. For a moment she stared after him, and then ran into the hut.

He had spoken harshly to her, and yet her heart beat fiercely in her breast.

"Saw you it?" The boy came running in. "*Ellen!* He put on fine mail—yea, he took the great shield from its cover, and it was our shield. I saw the lion of Dion."

The girl took him on her knee and pressed his head against her throat. "Rob, there be many devices of lions, and thou art a child." And as he wriggled rebelliously, she tightened her grip. "Hearken, Rob, 'tis wrong to hide it from thee longer. Thy father died in the war. They told me years ago but I wished not to tell thee, because—he will never come home."

THAT noon a throng gathered at the great tavern of Dion village to drink their holiday cup, and to gossip and to look at the stranger. For his horse stood saddled by the door, with the gray mantle thrown over him, and Black Michael sat in the high seat by the fire, drinking a bowl of hot spiced wine.

Word had got about that this strange lord had bested three of the Boar's men on the road, yet he said naught of it—in fact, he said no word at all—and he drank as comfortably as in his own hall. Moreover, at his knee stood Sir Errart's shield with the Dion lion, and upon the breast of his faded surcoat a ragged crusader's cross was still to be seen.

A little after noon a sallow youth came to the tavern, with a burly ax-man striding behind him. The youth called for no wine, but stood between Black Michael and the fire while the ax-man loitered near. The company of men upon the benches craned their necks to watch and the tavern-keeper hung about anxiously, for the youth was a swordsman and lieutenant of the Boar. He stared at the shield, until Black Michael turned it toward him so that he could see the better.

"Know you this?" he asked.

"I know well," the sallow man sneered; "it is the shield of Errart of Dion, who is carrion in the ground."

Black Michael had noticed that this newcomer had a silver boar's head on the clasp of his belt.

"Nay," he said equably, "it is mine."

"And who art thou to bear it?"

Black Michael smiled his wry smile. "And have you not heard," he asked, "how at times the dead walk the earth, bearing their scars home?"

The swordsman stepped back a pace, fingering the hilt of his weapon. "John o' Ghent am I," he whispered, "and I have stretched out better men than thou. Tell thy name or taste—of this!"

BUT as he moved to draw his sword, Michael reached out and caught his wrist. John o' Ghent wrenched his arm, yet could not pull free. And before his mate could lift his ax, Michael spoke:

"Go you back to the castle and tell the Boar, your master, that I will visit him when an hour hath gone by."

John o' Ghent considered this in silence, and Michael released his wrist. After a muttered word together the two visitors withdrew. Michael watched them from the door and summoned the staring landlord.

"Taverner," quoth he, "I would take my supper with me to the castle. Roast me the quarters of an ox, Taverner, and roast me some sheep. Fetch me a keg of Burgundy and a hogshead of ale with it."

"An' it please you, my lord, how—"

"And sleds to carry them up. For, Taverner, I have a whim in me. This night I shall sup in the castle hall, and my friends shall be with me, yet my foes shall eat in Satan's cellar."

As Michael stripped the mantle from his charger and mounted, white faces pressed against the windows. He rode off, humming to himself, toward the gray stone tower of the church. Then he turned and trotted up a lane until the cottages fell behind and the wood closed in again.

Two men were following him, cutting through the brush. At a bend in the road he reined in, and walked his horse back upon them.

"Well," he said, "what now?"

They looked like hunters, and one carried a bow unstrung, while the other wiped the sweat from a broad red face. "We come for no ill," quoth he, "nay, master, we would warn 'ee, for all thou be'st mad as a starveling wolf. Go not to the castle yonder or—or thou'lt have steel i' thy back."

"Then," quoth Michael, "have I need of one to stand at my back."

"Faith, master," the red-faced hunter shook his head, "an' we did that, the Boar would wring our giblets—eh, Giles?"

Michael glanced at the silent archer. "You are Giles the bowman," he said, "and friend to Sir Errart's children. By that same token, I bid you come with me."

Then he nodded at the red face. "And you run back to the village. Rouse up any weapon men who served Sir Errart. Bid them arm and come to the castle gate in an hour, and wait me there. Fetch Father Jehan with you."

The man scratched his head, then he grinned. "Aye—aye, the lads will come with good will to see thee mauled by Sir Trigault, who will make short work of thy madness. Father Jehan, now—he can serve to bury thee."

Whereupon he turned back, running, and Michael leaned upon the saddle horn.

"Giles, I mean to take this castle from Sir Boar. They told me that Sir Trigault hath no more than fourteen men with him. Is it true?"

Giles nodded.

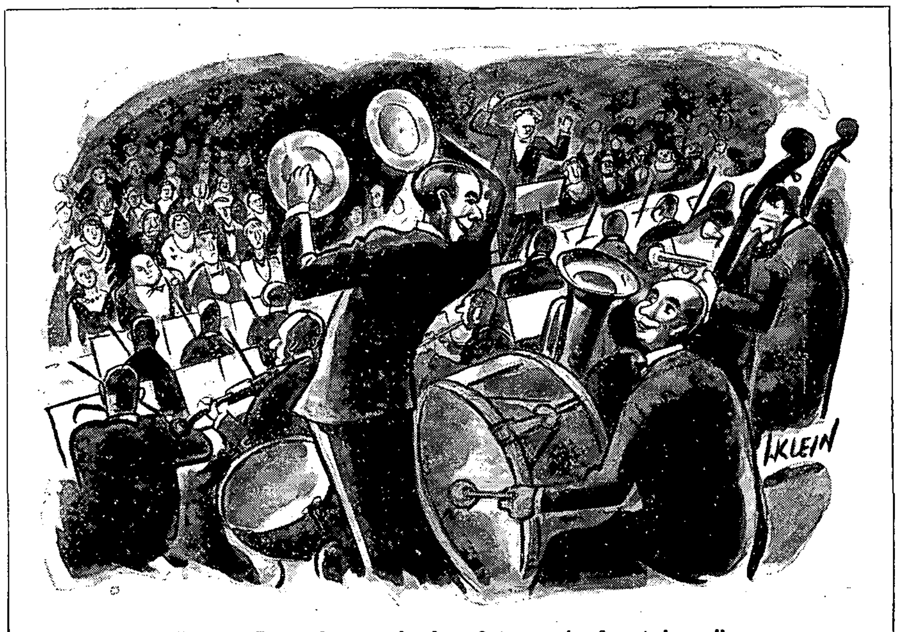
"These fellows would not know Sir Errart if they saw him?"

"Not they."

"Then lead the way."

IN a moment they passed a stream, and the wood thinned. A field of untrodden snow appeared on the left, and Giles pointed beyond it with his bow. Michael saw between clumps of pine a steep slope that ended in a height of rock. Upon the rock stood the gray walls of a small castle, and above the walls the red-tiled summit of the donjon tower. A strong place, Michael thought, a friendly place—and he liked it well.

"Go ye up, Giles," he said slowly, "to Sir Trigault. Say this to him—that he hath taken the estate of Dion unlawfully. That is one. He hath cast out the lawful heir, Robert of Dion. And that is two. And he hath laid his unclean hand against the maid Ellen of Dion. Which are three charges. Bid him remember them, one—two—three. I affirm it, and I will support my word with my body. And I will await him here."



"When I crash, watch that fat guy in front jump" *I. Klein*

Within half an hour Sir Trigault rode from his gate. That morning he had heard of the drubbing given one of his lieutenants, Grigol, on the road; John o' Ghent had told him of this stranger's boast in the tavern. The Boar ruled the countryside by fear, and if one defied him, that one must suffer for it.

Although he knew the challenger waited alone, he took no chance of a trick, and he left six of his men-at-arms at the gate that closed behind him. Most of his men were out in bands on the road, and so he rode down to the field with his two lieutenants and six men.

Trigault reined forward and halted. He wore good chain mail, and carried a shield. The bristling beard that covered his chin had been brushed up at the sides, so that with his small, quick eyes he resembled the boar's-head skin that lay upon his round steel cap.

"They named ye well, Sir Boar," Michael greeted him.

Chin thrust forward, Trigault roared at him. "What name bear ye?"

"I am Sir Errart of Dion."

For an instant silence fell, then John o' Ghent laughed aloud. "By God's mazzard, he lies!"

Michael's voice broke in upon him:

"Sure I have lied, and I am a great boaster in the world, and now I am playing a trick upon all of ye. But true it is that thou art guilty, thrice—one, two, three—and for every guilt a man shall fall to my sword. Trigault, thou art a foul fighter and now thy mind is to egg thy men upon me. Well, I will fight thee and these twain."

He pointed to Ghent and Grigol, who stood by their master. "No mercy," he added, "for now it must be to the death."

"Three against one?" demanded Ghent, incredulous.

"Aye, so." Michael dismounted and passed his rein to Giles the bowman. "Three rogues against one valiant trickster."

It seemed to Trigault then that the crusader was mad beyond doubt. Still, he had challenged him with his lieutenants, and the bowman could bear witness to that. He dismounted, tried the hardness of the snow, which being well packed gave good footing.

"Send back thy pack," the crusader advised him. "Three will I stand against, but not nine."

TRIGAULT ordered his men back a few paces and waved Giles away, so that the four found themselves standing upon clear ground, with Michael a dozen paces from the Boar and his followers.

The watchers saw them draw the long swords—all but Grigol, a heavy man who carried a short ax and knife. Then Trigault whispered a word to his companions and they edged to right and left of him, to take the crusader from the side.

"On with it!" cried Trigault, striding forward.

As he drew near, the Boar shortened his steps and then stopped, to let his men come closer. And the instant he stopped, Michael moved. A step to the side and a leap and another swift stride, and he was before John o' Ghent, who flung up his shield as Michael slashed at his head.

But in the air the crusader's sword swept down, striking the man beneath the shield over the hip. Ghent bent forward convulsively, his shield arm dropping as the sword bit into his side. Michael took one more step to the side and slashed at his head. The steel cap spun off into the snow, and Ghent's body went down like a sack.

"One!" cried Michael, stepping aside as Trigault rushed over to him and cut at him savagely. Michael's shield caught the blade with stunning force, and the Boar barely parried his return stroke.

The crusader's long blade swept in and back so swiftly that Trigault grunted and protected himself with shield and blade, while from the corner of his eye he saw Grigol circling to get behind the crusader.

Michael had kept sight of Grigol, and once more he leaped. Back this time, turning as he did so to face the axman. But he slipped as he struck the hard snow and went down on his knee. Grigol and Trigault rushed in upon him savagely.

Being nearer, Grigol was the first to strike, bending forward and grunting as he swung his short ax down at the crusader's head. Michael flung up his shield, and the ax crashed upon it. Without trying to rise from his knee Michael lunged his body forward. His sword thrust up, past the other's shield, and the point of it caught Grigol under the jaw. The steel went up into the man's brain, and his body hung limp.

Steel crashed upon Michael's side, biting into his mail, snapping a rib and sending a flash of agony through him. Trigault's blow had fallen upon his back just as he had lunged against Grigol, and the blade had not struck fair—the point of the sword raking his ribs.

SETTING his teeth, Michael staggered up, throwing his shield around to meet the Boar's second blow, then wrenched his own sword free of dead Grigol.

"Two!" he cried, thrusting the point of his shield at the Boar's snarling face, and slashing beneath the shield. The Boar sprang back, covering himself again with his weapons, and panting.

"And thou art—the third!"

Trigault's blade rang against his steel cap, and it flew off. Michael shook the drip of blood from his eyes. Bending his knees, he put all his strength into a sweep of his long sword. His blade fell fair on Trigault's shield, and the thin steel buckled and cracked.

Michael hewed down at the Boar's broken shield until the bones in the arm beneath it snapped, and the man whined with fear. Back he stumbled, cries coming from his open mouth. "Jacques—Le Baux—aid—" And Michael's sword hissed down at him, and down again and struck fair beneath his jaw. The Boar's body jerked forward and fell upon the snow.

His men, who had come up, stood in their tracks staring down at him—all but one who ran at Michael's back. An arrow flew and struck this weapon man, who sank to his knees.

"For Dion!" shouted Giles the bowman, fitting another shaft to his bow.

"Dion—Dion!" voices echoed. A group of village men who had been coming along the road and had been drawn to the field by the sound of weapon play, now ran forward. The five surviving Boar's men drew back toward the castle with no thought but flight.

"My horse, Giles," cried Michael. "Help me up, for these cow herders of the village have come hither instead of to the castle, and I must—reach the gate."

Climbing into the saddle, he spurred his horse up the road and vanished into the wood ahead of the fugitives, as the dozen stout fellows led by the red-faced hunter and the priest came into the field to stare at the bodies.

"The gate, lads!" Giles cried at them. "The Boar's brood is still at the gate."

Midway to the castle, the Dion men encountered three of Trigault's band hastening down the road. "How now, my bucks?" demanded Giles, confronting them.

"We seek Sir Trigault," cried one of the three. "A strange lord rode wounded to the gate, and bade us hasten to the tilt field where our master hath need of us—"

(Continued on page 46)

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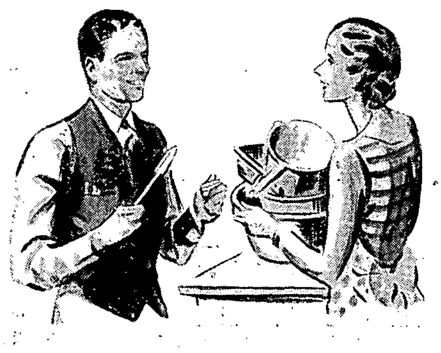

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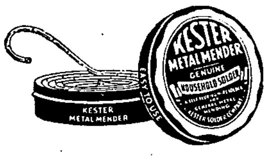

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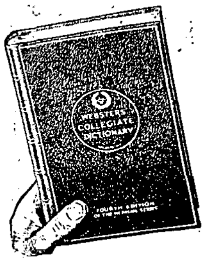

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(*Continued from page 45*)

"Aye, to bury him!" Giles roared with laughter. "Down with your arms, my bucks!" And when the village men had taken their weapons from the three, binding their wrists behind them and leading them along, Giles chuckled again. "By good Saint Denis, lads, this mad fighting man hath a way with him. Mark ye how he doth hocus and pocus these swine?"

They hastened on, and in a moment came to the outer barbican gate, which had been opened to let out the three men-at-arms. The drawbridge had been lowered, and at the far end of it Michael sat his horse, with drawn sword, and shield resting upon his foot.

HE DID not turn his head, but when he heard Giles and the hunters run shouting upon the bridge, he said to these Boar's men: "Throw down your steel, for your Boar carries his brawn no more, and this castle is mine."

And when they had done so, he turned to the village men. "Take up all weapons, but do these fellows no hurt. Muster them all, let them pack up their gear and foot it away from the Dion lands—every wench and churl of them."

"Yea, master!" cried the red-faced hunter. "We'll see to it—only get thee down and have thy hurt bound up."

Michael's gray eyes fastened upon him. "I will see to it. Whoso sets his foot within these walls obeys me or goes out."

He kept his saddle at the bridge until the last of Trigault's people vanished down the road under escort, and the sledges appeared bearing meat and wine from the tavern. With them came village folk and women who had heard of the taking of the castle. They stood staring in the gate at the crusader in his blood-stained surcoat until Michael summoned them.

"Clean me this donjon hall," said he, "and fetch in wood for fires and torches. Five long years have I passed beyond the sea. My eyes have seen the stars bright over Bethlehem, but never a Yuletide have I had till now. Haul me in a great fair log, and pour out the good mead, and light up—light up!"

He bade the hunters break open the hogshead in the courtyard and help themselves. One brought him the first goblet filled, and he drank slowly. "Go ye," said he, "to the stable. Saddle the best horse and lead him down to the hut of Sir Errart's children. Ask Father Jehan to go with ye, and ask the maid Ellen and the young cub of Dion to ride hither to this feast we shall have."

Then he went into the hall, leaning on a man's arm, and sat him down in the high seat by the hearth. He bade them take Sir Errart's shield and hang it again upon the chimney piece, where it had been before; but Sir Errart's sword he placed beside him.

Out in the courtyard where the cups passed round as the men hauled in the Yule log, Giles' great voice was lifted in song:

*"Noël, Noël!*
*Sir Christmas is here."*

The women at the kitchen fire heard, and their high voices echoed:

*"Noël, Noël!*
*Come ye all near."*

But Black Michael sat, chin on hand, gazing into the flames. He did not look up when the great log, decked with bright holly, was brought in. When a silence fell upon the hall and the robed figure of Father Jehan appeared, with Ellen beside him, and the burghers of Dion behind them, Michael got to his feet and turned toward them. Taking Rob by the hand, he led the boy to the fire and pointed to the shield.

"Look, Rob," he said slowly, "the shield of Sir Errart hath come back." He picked up the long bare sword that he had cleaned carefully. "And here is the sword that he bore—that he carried as a man should, as I know well. Now have I brought it back to its right place, and it is thine."

The boy's eyes grew round as he looked at the heavy sword. He went closer to the fire and, stretching out his chilled hands, suddenly smiled. "There is a bear i' the courtyard," he cried, "that walks and carries a staff!"

"Aye, so," quoth Michael, and faced the daughter of Sir Errart.

"Ellen," he said, "now am I master of Dion. The Boar and his brood will trouble you no more. This Yule cheer have I made ready for you, if you will share it."

"You are not Sir Errart, my father," she cried. "Though you have come hither to his home with his weapons. Nay, these years is he dead."

"I know it well," answered Michael. "For I took his arms after his death."

The girl's dark eyes burned into his. "Then name yourself, my lord—for I will not be the guest of a nameless man."

"I am not nameless, nor am I mindless," Michael smiled. "I am Michael o' Nial, who hath followed the wars for a living. Land other than this have I none, for the good King made me a knight after a deed in battle. Friends have I none, other than those who are here, because my comrades left their bones beyond the sea. I have Dion, and I will hold it."

"THAT is easily to be seen," cried the girl. "Oh, you are hard of hand and bitter of heart, but did you think I would come as a bidden guest to the hall that should be ours?"

"Not as a guest," Michael said. He went down on one knee before her. "Nay, Ellen, for I am after asking your blessed self to be wife of mine and mistress of Dion. Far wandering and bitter of heart as I am, never have I beheld so fair a maid, and from the moment when I met you I thought only that I must be asking for you, as I am now. Hasty it must seem to you, but I am not a patient man, and what I want I ever take."

Ellen flushed and held high her head. "For this I give you thanks, Sir Michael," she said slowly. "Still I think you seek to make a gift of Dion to Rob and to me. Well do I know that only a man like you could hold together castle and lands, and so . . . you have honored me, by asking—"

"Is it my love you doubt, Ellen? Think you I would have gone against death for aught else?"

Father Jehan stepped to the girl's side. "He is sorely hurt, my child," he said.

For an instant longer the girl stared into the clear eyes of the man kneeling before her. Then she clasped his head between her hands. Bending down, half shyly and half fiercely, she kissed his scarred cheek and lips.

Putting his arm about her waist, he turned to the priest. "Ellen o' mine," he whispered, "I have brought hither the wedding gown you would not touch in your house. And now, Father Jehan, you will be wedding us in the chapel here, for I am not a patient man."

MIDNIGHT, and they were all asleep within the walls—Giles and the hunters sprawled in the courtyard or watching at the gate. In her old room Ellen slept at last, the gown of velvet hung against a chair; Rob, weary and content, curled beside her, and her hair unbound, spread upon her pillow.

Snow drifted upon the roof, wrapping the walls in silence, and sifting fitfully down the chimney upon the Yule log that still glowed red. On a quilt before the hearth lay Michael, awake and in pain because the priest had only now finished the setting of his broken rib and the dressing of his wound. In the high seat, Father Jehan sat musing upon the pallid face of the master of Dion.

"Some say," the priest murmured, "thou art mad, and others hold thou art a doomsman, sent upon the Boar for his sins. . . . But I think not so. In this day, my son, thou hast lied, and taken the lives of three men. And what more? The maid thou hast wed, she loves thee greatly."

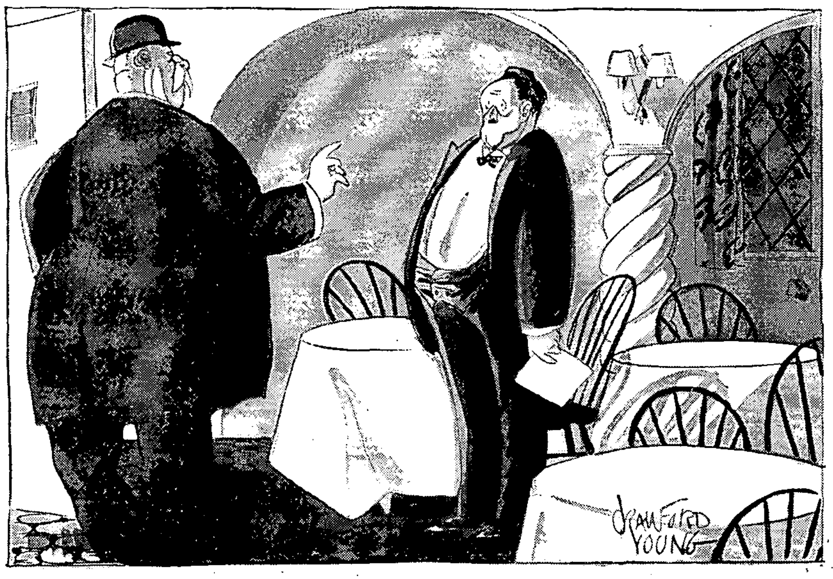
"As I do her," Michael said.

"And what more?"

Michael did not answer at once. Aye, the father knew there was something more. . . . His mind went back two years, to a dark night within the lines of the Christian army before Bethlehem. The stars bright over the road the Magi had trod, and on Michael's knee the head of a dying man who was his comrade. The words spoken last by Errart, "Michael, will you care for my children? They will be in want." And his answer, "I will do that."

It was finished now, and he had kept his word. To do it he had come to Dion, and taken it.

"Faith," he said to the priest, "there is no more to say."



"It has been discovered that you are selling liquor here. You know the consequences. You will pay more rent"

*Crawford Young*

## First Command

*Continued from page 28*

again at the chart. For fifty miles the bottom lay flat at twenty fathoms. No trouble there "We'll soon see which way he was heading," he remarked as he straightened.

"I think he's going the other way," I ventured out of a passionate hope that I was right. "And—"

The next charge drove me into the bulkhead but as I scrambled to keep my feet I realized that it was noticeably weaker. Before I could appreciate that encouragement, two more let go in rapid succession. Yet the "41" was still intact and, at least for the moment, the explosions were receding.

"They thinks they're on us, sir," Andersen called exultantly. He had never openly addressed the new skipper before. As one of the most loyal worshipers of the old skipper he had only barely tolerated Wheeler. Now he seemed to regret the overture as soon as it was uttered, for he turned away instantly, fumbling with his small round box of snuff, and thrust his close-cropped gray head close to my ear. "Found a big splash of oil where we was a-layin'," he growled with an air of explaining something that Wheeler's limited experience could not grasp.

The youngster flashed a quick glance at Andersen, but if he noted any alteration in the critical air of the room his tense face gave no sign of it.

"Stop both," he called an instant later. And in the ensuing silence our ears told us that the enemy was slowing. The grind of propellers stopped entirely a moment later. I thought Wheeler's eyes twinkled faintly at this new vindication of his judgment. He looked up at the clock and all eyes followed his. Ten minutes. Only fifty more before we could actually get under way, creep off from those searching depth charges.

Only fifty minutes? I could see that stark question reflected in a half-dozen faces. Fifty minutes with a betraying stream of oil welling up to the surface to be noted and followed by the enemy's eyes. The younger hands looked at Andersen, then at me, striving dumbly to read hope in our eyes. Yet a faint change had come over them. Voices rose in a steady murmur where before they had clung to their stations in dull apathy, convinced that nothing could save the boat. And back of that change was a sharpened interest in Wheeler's every move.

THERE began a timeless eternity of tension. At first we had thought of little but our immediate surroundings in the boat.

Now the grim contest in which we were engaged lifted us up above the surface. The torpedo boat was real now, each detail of her swift power picked out by vivid memories, woven into a symbol of remorseless pursuit; an eager cat stalking a crawling, fear-stricken mouse, a quarry that could neither run away nor fight.

It was that helplessness to strike back that was our greatest handicap. Wheeler needed every faculty of every man on board to anticipate the moves of the ship above. He had nothing but his own senses. Even before that German destroyer had rushed at us he had commanded no more than half of the boat's potential force. Now when we were no longer a weapon, a conscious threat to any ship afloat, but were a crippled thing intent only upon escape, the spirit of the boat disintegrated, divided into forty individual terrors.

Time and again we listened, hoping that the beat of screws would die away in the distance. Always jarring explosions proved that something was keeping the enemy close on our trail. We crawled and bumped along on the bottom, heading first one way and then another.

Then, after thirty-five minutes of this blindman's buff, the grinding screws grew perceptibly louder, mounted to what seemed to be a deafening roar, reached a climax in a vast and curiously soft concussion that flung men sprawling against the starboard bulkhead. The lights went out, leaving an absolute and terrifying darkness.

I was reluctant to struggle to my feet. Half dazed, I preferred waiting the end here rather than trying to win back to full consciousness.

But a mild and sharply familiar sound sent me scrambling for a foothold upon the slippery deck, fixed my attention with a deadly earnestness upon one noise out of many.

"It's water comin' in!" That one sharp yell coming through the after bulkhead seemed to drain off the submerged hysteria that pervaded the "41." We all heard water now, a steady, curiously gentle splashing, utterly unlike the abrupt flood that we had pictured.

"Nothin' but a bit of spray." Hinkle, the fat ship's cook, was obviously disgusted at the unknown's fear.

"OPEN the after door." Wheeler's voice cut through the darkness like a shaft of light. "Andersen, call aft and tell 'em to close their circuit—"

But the lights snapped on again. Wheeler stood at the wheel. Seeing him there made me realize that we were still moving, still slithering along the ooze of the bottom. It couldn't be so bad then. But the water still splashed aft. Wheeler dabbled at a thin trickle of blood on his cheek, glanced around for the quartermaster and saw that he was nursing a crippled arm. I took the wheel and Wheeler went to the door which the men were opening.

"I'll get it, Captain." Andersen shoved in front of him, tugged at the dogs clamping the door against its gasket. "They come close that time but you dodged 'em again."

The door swung open, disclosing a thin sheet of water on the deck of the after battery compartment.

"Only sprung a few rivets, Captain." Hinkle's familiar voice was unconcerned.

"Keep that water off the batteries," Wheeler directed quietly. "You, Hinkle, and Morris and three or four hands from aft, see what you can do. We'll give you the bilge pumps whenever we can."

Back in the control-room Wheeler called to the men working on the rudders: "How are you coming?"

"Twenty minutes more, sir. May cut it a bit if we're lucky."

"Bear a hand. We're getting our feet wet back here." He closed the tube and took stock of his control-room crew. Gates, the quartermaster, was nursing his broken arm. Two or three of us displayed cuts where we had been flung against the bulkhead. Yet wan grins answered the skipper's look. In the renewed silence the splash of water aft seemed slightly louder.

"Only twenty fathoms, sir," I volunteered with a sudden impulse of sympathy for the youngster. "Pressure's not bad."

Wheeler nodded with a smile. "If we could pump it overboard it wouldn't

*(Continued on page 48)*

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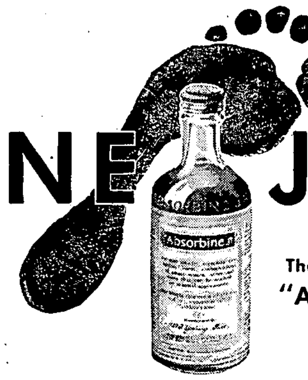

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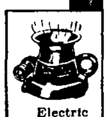

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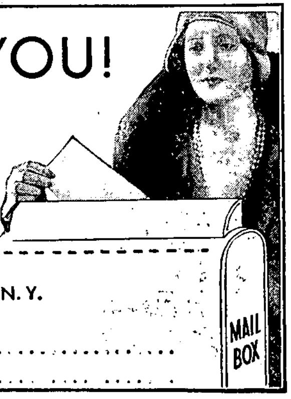

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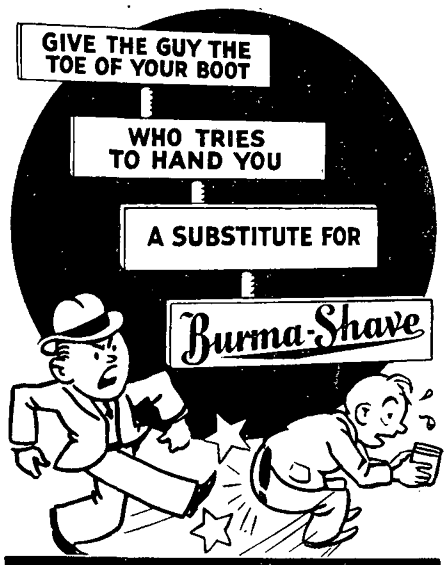
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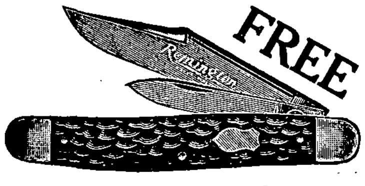

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(*Continued from page 47*)

matter. But we'll be up before we take too much aboard. If it begins to gain on us we'll just have to take a chance and keep the pumps going."

"Think the batteries will give us enough juice to get away from that fellow, sir?" I asked out of my own loneliness.

"We're not going to—" Wheeler paused then as if he had suddenly recalled his habit of silence. "We'll see about that when the time comes. He's stopped again," he added as the beat of screws faded.

TEN minutes more; two more ash cans, neither of them as close as the last. We began to breathe freely. Miller, the man on the listening tubes, came out of his cell, his pale face showing a gleam of hope.

"It was their fleet all right, sir. I can still hear 'em."

"Bearing changing much?" Wheeler asked with quickening interest.

"Think they hauled out to the westward when we was reported. They're past now."

"Tell Smeltzer to stand by with his radio. We're going up in about five minutes."

Going up? Mystification swept through the boat again. We looked at Wheeler's face skeptically, eying that cut on his cheek and wondering if he had lost his mind. Going up? With a destroyer waiting for us?

"If we goes up we'll come down," Andersen remarked to the compartment loudly. Perhaps it was the possibility of escape after all. Perhaps it was merely a let-down of his nerves—although I would have bet that the old electrician had no nerves. At any rate he had gone too far this time, had expressed a revived hostility that was plain in every face and whipped it into open defiance.

"We're going up! All the way up! We may come down again! But we're going to get off that radio." He paused at the little murmur that went up at this revelation. When he went on he was grinning slightly, yet suddenly his boyish air seemed to drop away from him, leaving another stranger behind the youthful mask of his flushed face.

"And I think we're going into port—under our own power and without alibis." With that one glimpse of the long trial that the "41" had put upon him the skipper stopped and glared around at us, his eyes still twinkling out of a grim, set face.

It was fifteen minutes before the report came forward that the rudders were back in commission. And by that time another threat had arisen to occupy our minds. Only one depth charge let go during the interval but it must have been close under the stern. For the motor room reported that water was coming in fast around the stern tube glands.

"How fast?" Wheeler asked, unmoved. "How fast is it rising?" He paled slightly at the answer, then turned and passed it on to us as if he had decided that the time for pretense was past.

"Keep the pumps going. And trust to luck that that bird up above won't be able to plot our position in time to get us."

Probably the destroyer had been so utterly confused by the strange pursuit that it would not trust its own listeners. At any rate the pumps had been going hard for ten minutes before we got the word that the "41" would maneuver once more. Wheeler turned to me at once.

"We'll let out oil, a lot of it. From the after tanks. Let me know when you're sure plenty of it has gone."

When I came back two or three minutes later the beat of propellers was audible again, and under that renewed threat every face in the control-room was turned toward Wheeler almost pleadingly. A dozen times in the past hour they had been sure of the end. They had the actual proof now in the rising water aft, the steady throb of those revealing pumps, and that waiting destroyer up above where Wheeler planned to take us. Yet a sharp change had come over them. It was neither hope nor confidence in their quiet, fixed eyes, but something like a startled wonder, half-unconscious, grudging respect for this man who seemed to know how to make the "41" effective, make her triumph even in her own destruction.

For an instant I caught myself hoping. But only for an instant. There was no sense to it. The German might be too intent upon the oil slick to spot our periscope at once. But long before we could train our tubes on him, long before we could surface the boat and get off even a fragment of a contact report he would spot us, pounce on us with his full power behind his knife stem. It would all be over before any of us there in the control-room knew we were up.

Only Wheeler would see. Only his eyes at the periscope would catch the swift end of his first and last command. It was there, I think, that I began to pity him. Knowing that nothing I could do would affect the result, I suddenly experienced a cold fury, a blind, unreasonable bitterness at myself, at the others there in the boat, at the war, for stacking the cards against that youngster standing there by the periscope, unshrinking and unafraid, absorbed in his job.

Wheeler nodded at me, stooped and gripped the handles of his periscope. I knew by the feel of her that he had already picked her up off the bottom. He leaned back to look at the compass, listening intently.

"I'd say they're broad on our starboard quarter?" he remarked questioningly.

I listened a moment. "Or a little more forward—toward the beam."

He nodded again, motioned to the helmsman and the boat heeled as she came around. "She's heavy now—down by the stern." He waved to Devlin at the diving rudders. "We can't let her break surface." Then he looked around once more at the intent faces, grinned briefly. "All set? Then let's go."

SLOWLY, very slowly, the depth-gauge needle began to crawl around its arc. When it reached one hundred feet Gates sighed audibly at my elbow. At seventy the skipper stopped her while I strove to trim her to an even keel. The throb of the pumps fell away a little. The rustle of water outside assumed a measured beat as the undertread of seas caught the boat.

The burr of a voice-tube bell wrung a sharp gasp from somebody behind me.

"Yes." Wheeler's voice shook a little now, but his hands were steady on the periscope.

"For a short run the fish in the starboard tube—" We could all hear Daly's voice from the torpedo-room. A brief grin circled the control-room. So even now old Daly insisted that each torpedo has its own characteristics.

"All right—all right," Wheeler cut in, beginning to show the strain. "Make it the starboard tube."

The needle was nearing fifty feet now. Wheeler ran the periscope up a few feet, lowered it, then raised it to its full height. Everything that could be done had been done now. There remained only the dragging seconds until that periscope tip broke surface to give the "41" her only glimpse of the outer world through Wheeler's eyes.

"Handsomely." He cautioned. "Don't let her take charge."

We were rolling now. The sound of the sea was smothering the fainter noise of the enemy's propellers. I licked my dry lips. My eyes bored into Wheeler's stooping shoulders as I strove to catch the instant when he first saw growing light around the periscope top.

A moment later I saw his knuckles whiten on the periscope handle. Every sense of every man there in the control-room came to a focus on that one stooping figure.

Swaying to the roll, he twisted the periscope, silent, tense and almost motionless. Then, sensing that silent, passionate appeal for information, he spoke quietly:

"Close! They're not five hundred yards— Left full rudder! Back full port. Ahead full starboard! They're turning now—coming toward—stop both—meet her!"

I don't think we half heard his orders to helm and motors. The words were instantly transformed into action with the mechanical precision of trained habit. But hands were reaching out to grip any projection that offered support against the impact of that charging destroyer's stem.

THE boat steadied after her swing. Then Wheeler's hand crept toward the torpedo firing key, moving cautiously as if he feared that he would alarm his target by a quick movement. Nobody breathed. Every eye was fixed on Wheeler's stiff shoulders, staring, striving by sheer force of will to see what only he could see. We rolled to starboard, then back to port more slowly. The brown hand still hovered over the key while the periscope wavered, turned slowly, then stopped.

The finger pressed down quickly, firmly. A faint, almost imperceptible quiver reached our taut senses from the hull of the boat. The finger pressed again. Instantly the periscope started down.

"Bring her down easy. They're coming—"

The "41" shuddered then, shook herself slowly as if some faint echo of the last depth charge had been flung back at her from the bottom. The tension was so great there in the quiet room that no man moved or breathed when Wheeler looked around from the periscope. As his mouth opened to speak, a vague, directionless muttering seemed to come from the water all about us.

"Surface!"

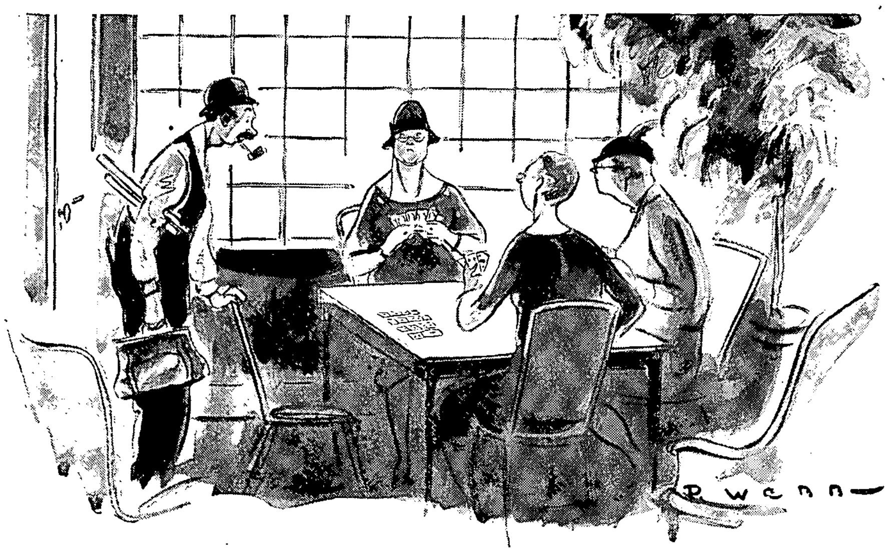
Instantly, automatically, hands reached out. The boat stirred, came to life. But the eyes clung to Wheeler. Men themselves were still held rigidly at their stations by an absorption that had suddenly made us all part of him.

"We got him, Captain." It was not a question but a statement of fact, and across the room old Andersen's face shone with pride. The triumph—if it was a triumph, for even now we could not be sure—was not to be Wheeler's alone, I realized as I saw the self-satisfaction in the electrician's small eyes.

A minute later, gratefully breathing spray-drenched air on the bridge, we saw the destroyer heeled far over on her beam ends with men swarming into the sea beside her and knew the taste of success. Overhead the radio was stuttering out our warning to the British. Far off on the northern horizon a growing smudge of smoke betrayed a torpedo boat coming to the destroyer's rescue.

From the open hatch at my feet Andersen's voice sounded exultantly.

"She done it. The old '41' done it. He's young, the Old Man is. But you watch 'er. She'll make a man of him yet."



"If you'll excuse me, ladies, I'll look after that broken pipe while I'm dummy"

# How would you play it?

### By Milton C. Work

*Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge*

*North*
S. K-J-7-4
H. 8-6-3-2
D. 5-4-2
C. A-9

*West*
S. 9
H. A-K-Q-9
D. K-J-6-3
C. Q-J-5-4

*East*
S. 10-5
H. J-5-4
D. 10-9-8
C. 8-7-6-3-2

*South (Dealer)*
S. A-Q-8-6-3-2
H. 10-7
D. A-Q-7
C. K-10

THE above hand was played at nineteen tables of Duplicate Contract and the various North and South players did not have much trouble in arriving at a four-Spade contract with South the Declarer. In most cases South bid two Spades and West doubled; his hand was a perfect informative double. After West's double, none of the Norths redoubled, some passed (knowing that East would bid), some bid three Spades (which, being an advance of an original two-bid forced South to bid again), but the majority bid four Spades so as to shut East out.

All the Souths played a four-Spade contract, doubled at most tables.

When the hand was played the first three tricks were identical at all the tables. West led successively the King, Queen and Ace of Hearts; he captured the first two tricks, and the third was ruffed by South. At most tables all that the Declarer could see was that he was sure to take six Spade tricks, two Clubs and one Diamond; and that by a Diamond finesse he might make his contract. These Declarers failed to draw from West's double the obvious inference that West had the King of Diamonds, and that the Diamond finesse would not succeed. They led two rounds of trumps, winning the second in dummy, and then a Diamond for a finesse which lost and, regardless of what West led next, had to lose another Diamond and failed to go game.

The half-dozen Declarers who looked a little deeper into the problem appreciated that the King of Diamonds almost certainly was in the wrong position for the finesse and they led three rounds of trumps, leaving one in dummy and two in closed hand. Following this they led two Clubs, taking the second in dummy; and after that a Diamond, intending to play the Seven from the closed hand and pass the trick up to West, who then could have made a lead which would not have been fatal to his side. Unfortunately for the success of this scheme, East played the Eight of Diamonds and South was obliged either to put up the Queen (which for reasons above stated would kill his chances) or to duck—in which event East would continue the Diamonds and Declarer would lose two tricks.

A few Declarers developed the hand as a squeeze, leading five rounds of trumps at the very start. This play was based upon the knowledge that dummy had nothing to ruff and that, dummy having a Heart left, discarding might embarrass West. West appreciated that South could not have three Clubs or he would have utilized one of dummy's trumps for ruffing a Club; therefore he unhesitatingly discarded three Clubs and one Diamond and kept his winning Heart and guarded Diamonds. Next the Declarer led two Clubs, winning the second in dummy; and West followed suit to one and discarded a second Diamond on the other. West still had a good Heart and the guarded King of Diamonds; a Heart lead and a Diamond discard by South would have made game, but none of the Declarers realized it and all finessed the Diamonds.

One method of playing the hand was sure to bring home the bacon. Only two Declarers saw it. After exhausting the adverse Spades, Declarer should have won a club trick with South's King and another with North's Ace; thus eliminating the Club suit from both his hands. Then West should have been put in by leading North's losing Heart and having South discard the Seven of Diamonds. (East's play of the Jack of Hearts at trick 3 marked West with the Nine). After that, West could lead a Club—which dummy could trump and on which South would discard his Diamond Queen; or he could lead a Diamond into the jaws of South's major tenace. Either lead would give Declarer game.

**Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.**

*North*
S. 7-6-5-3-2
H. None
D. 7-6-4-2
C. 6-5-3-2

*East*
S. A-10
H. A-J-10-9-5
D. A-J-10
C. K-J-8

*West*
S. Q-J
H. Q-8-7-4-2
D. 9-8-5
C. A-7-4

*South (Dealer)*
S. K-9-8-4
H. K-6-3
D. K-Q-3
C. Q-10-9

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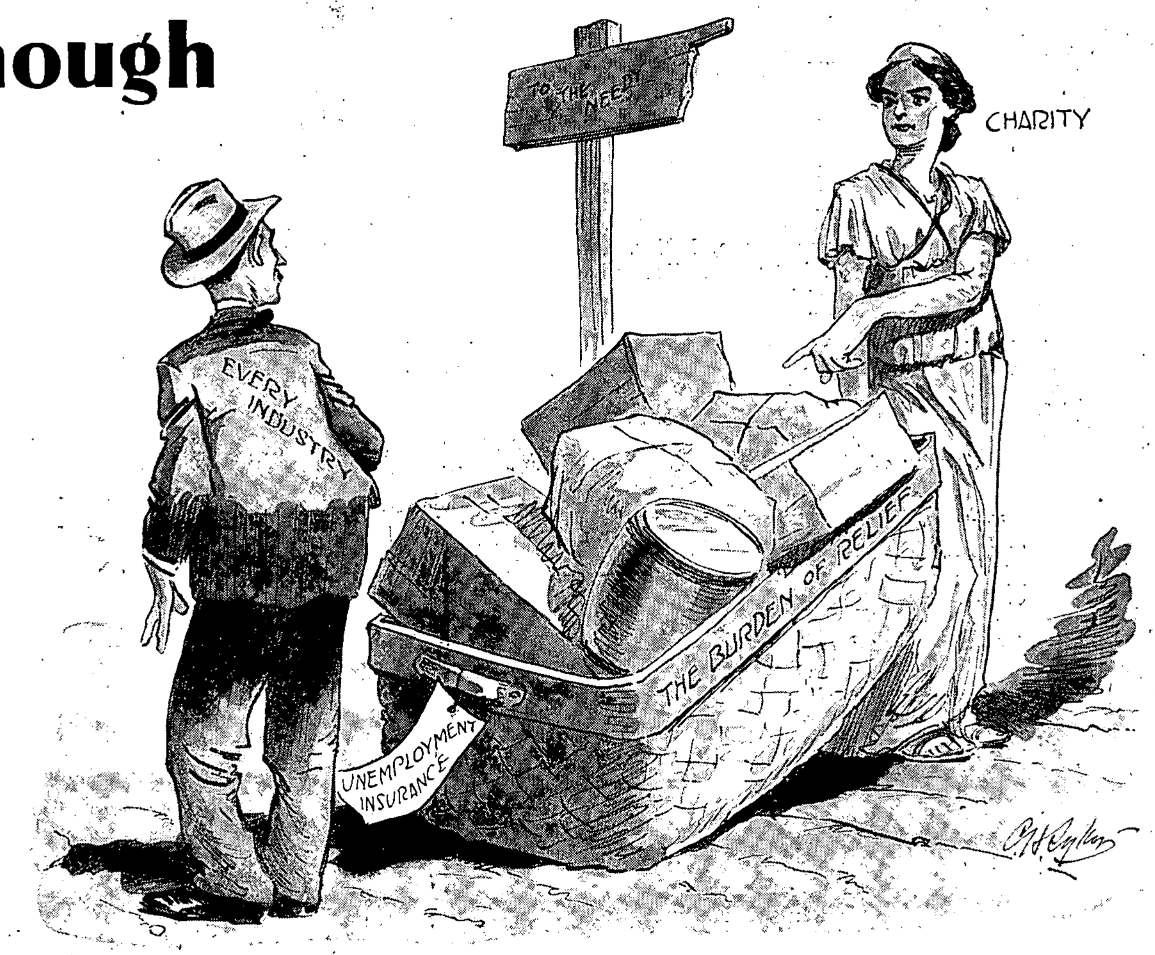
# Charity isn't Enough



IN GOOD times about forty-eight millions of Americans are gainfully employed. This winter about seven and a half millions are out of work.

Not all of these unemployed would have jobs if times were better. Industry changes and workers are discharged. People become sick. Some lose their efficiency. A thousand and one causes separate workers and jobs. Yet when all has been said it is still true that several millions of those now workless will be employed when business is again normal.

As a nation we have made a splendid response to the appeal made by the President's Committee for funds to aid those unemployed.

Contributions have been generously made even at the cost of severe personal sacrifice and privation. The raising of these funds is a magnificent exhibition of neighborliness and benevolence. Good will and generosity have been splendidly proved.

Charity, however, is not enough. It is still more blessed to give than to receive. The honest, capable worker, idle and without funds through no fault of his own, ought not to be compelled to seek charity to keep alive.

Even in ancient times men knew that lean years succeed seasons of plenty. The great Jew, Joseph, established his fame as a wise administrator in Egypt when he saved the surplus food of the fat years for the hard times he foresaw ahead.

Our trouble arose from our unwillingness to use foresight. If we know anything we know that good times follow depressions and that depressions come after boom periods. In good years we produce surpluses of goods and of earnings part of which can be saved for future need.

Our present method is to pretend that bad times will never return, and then when the dismaying situation is at hand we appeal to our charitable impulses. There is not much intelligence in this. We are a mature people. We can afford to think ahead and to protect ourselves against inevitable emergencies.

We have said in the past that individual saving was preparation enough. Experience does not verify this cheerful belief. The higher paid and the more thrifty do save. Millions can't and don't. Yet they must live. Actually they are supported by charity.

The rational course is to plan to meet these recurrent emergencies. The device which other civilized nations use is insurance. We, too, shall come to that.

We have been reluctant to consider insurance because we are a nation of individualists and because we have been deceived by silly propaganda.

We hear it said, for example, that England is in trouble because of the dole. The reverse is true. England has the dole because she is in trouble.

The dole has little or nothing to do with unemployment insurance. Even in England and Germany unemployment insurance is paid for by workers and their employers. The governments merely make contributions to the funds.

When, however, times got so bad after the war that the insurance funds were exhausted, the governments increased their contributions to make good the deficiencies.

These contributions became "the dole." The money was appropriated by Britain and Germany precisely as money was appropriated by our Congress for Belgian relief or for the Mississippi flood victims. Similar funds have been voted by states and cities for the relief of those now unemployed.

The dole is governmental charity. It is not insurance. The dole is justified as charity is justified. We like the word "charity." The British prefer "dole." We talk about the same thing. Insurance provides a sturdier protection.

Nobody in this country wants to see the United States government establish a vast national system of unemployment insurance. That sort of scheme is childishly un-American. What is practicable and American is to provide insurance, industry by industry, under the stimulation of state legislation.

Gerard Swope has suggested a concrete plan for the electrical industry.

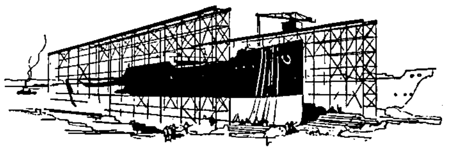
Other thoughtful industrial leaders have made similar proposals. One of the best is the setting aside of an employment surplus to which a certain relatively small percentage of the annual earnings is regularly contributed. Over any long period one or two per cent would be enough.

Industrial leaders should work out at the earliest possible moment plans for the establishment of such funds and of insurance based upon contributions by workers and employers.

Already much valuable experience has been gained by progressive leaders of industry. Clothing manufacturers in Chicago and Rochester, Procter and Gamble, the General Electric Company, the Eastman Kodak Company and many others have made experiments and accumulated information of great value to others.

It is, of course, too much to hope that all industries will behave as well as the most enlightened. It will be necessary, accordingly, for the states to provide standards which must be observed in the conduct of business. The precedent exists in Workmen's Compensation insurance. We can protect ourselves against unemployment by the same methods now used to compensate those injured in the course of employment.

The lessons of the last two years are plain enough. If we have the wisdom to profit by this tragic experience, we can protect ourselves against the worst effects of any future depression.



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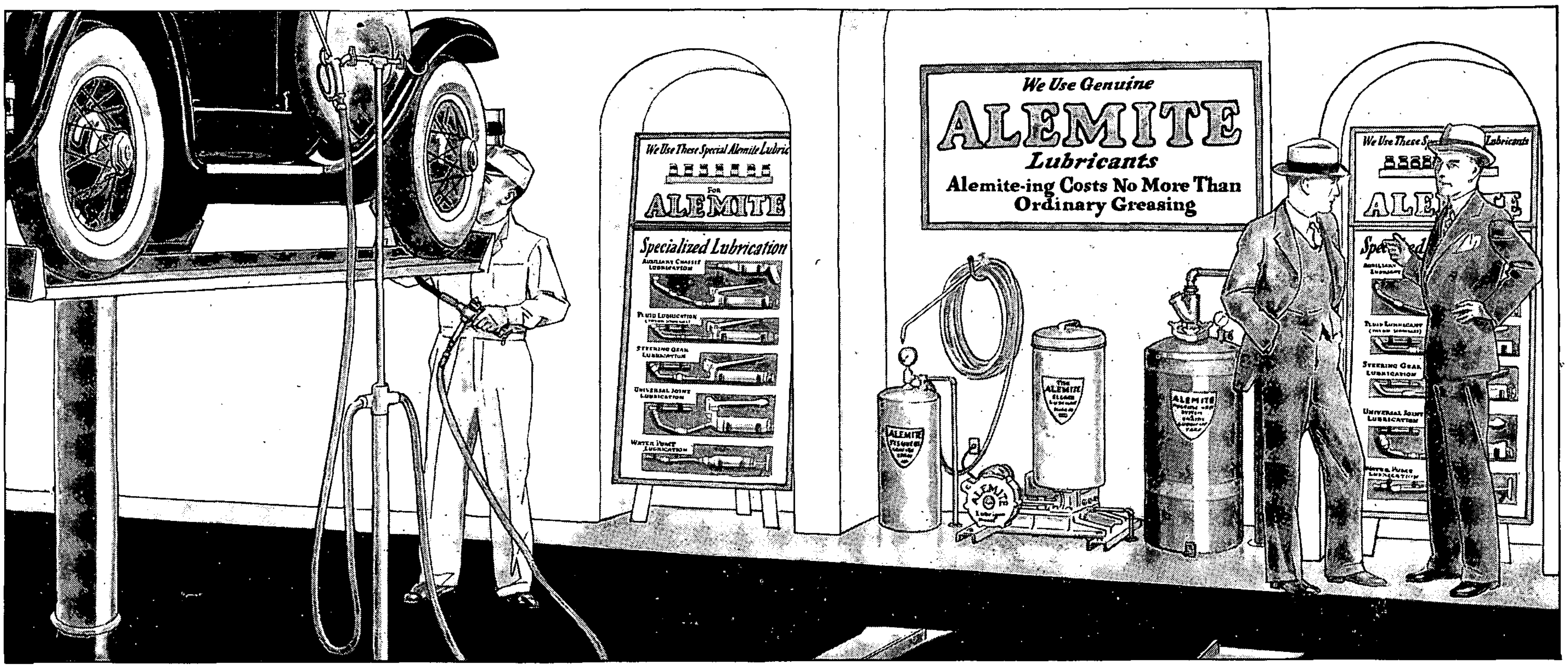
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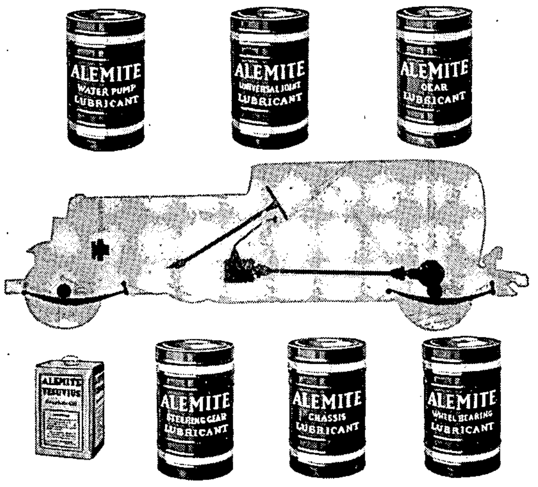
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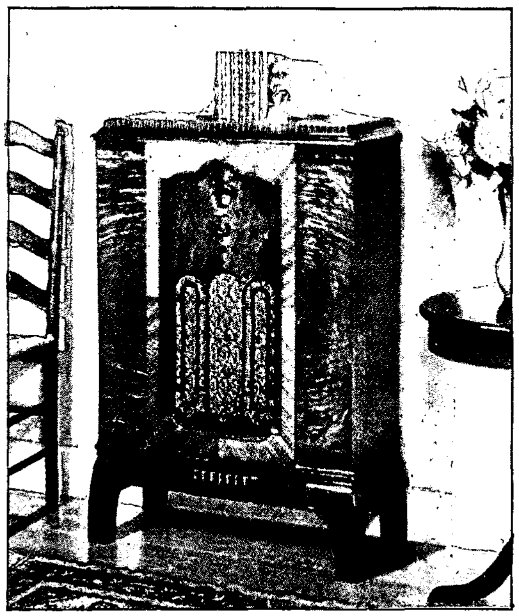

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